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BEGUN IN 1858

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THREE COMEDIES,

TRANSLATED

FROM THE

SPANISH.

translated by H. L. Holland

LONDON:

**PRINTED FOR J. HATCHARD, BOOKSELLER TO
HER MAJESTY, 190, PICCADILLY.**

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PREFACE.

WHILE the talents of some of our writers, who hold the highest rank, with respect both to learning and genius, have been employed in translating the dramatic poets of the ancients, and while the productions of the modern French and German stage crowd upon us, on all sides, in English dresses, of a texture not very disproportionate to the comparative merits of the originals, it appears extraordinary that the Spanish theatre has excited so little curiosity among us ; and that, though the names of Lope de Vega, Calderon, and a few others, have long been universally known, scarcely any attempt has been hitherto avowedly

made to introduce their works to the acquaintance of the British public. Many of our dramatists have indeed made very free, in a quarter where plagiary has had so little chance of being detected ; but, as they have in general kept their own secret, the reputation of the Spanish poets has neither been raised nor depressed by the good or ill success of their imitators.

Since Lope de Vega, however, has so lately had the good fortune to find a noble biographer in this country, a translation of a few of the comedies of that stage, of which he might with propriety be considered as the earliest ornament, may perhaps engage some portion of interest among us ; especially if any credit has been given to the brilliant eulogium bestowed by Juan de la Cueva on the drama of his country :

“ Mas la invencion, la gracia, y traza, es propia

“ A la ingeniosa fabula de España ;

“ No qual dicen sus emulos impropia.

“ Scenos y actos suple la maraña

“ Tan intricada, y la soltura de ella,

“ Inimitable de ninguna estraña.”

PARNASO ESPAÑOL, *Vol. 8. P. 62.*

Which has been thus translated by Lord Holland :

“ Invention, interest, sprightly turns in plays,
 “ Say what they will, are Spain’s peculiar praise ;
 “ Hers are the plots which strict attention seize,
 “ Full of intrigue, and yet disclosed with ease :
 “ Hence scenes and acts her fertile stage affords,
 “ Unknown, unrivall’d, on the foreign boards.”

*Lord HOLLAND’s Account of the Life and Writings
 of LOPE FELIX DE VEGA CARPIO.*

It would indeed be too arduous a task to undertake to clothe the Spanish heroic plays in any language but their own. Voltaire, in his zeal to ruin the reputation of all other poets, that the preeminence of the French might be the more easily established, translated Calderon, in the same spirit as he had attempted Shakespear ; nay, more unfairly still ; since he chose from among his numerous productions one of the wildest and most extravagant ; and even of that his soi-disant translation bore so little affinity to the original, that the editor of the Theatre Espagnol has taken the most effec-

tual method of exposing its unfaithfulness, by giving in one column the scenes, as written by Calderon, and in another, a literal Spanish translation of Voltaire's pretended version. However, without attending to intentional misrepresentations, the satire directed by Cervantes against the stage of his own country, may afford us sufficient evidence that, in his time, all dramatic rules and unities were disregarded on it, as entirely as they had been on our own, in the preceding century. The curate of La Mancha complains, with much humour, of tragedies, where the infant, who had appeared in swaddling clothes in one scene, came forth in another a full grown man ; where, of the three acts into which Spanish plays are divided, the first passed in Europe, the second in Asia, and the third in Africa ; America being excluded only by the impossibility of extending the drama to a fourth. He likewise inveighs against the strange violations of history and chronology, so common also in the early poets of our island ; and he censures the

practice, which, amongst us, happily ceased with our myteries, of introducing sacred subjects on the stage, and profaning those subjects with the invention of false and absurd miracles*.

Frequently as these faults occur even in the best of the Spanish writers, they are not however universal; the *Comedias de capa y espada*, what we should call genteel comedies, are in general as regular as a taste not very fastidious could require. The time, if it exceeds that of the representation, is commonly limited to three days; (which indeed the word *Jornada*, used to signify an act, seems to intend;) the change of scene is seldom more violent than from one street of the same town to another; and, if the action is not entirely simple, the plot is yet so well arranged, and

* Besides these sacred dramas, to which Cervantes alludes, the *Autos Sacramentales*, allegorical pieces, resembling our mysteries, continued to be represented on the Spanish stage till the year 1765, when they were prohibited by a royal edict.

the adventures of the different persons of the drama are so artfully interwoven with each other, that the offences against this last unity are less striking than those committed on our own stage, even at this present day.

From this class, therefore, the comedies, of which a translation is here attempted, have been selected; and they have an additional claim to the preference, since they offer to us the representation of manners, so singular, and so peculiar to the Spanish nation in the seventeenth century, that, though they have been much familiarized to us by our novellists, this most genuine and faithful portrait of them must yet be considered as curious and valuable.

At all times, perhaps, the drama has afforded the most exact criterion for determining the state of the morals of the age or nation to which it has belonged. When a poet writes with the express purpose of interesting an audience in the fortunes of his hero, he naturally adorns him with all the

qualities, which are likely to engage the public favour ; and if any errors or crimes are ascribed to the imaginary personage created with this view, we may fairly conclude that such were the actions, which, among the spectators to whom he was to be exhibited,

“ Fecere alii sæpe, item boni.”—

TERENCE.

In this point of view, the Spanish drama, in many essential respects, reflects great honour on its country. During the seventeenth century, while our own stage so disgracefully exhibited scenes of the most infamous profligacy, that of Spain could boast a purity, which has seldom been preserved on any other. In many volumes of the works of her dramatic writers of that period, scarcely an instance occurs of passages offensive to the strictest delicacy ; and it appears to have been their object to render vice not merely odious, but disgusting, no less than it is that of our modern continental neighbours, and, by their example, of too many amongst

ourselves, to adorn it with the delusive colours of exalted virtue.

The morality of the Spanish writers is not however, in all points, equally unexceptionable. Those of Greece and Rome indeed might rise up in judgment, and condemn that Christian nation, which could so lightly speak of murder, when committed in compliance with the suggestions of Honour. If that Gothic divinity can shew any written code of her ferocious laws, it must probably be in the pages of the dramatists of modern Europe; where many a youth, kindly disposed, and peaceably educated, has learnt to vanquish at once the feelings of his heart, and the principles of his religion, and systematically to become the murderer even of his friend, because he finds himself placed in a situation, in which he has already seen the hero of a comedy grasp the pistol or the sword*.

* On this point, and indeed on every one connected with the means of rendering the stage subservient to

Culpable as the generality of our own writers still are in this respect, Castillian honour is however considerably more sanguinary than British; since it does not only require its votaries to refer to the decision of arms the slightest quarrels which may arise among themselves, but it also enjoins them to stab without mercy every female relation, who, even by an apparent indiscretion, has brought any stain on the reputation of her family. It is not very easy to comprehend why ladies so situated should expose themselves to such imminent dangers as form the plots of the three following comedies, for the mere pleasure of receiving clandestinely the honourable addresses of the very men, whom the brothers, invested with the troublesome

the interests of Christian morality, the translator would wish to refer the reader to an excellent little tract, printed at Bath, but only circulated amongst the friends of the author, entitled, "Observations on the effect of Theatrical Representations, with respect to Religion and Morals."

and perilous office of their guardians, would the most desire they should marry. Probably the amusement of inventing so many ingenious falsehoods, as such circumstances require, might afford them some compensation for their continual terrors and difficulties. Those among us, who enjoy the comfort of telling truth, and living in security, will not easily be seduced by the allurements of their example.

It may be proper to add, that the translation of these plays is by no means a faithful one. It is not indeed very practicable to translate any comedies literally, without losing all that air of natural and easy conversation, which alone can render them agreeable; but the difficulty is much increased, when verse is to be converted into prose. Spanish plays are written in various metres; the more familiar parts, in lines of seven or eight syllables, of which, throughout a whole scene, the terminating vowels of every alternate line agree with each other, no rhyme being preserved between the consonants; but, when

the subject rises, this is exchanged for the heroic verse of ten or eleven syllables, with perfect rhymes ; and occasionally a sort of irregular ode is introduced, which suits the harmony and dignity of the Spanish language, but would have a strange effect in any other, Italian only excepted. When two lovers meet, they generally grow metaphorical, and carry on their discourse in alternate sonnets ; which those must have quick wits who understand, and which certainly none but very extraordinary geniuses could compose extempore. Don John and Donna Beatrice have a conference of this kind in the second act of *La Dama Duende*, with which the translator confesses having taken great liberties.

No attempt has been made to adapt these comedies to the English stage, though a few obvious alterations might have gone a considerable way towards effecting that end ; the only point in view has been to naturalize them so far, as that their foreign idiom should not prepossess the reader against them as aliens ; and for this pur-

pose the omission has not been scrupled of such passages as would have been particularly repugnant to our taste. Immeasurably long speeches are as common on the Spanish stage, as on the French ; nor can any Castilian poet resist a description, when it falls in his way, especially if it be of a horse : et the rider be in what haste he may, he is obliged to stop, till the audience shall have been informed that he is mounted on an impetuous hippogryph, a bird without feathers, a fish without scales, a compound of the elements, with a head like a pearl, a body like a thunderbolt, and a tail like a gulph of liquid mirrors, reflecting the sunbeams. Any sober pedestrian might be led to suppose that the first Spanish poet had been bitten by a mad horse, and had himself bitten his whole fraternity.

No passages of this incomprehensible sublimity do indeed occur in the following plays ; but it may easily be imagined that writers, accustomed to soar so high, do not always, on the most familiar subjects, express themselves in verse which can literal-

ly be rendered into prose. The motive, however, of such curtailments and slight alterations as have been made, has so little affinity with the malice of Voltaire, that it is hoped they will be pardoned, not only by English, but even by Spanish readers, should any such condescend to look at their old friends in this new attire ; and the translator may at least presume to depend on being acquitted of all intentional ingratitude towards authors, whose very extravagancies combine with their beauties to render them so peculiarly amusing to those, who form an acquaintance with them in their original language.

THE
FAIRY LADY,
FROM
LA DAMA DUENDE,
BY
DON PEDRO CALDERON DE LA BARCA.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Don MANUEL ENRIQUEZ.

Don JOHN de TOLEDO.

JOHN

Don LEWIS de TOLEDO, his brother.

LEWIS

COSMO, *Don* MANUEL'S servant.

COSMO

RODRIGO, *Don* LEWIS'S servant.

Donna ANGELA, sister of *Don* JOHN and *Don*
LEWIS.

Donna BEATRICE.

ISABELLA, *Donna* ANGELA'S maid.

CLARA, *Donna* BEATRICE'S maid.

Scene, Madrid.

THE FAIRY LADY.

ACT I.

The Street.

Enter Don MANUEL and COSMO, in travelling dresses.

D. MANUEL.

I am sorry to find we arrive too late to see the shows, which were this day to be exhibited in honour of our young Prince's christening.

COSMO. Aye, Sir, many a good thing has been lost before now by a man's coming an hour too late. But if we have lost the shows, in the devil's name let us take care we don't lose our lodging into the bargain. Methinks it will be a sight rare enough to see this friend of yours, who has offered to provide us with bed and board, as if he had dropt out of the clouds on purpose for our accommodation.

D. MANUEL. Ah Cosmo! if you knew the generous temper of Don John de Toledo, and

the strong friendship which he bore to me, you would not be surprised at this instance of his kindness. We loved each other in our childhood; together we pursued our early studies; and at a riper age, we bore arms together in Piedmont, where, when the Duke of Fera honoured me with the command of a troop, I gave my colours to Don John. Soon afterwards, he was dangerously wounded in a skirmish; I bore him off the field in my arms, and lodged him in my own tent till his cure was completed. Me therefore, next to God, he has always considered as the preserver of his life; and not confining his gratitude to simple acknowledgments, he no sooner heard of my intended journey hither, to thank his majesty for the government with which he has been graciously pleased to recompence my services, than he wrote me a most pressing letter, to insist that I should seek no other lodging than his house,

Cosmo. And if you had not left your horses at the other end of the town, you might have been there before now.

D. MANUEL. You know I chose to leave my horses and baggage at an inn; for while the streets are so crowded with the people who are returning from the palace, I should not have found it very pleasant to ride along, enquiring my way. Had I been in time to see the rejoicings—

Enter Donna ANGELA, and ISABELLA, veiled.

Da. ANGELA. O Sir! if you are a gentleman, as your air bespeaks you, defend a woman who throws herself on your protection! My honour and my life are forfeit, if I am overtaken or discovered by the person who comes yonder in pursuit of me. By all that is dear to you, I conjure you to save a lady of no mean rank from such a misfortune—Such a disgrace—and perhaps some day—But I must fly! Adieu, adieu!

[Exeunt Da. ANGELA and ISABELLA very hastily.]

COSMO. Was this a lady, or a whirlwind?

D. MANUEL. Was there ever so strange an adventure?

COSMO. What will you do?

D. MANUEL. Is that a question to be asked? As a man of honour, what can I do, but protect her from the misfortune and the disgrace she dreads?—I suppose the man who pursues her must be her husband.

COSMO. And how shall you stop him?

D. MANUEL. I will endeavour first to detain him, on some plausible pretence; and if that avail not, I must have recourse to my sword.

COSMO. If you want a pretence, leave the matter to me. I have a scheme shall serve your turn. Let me see what I have done with the let-

ter which I brought for a man in this town—(*feels in his pocket and takes out a letter.*)

Enter Don LEWIS de TOLEDO, and RODRIGO,

D. LEWIS. I am determin'd I will know who she is, if it be only because she takes so much pains to avoid me.

RODRIGO. Make haste, and you will presently overtake her. (*Cosmo approaches them, while D. MANUEL stands aside.*)

COSMO. Pray, Sir, if I may make so bold as to speak with your honour, will your honour be so kind as to read for me what is written upon the back of this here letter? that I may know, an't please your honour, where I must come for to go for to carry it.

D. LEWIS. Away, fellow! I have not patience to stop just now.

COSMO (*holding him back*). O Sir! if your honour wants nothing but patience, that need not make any odds; for I have abundance of it, and I'll give you half.

D. LEWIS. Begone, I say.

D. MANUEL (*looking after Da. ANGELA*). How long and strait this cursed street is! She is not out of sight yet.

COSMO. Now do pray, your honour, be so good—

D. LEWIS. 'Sdeath, fellow! I'll break your head if you pester me much more.

COSMO. For that very reason, Sir, I'll only pester you a little more.

D. LEWIS. I can bear it no longer; away, I say!
(*beats him.*)

D. MANUEL. It is now time for me to interfere (*coming forward*). Sir, this is my servant; and I desire to know in what manner he can have offended you, to authorize the liberty you take in treating him thus roughly.

D. LEWIS. Sir, I never satisfy persons who question me in that authoritative tone; and therefore I wish you a good morning.

D. MANUEL. If I think satisfaction necessary, Sir, it is not your arrogance that shall induce me to depart without it. The question in what manner my servant had offended or injured you might have been well entitled to a more courteous answer; and it were a disgrace to the Spanish Court that the first occupation of a stranger like myself in Madrid should be to teach good manners to gentlemen who dwell there.

D. LEWIS. Who shall dare to think that I require instructions?

D. MANUEL. This controversy were more fitly decided by our swords.

D. LEWIS. You say well. (*They fight.*)

COSMO. How devilishly fond of fighting they must be! They fall to it so naturally, as it were.

RODRIGO. Come, Sir, draw your sword, and let us have a touch at it too.

COSMO. O, Sir! my sword is a modest young lady, and she don't like to show her face before so many gentlemen in the public streets.

Enter Don JOHN; Donna BEATRICE and CLARA with veils, trying to detain him.

D. JOHN. Do not hold me, Beatrice!

Da. BEATRICE. You shall not go!

D. JOHN. See! it is my brother who is engaged!
(*breaking from her.*)

Da. BEATRICE. Ah me! (*faints.*)

D. JOHN (*drawing his sword.*) Brother, behold me at your side!

D. LEWIS. Hold, Don John! your arrival, instead of encouraging me to continue the combat, obliges me to break it off.—Noble stranger! you must be well convinced that he, who, while alone, feared not to encounter you, can have no unworthy motives for sheathing his sword, when a friend's is drawn in his support. I have too strong a sense of honour to engage any man at a disadvantage; but especially one who has shewn so high a spirit, and so much valour. Adieu!

D. MANUEL. Your generosity and bravery

demand my esteem ; but if any further scruples remain in your mind with regard to what has past between us, you may depend on finding me, whenever you may desire it.

D. LEWIS. Very well, Sir.

D. JOHN. What is it that I see and hear? Don Manuel?

D. MANUEL. Don John!

D. JOHN. My mind is suspended between joy and apprehension : What cause can have occasioned so desperate a quarrel between my brother, and the friend whom I have always esteemed as such?

D. LEWIS. The cause was only that this gentleman chose to take the part of his servant, who had accosted me impertinently, and provoked me to chastise him.

D. JOHN. If that be all, I may, without scruple, embrace the friend of my heart. Brother, this is Don Manuel, the noble guest, by whose presence our house is to be honoured. At my request, let your quarrel be forgotten; or only remembered, that the experience it has afforded you of each other's valour may create in your minds a mutual esteem.

D. MANUEL. Before I express my joy at seeing you, Don John, my admiration of the noble spirit of Don Lewis impels me to make him the offer of my best services.

D. LEWIS. Sir, I shall henceforth be proud to call myself your friend; and I am only grieved at my own dullness in not knowing you sooner; since I might well have recognized the sword of Don Manuel, in the valour which wielded it.

D. MANUEL. Yours has not left me without a mark of your prowess; a wound in this hand—

D. LEWIS. A thousand times rather would I have received it myself.

COSMO. How civil they are all grown now!

D. JOHN. Come instantly to have it drest.— Don Lewis, pray do me the favour to stay and attend Donna Beatrice to her coach, and excuse me to her for thus abruptly leaving her. Come Don Manuel! I will conduct you to my house, I might more properly term it your own, where immediate care may be taken of your wound.

D. MANUEL. O, 'tis a mere scratch.

D. JOHN. Do not delay.

D. MANUEL. I attend you.

D. LEWIS (*aside*). How devilishly provoking it is that I have thus lost all chance of discovering who that lady was!

COSMO. My master has got no more than he deserves, since he must needs set up for the Don Quixote of he knows not whom.

[*Exeunt* Don JOHN, Don MANUEL, and COSMO.]

D. LEWIS (*approaching Da. BEATRICE*). All danger is now over, Madam. I entreat you to dissipate the fears, which have thus over-clouded your beauty with a mortal paleness.

Da. BEATRICE (*recovering*). Where is Don John?

D. LEWIS. He entreats you to excuse his departure, since he was under an indispensable obligation to attend a friend, and to provide for the cure of a wound—

Da. BEATRICE. A wound? Alas! is Don John wounded?

D. LEWIS. Do not alarm yourself, Madam; if my brother had been hurt, you would not see me here thus calmly. He has received no wound; let me not, therefore, have the pain of seeing you uneasy; for alas! you know but too well how deeply my heart is interested in your welfare.

Da. BEATRICE. Enough, Don Lewis! I must hear no more of this. You are not ignorant how much I am displeas'd with compliments of this nature. I am oblig'd to you for the attentions you have shewn me, but I have already often told you that my heart is too far engag'd to your brother to allow me to receive the addresses of another. If that which is the most rare be also the most valuable, you may thank me for my plain speaking; since, in this court, there is nothing which is less

frequently to be met with. Good morning to you, Don Lewis.

[*Exeunt* *Da.* BEATRICE and CLARA.]

D. LEWIS. Adieu, Madam!—What a devilish unlucky fellow I am, Rodrigo! Nothing I undertake goes well with me. If I see a fine woman in the street, and want to find out who she is, a fool and a duel come across me; and the deuce take me if I can tell which of the two is the worst. If I fight, up comes my elder brother, to claim my enemy for his friend. If he charges me with a message to his mistress, that mistress is the very girl who knows I am dying for her myself, and therefore claims the privilege of using me like a dog. I think they have all conspired together to drive me mad; women, and brothers, and friends, and enemies.

RODRIGO. I'd lay a bet, now, I could guess which of all your troubles it was that went the nearest to your heart.

D. LEWIS. That you could not.

RODRIGO. I don't believe that any thing vexes you so much as to find that Don John has been beforehand with you in gaining the affections of your cousin, Donna Beatrice.

D. LEWIS. You are very much mistaken.

RODRIGO. What is it then?

D. LEWIS. If I must speak seriously—Bet

mark me, Rodrigo, I say this only in confidence to you—that which the most displeases me is to see my brother so careless of the honour of his family, as to receive this young gay officer as an inmate in his house, when he has under his care our only sister, rich and beautiful, and still under age, though the widow of an old governor. Hitherto we have both been so observant of the decorum due to her situation, that she has lived in a perfect seclusion from all the world, except Donna Beatrice, who visits her as a relation;—but some infatuation seems now to have seized Don John.

RODRIGO. But now, really, Sir, craving your pardon, if Don Manuel does not know that there is such a lady in the house, I don't see that any great danger can result from his being under the same roof with her. You know that Donna Angela has never stirred out of her own chamber, since first she came to Madrid, on her husband's death, to settle the affairs which he left in such confusion; and that, taking no pleasure but in the indulgence of her grief, she will be less than ever disposed to shew herself, when she hears of the new guest entertained by your brother. Besides, you are not unacquainted with the precautions which have been taken, to prevent his even suspecting that there are any other rooms in the house, than those into which he will be admitted; you

know that a door has been broken from Donna Angela's apartment into a different street, while the passage, by which it communicated with the rest of the house, has not only been fastened up, but the door, which opened from that into the chamber designed for Don Manuel, has been concealed on the inside by a glass beaufet, so artificially placed, that it is impossible he should suppose there was any thing behind it but the solid wall.

D. LEWIS. A pretty security you give me for the honour of my family, when you tell me that it is to be defended by a frame of glass, which the first blow would shatter to pieces! [*Exeunt.*]

Donna ANGELA's apartment.

Enter Donna ANGELA and ISABELLA.

Da. ANGELA. Here, Isabella, give me back my hood: wrap me up once more in my winding sheet, since it is the will of my cruel destiny to bury me thus alive.

ISABELLA. You had best make haste and get your weeds on, for fear your brothers should come; for it would be enough to betray you at once, if he saw you with any part of the dress

which you wore, when he so unluckily met you at the palace.

Da. ANGELA. Mercy upon me! I am sure they will be the death of me; if they keep me here much longer mew'd up in this dungeon, where no ray of the sun can ever enter, and where not even the wandering moon can boast that she has beheld me, weeping my fortunes. Much I have gained, indeed, by my deliverance from an old crabbed husband, if I am thus to be wedded to two brothers, from whom I endure a double tyranny; and am forced to conceal, as carefully as I would a murder I had committed, the heinous crime of having ventured in my veil as far as the palace, to see the shows, which the whole city was crazy after—And yet I am sure there was no harm in gratifying an innocent curiosity.—Alas, alas! my cruel stars!

ISABELLA. But indeed, Madam, you ought not to think it extraordinary, if, when your brothers see you so handsome, so young, and so accomplished, they judge it necessary to take very particular care of you; for no ladies are in so much danger now-a-days as your young widows; and especially here at court. I am sure I cross myself, many's the good time, when I meet some of them in the street; so flounced, so patched, and so painted, and with such pretty devout airs, and all the while so agog

after every young fellow they see.—But however, Madam, we may keep this subject for another time; for we have not yet talked about the gallant stranger, whom you accosted in your flight, and appointed the champion of your honour.

Da. ANGELA I believe you are a witch, Isabella; you have divined the very thing upon which all my thoughts were employed. To tell you the truth, I am full of anxiety about him; for before I reached the end of the street, I heard, I am sure I did, the noise of fighting; and it came into my head, though I know nothing could be more unlikely, that perhaps he might have taken up my cause so much in earnest as to have drawn his sword in my defence. I was certainly mad to engage him in such a quarrel.—But, when a woman is frightened out of her wits, how is it possible she can consider consequences?

ISABELLA. I know not whether we have the stranger to thank for it; but certain it is, your brother followed us no farther.

Da. ANGELA. Break off—Here he comes.

Enter Don LEWIS.

D. LEWIS. Angela!

Da. ANGELA. Brother, you seem disturbed; what is the matter? has any thing vexed you?

D. LEWIS. A man who is jealous of his honour is never without vexation.

Da. ANGELA (aside). Mercy, upon me! he must certainly have discovered me!

D. LEWIS. That which grieves me the most, sister, is to see how little respect is paid to you.

ISABELLA (aside). Now we shall have it!

Da. ANGELA. My dear brother, am I the cause—

D. LEWIS. Is it not cause enough that I have seen you—

Da. ANGELA (aside). What will become of me?

D. LEWIS. So little regarded by my brother—

Da. ANGELA (aside). Is that all?

D. LEWIS. That, when you are come to Madrid on so melancholy an occasion, he adds, by his own indiscretion, to the inconveniences of your situation? I think I must have had some secret foresight of the vexations which this guest of his is to occasion me; for at our very first meeting I wounded him, without knowing who he was.

Da. ANGELA. How has that happened?

D. LEWIS. Why, Sister, I walked this afternoon to the palace, to the court enclosed for the public exhibitions; and there I found a circle of gentlemen whom I knew, diverting themselves with the conversation of a lady in a veil, whose

wit had struck them all with admiration ; but, from the moment that I joined their party, she was silent, and not another word could they draw from her. This appeared so odd, that one of them asked her why my presence had thus struck her dumb ? She would return no answer, but drew her veil closer and closer ; and on my pressing nearer, to find out whether she were any lady of my own acquaintance, she fled. I followed her along several streets, and observed that she looked back at me every moment, with an appearance of the utmost terror. This rendered my curiosity so much the more eager ; and I continued my pursuit, till a fellow stopped me, who, as I afterwards found, was the servant of this new guest of my brother's, and asked me to read a letter for him ; and I really think he had some design to hinder me from overtaking the lady ; for I had observed her speak as she passed him ; and though I told him I was in a hurry, he persisted in plaguing me, till he put me in a passion, and I said to him I know not what. Upon that, up came the master, mighty fierce and soldier-like, to take the servant's part. My sword was as ready as his, and to tilt we fell ; but we were presently interrupted, and so the affair ended. It might really, however, have proved a very serious one.

Da. ANGELA. O the wicked woman ! to lead

you into such danger! What a set of good-for-nothing shameless creatures do swarm in this town! I'll answer for it she only pretended to run away, that she might draw you after her. You know very well, Brother, how I have preached to you for days and days together, and warned you not to go after those vile wretches, who would bring both your body and soul to destruction.

D. LEWIS. How have you employed yourself this evening, Sister?

Da. ANGELA. I seldom do any thing, but sit here by myself, and weep.

D. LEWIS. Has my brother been with you?

Da. ANGELA. Not since the morning.

D. LEWIS. I have no patience with his inattention to you.

Da. ANGELA. Do not vex yourself about that, but consider that it is the wisest way for us both to remain on good terms with him. You know he is our elder brother, and we both live at his charge.

D. LEWIS. Nay, Sister, if you can reconcile yourself to his conduct, I am sure I may, who have no reason to complain of it, but on your account; so, to convince you that I have no design to quarrel with him, I will take the surest way to please him, and try to restrain my ill humour sufficiently to make some handsome compliment to his friend.

[*Exit.*]

ISABELLA. Well, Madam! after all the fright Don Lewis has put you into, what have you to say to the news he has told you? What do you think of having the very man who has saved your life lodged under the same roof with you? Nay, more—wounded in your cause?

Da. ANGELA. I suspected it all, Isabella, the moment my brother mentioned the wound.—And yet, though he told the whole story so clearly, I protest I can scarcely persuade myself to believe it.—It seems so improbable that a stranger, the very moment of his arrival in Madrid, should thus find himself beset by a whole family—that he should be engaged to protect the sister, to fight with one brother, and to lodge with the other.—No! positively I will not believe it, till I see it with my own eyes.

ISABELLA. If nothing less will satisfy you than ocular demonstration, what will you say to me, if I contrive to give you a peep at him? Nay, more than a peep?

Da. ANGELA. You are crazy, Isabella. How can that be possible, when you know he is lodged at the other end of the house?

ISABELLA. Very well; but is there not a passage which leads from your apartment to his? You need not look so much alarmed.

Da. ANGELA. It is not that I have any wish

to see him ; but really, out of mere curiosity, I must hear what scheme can possibly have come into your head. Though you talk so confidently, I cannot think you are in earnest.

ISABELLA. Don't you know that your brother has had a glass beaufet put up in his guest's room, to conceal the door ?

Da. ANGELA. O now I comprehend you ; you think that we might bore a little hole behind the glass, and so look through, and see the stranger.

ISABELLA. I have a better scheme than that.

Da. ANGELA. Have you ? Pray let me hear it then.

ISABELLA. You must know that the beaufet, not being intended to remain there after the departure of this guest, is only slightly fastened to the wall with hooks : of this I was yesterday very near having fatal experience ; for your brother ordered me to clean it ; and as I had climbed on steps for that purpose, I happened to push it too strongly, the hooks gave way, and down it tumbled, and I with it. I am sure it was a wonder that the glass was not shattered to pieces. However, by good luck, it escaped, and I set the frame up again very carefully ; but, now I know the trick of it, I could remove it without the smallest difficulty, and we might go in and out as we chose.

Da. ANGELO. I cannot resolve on attempting

so mad a project ; but you know, Isabella, one may talk of things, without intending to do them.— Supposing, now, that we had removed the beaufet, and got into his room ; could we put it in its place again, and yet come out by the same door, so as to leave him no reason to suspect the mode of our entrance ?

ISABELLA. Nothing could be more easy ; the door opens this way ; so that you might as easily set it right on one side, as on the other.

Da. ANGELA. Well ; when the servant brings candles to my chamber, tell him to let you know when the stranger goes abroad ; for my brother talked so slightly of his wound, that I do not suppose it will occasion him any confinement.

ISABELLA. And will you really go, then ?

Da. ANGELA. Why, to tell you the truth, I do long strangely to know whether this be indeed the man whom I entreated to defend me ; for if I have really been the cause of endangering his life, surely, Isabella, I ought in gratitude to provide for his good entertainment, while he stays in my brother's house, if I can contrive to do it without exposing myself to the risk of a discovery. Come with me.—We may at least go and look at the beaufet ; and if I find it may be so easily removed as you promise me, I will take care he shall want for nothing, so long as I am his neighbour.

ISABELLA. It will be a notable tale.—But what if he should tell it?

Da. ANGELA. He will not, Isabella; his conduct in my quarrel has already proved him to be a man of honour and of sense; his honour engaged him to protect me, and his good sense suggested to him such a mode of doing it as could neither expose himself nor me to suspicion. From such a man I have no reason to apprehend any indiscretion; for so many good qualities are never thrown away upon a babler. [Exeunt.]

Don MANUEL's apartment; on one side, the beautifet, on the opposite, the door; in the back scene an alcove, in which stands his bed.

Enter Don JOHN, Don MANUEL, and a servant with lights.

D. JOHN. Let me entreat that you will retire to rest.

D. MANUEL. I assure you, Don John, my wound is so slight, that I am almost ashamed I mentioned it.

D. JOHN. I thank Heaven it is so; for I should never have consoled myself, had I purchased

the pleasure of seeing you at the expence of any danger to yourself; especially since my brother was the person who wounded you, innocent as you must readily believe him to have been of any hostile intentions towards you.

D. MANUEL. He is a most noble youth; I admire his spirit, and his gallantry; and I desire nothing more sincerely than his friendship.

Enter Don LEWIS, followed by a servant, carrying a sword with its scabbard and belt.

D. LEWIS. Noble Don Manuel, I come to renew to you my assurances of the grief with which our late unfortunate encounter has overwhelmed me; and with that impatience, which a master feels to discharge a servant who has mortally offended him, to lay at your feet a sword, which I can never wear again, since it was the fatal instrument of your wound. It would gladly plead to you on my behalf, and its own; but, if you still retain any resentment on the subject of our late quarrel, it offers itself to your hand, as the ready minister of your vengeance.

D. MANUEL. Don Lewis, I yield to your superiority in courtesy, no less than in arms; and I willingly accept your sword, in the hope that, worn ever by my side, it may teach me to emulate the gallantry of its master. Henceforth, indeed, I

shall consider myself as secure from every danger; since what enemies may not your sword suffice to repel?

D. JOHN. Don Lewis does well, in thus expressing the esteem with which you have inspired him; but he almost makes me ashamed that I, as your host, have not provided better for your entertainment.

D. MANUEL. You both overwhelm me with your kindness, and vie with each other in the honours you confer upon me.

Enter COSMO, laden with baggage.

COSMO. Now may five hundred thousand dæmons come in the shape of so many fiery flying dragons, and carry me away up the chimney, if I had not rather live in Galicia or Asturias, saving the presence of all this good company, than here at court.

D. MANUEL. Why do you throw these things into the middle of the room? Take them away.

COSMO. They may take themselves away, if they will.

D. JOHN. What is it you say?

COSMO. I say what I say; that he is a false knave and a traitor, who makes any peace or alliance with his enemy.

D. LEWIS. Of what enemy do you speak?

COSMO. I am talking of the fountain yonder.

D. MANUEL. And what may be your quarrel with it?

COSMO. Why pray what business has it to stand in the middle of the street, on purpose to molest innocent passengers? There was I coming along, so heavily laden with bags and portmanteaus, that I could not see my way before me; and souse I tumbled into the water, and enough I had to do to get out again; but I and my baggage are all so splashed and bemired, that I'm sure we are not fit to show ourselves in the house of any christian.

D. MANUEL. Away, fellow! thou art drunk!

COSMO. I wish I were drunk, with all my heart; for then I should be less disposed to quarrel with the water. I like very well to read in story books about a thousand fine enchanted fountains, that could change every thing that came near them into some strange shape or another; but then I think to myself, that if I were a conjurer in their neighbourhood, I should make bold now and then to turn the tables upon them, and change their chrystal streams into wine.

D. MANUEL. When he once begins prating, he will go on for a tvelvemonth, if nobody silences him.

D. JOHN. He is a droll fellow.

D. LEWIS. I only wish to ask him one question.—Prythee, my friend, if you can read so well these books about fountains, what occasion had you to persecute me so long to read your letter?

COSMO. O, Sir, I only learned to read books, and not letters.

D. LEWIS. A very ingenious answer.

D. MANUEL. I must entreat you not to attend to him. You will soon know him better, and perceive that he is only a buffoon.

COSMO. Mayhap, Gentlemen, you mayn't like me the less for that; so I humbly invite you all to a share in my buffooneries.

D. MANUEL. There is a visit which I particularly wish to make this evening; and I believe it is not yet too late.

D. JOHN. I shall expect you then at supper.

D. MANUEL. In the mean time, do you, Cosmo, open my portmanteaus, and take out my clothes;—but remember, I do not bid you wear them yourself.

D. JOHN. As you may wish to have your apartment locked, here is the key; keep it yourself; and if you will leave it in the door in the morning, the servants will come in, and put your room in order. At other times, no person will be able to enter it; unless indeed myself, as I have a master key, in case of my returning home at a late

hour ; but I never trust that out of my own possession ; so that your chamber will be safe from all intrusion, since this, as you may perceive, is the only door. (*aside.*) He must not suspect that there is any other. [*Exeunt all but Cosmo.*]

Cosmo. So ! Here have they left me to myself. And now, first and foremost, let me examine my own goods, and see how much my genius and these light fingers of mine, have picked up upon the road : for at inns people don't stand upon trifles, and look after every farthing, as they do at home ; so it would have been a pity to let my wits lie fallow, and cross my hands on my bosom, when it was so easy to slip them into my neighbour's purse. (*Opens one of the portmanteaus, and takes out a purse.*) Aha ! Here you are, my pretty little jewel ! Here you are, in good health and condition ! Empty and hungry you set out from home, but I have taken care you should have a good belly full, before you got to Madrid.—Suppose now I count my treasure.—No, I won't neither ; it would be only losing time.—When this is gone, it will cost me no greater pains to get as much more.—This, now, is my master's portinanteau ; and I must open it, and take out his clothes, in case he should come home and want them.—Yet why should I give myself so much trouble ?—Because he bade me ?—Nay, that is rather a reason

why I should let it alone; for what good servant ever did a thing the sooner, because he was bidden?—No, no, I had better go upon my travels, and see whether I can find in this town any charitable well disposed christian, who will sell a drop of good wine, to save a poor thirsty soul from choaking.—What sayst thou, my little Cosmo? Dost thou like this scheme?—Aye marry do I like it.—Then come along, my friend Cosmo; and remember, that ever while you live, your master's pleasure must give place to your own. [Exit.]

The banquet is moved, and Donna ANGELA and ISABELLA enter from behind it.

ISABELLA. You see that Rodrigo gave us true intelligence—the coast is clear.

Da. ANGELA. I would not have ventured here for the world, if I had not been sure they were all gone out.

ISABELLA. You will allow that there is no difficulty in entering this chamber.

Da. ANGELA. On the contrary, I perceive that my apprehensions were entirely groundless; for the door opens and shuts so easily, that we do not run the least danger of detection.

ISABELLA. But now pray, Madam, what is it we are come here for?

Da. ANGELA. Why only to go back again. Don't you know that when a frolic enters a woman's head, it is already half executed? It would have been reason enough for my coming hither, that you proposed it to me;—but yet indeed, if this be the gentleman who so gallantly took my part, I shall like to provide for his good entertainment, while he remains under the same roof with me.

ISABELLA. You see how handsomely your brother has fitted up the apartment for him.—Here lies Don Lewis's sword, upon this chair.

Da. ANGELA. How came my writing box here, Isabella?

ISABELLA. Your brother ordered me to place it here, in case his guest should have letters to write; and he had all these books too brought here for his use.

Da. ANGELA. Here are two portmanteaus on the floor.

ISABELLA. And they are open, Madam: suppose we see what they contain.

Da. ANGELA. With all my heart; though I do not imagine that a soldier, who comes to ask favours at Court, can be very richly accoutred. (*As they speak, they take out the things they name, and scatter them about the room.*) What is that?

ISABELLA. A bundle of papers.

Da. ANGELA. Billets doux from ladies ?

ISABELLA. No, I rather believe they are law papers, or something of that sort; for they are sewed together, and weigh very heavy.

Da. ANGELA. O, if they were from a woman, they would be light enough. Don't waste any more time upon them.

ISABELLA. Here is some of his linen.

Da. ANGELA. Is it scented ?

ISABELLA. It has the scent of being clean.

Da. ANGELA. And that is the best perfume.

ISABELLA. It possesses the three perfections of being very white, very soft, and very fine.—But look here, Madam; what can this case of instruments be ?

Da. ANGELA. As you hold it, I should take it for a tooth-drawers.—O no, those are his curling irons, and the pincers for his mustachios.

ISABELLA. Item, his cloaths-brush, and his comb. Upon my word, this guest has taken care to provide himself with every thing; he would not leave so much as his shoe-last behind him.

Da. ANGELA. How so ?

ISABELLA. Because here I have it in my hand.

Da. ANGELA. Is there any thing more ?

ISABELLA. O yes !—Item, a second bundle—of papers—and they look more like love-letters than the first set.

Da. ANGELA. Give them to me—Ah! this is certainly a woman's hand. But there is something more than the letters; here is a picture.

ISABELLA. You are moved.

Da. ANGELA. Great beauty, even in a picture, must always engage attention.

ISABELLA. I don't think, however, that you seem much pleased with finding it.

Da. ANGELA. You are very silly.—There! you need look no further.

ISABELLA. What are you going to do now?

Da. ANGELA. To write a letter to him, and leave it in the room.—You may take the picture.

(sits to write.)

ISABELLA. In the mean time I shall divert myself with seeing whether the man's wallet is as well filled as the master's.—What have we here? A purse of money? Heavy enough; but more copper than gold in it.—I must play a trick to this same lackey. *(Takes out the money, and fills the purse with cinders from the stove.)*

Da. ANGELA. I have finished my letter.—Where do you think I had best put it, that it may not be seen by my brother, if he comes into the room?

ISABELLA. Suppose you lay it on the pillow, and draw the sheet over it. The stranger cannot miss finding it there, when he goes to bed, and

in the mean time nobody else will think of looking in such a place.

Da. ANGELA. That will do very well. Take the letter, and hide it yourself. (*Isabella takes the letter into the alcove, and returns.*) Now gather up all the things that we have scattered about.

ISABELLA. Bless me! Madam, I hear somebody at the door.

Da. ANGELA. Then leave them all as they are, and let us fly.—Come, Isabella.

ISABELLA. By your leave, Mr. Beaufet!

[*Exeunt, as they entered.*]

Enter COSMO.

COSMO. Now I have served myself, methinks I feel in a better humour to serve my master—But heyday! Who the devil has been tumbling our goods about in this manner? A man might take this for an auction room. Do they intend to sell our things?—Is any body here?—Nobody!—Or at least if there is any body, he does not chuse to answer me.—Nay, he is right enough, as to the matter of that, for I don't much care myself to answer interrogatories.—Bless my heart! if I don't tremble every limb of me! And yet, after all, I need not be so much frightened, if this emptier of portmanteaus has but let my money alone. If he leaves me that, he may toss about everything

else as he chuses.—But what do I see? As I live, he has changed it all into cinders!—O Fairy, Goblin, or whatever else thou mayst be! the monee that thou givest, dispose of it as thou wilt; but how canst thou plead any right to what I steal?

Enter Don JOHN, Don LEWIS, and Don MANUEL.

D. JOHN. What are you making all this noise about?

D. LEWIS. What is the matter?

D. MANUEL. What is it that has happened to you? Speak!

COSMO. A pretty business on my troth!—O Sir! When you keep a fairy for an inmate in your house, why would you be so cruel as to invite my master and me?—I left the room only for a quarter of a moment, and when I came back, I found all our clothes pulled out, and scattered on the floor, just as you see them.

D. JOHN. Is any thing missing?

COSMO. Not that I perceive, except my monee, that I kept in this purse; and the fairy has changed it all into cinders.

D. LEWIS. I see what he is at now.

D. MANUEL. What foolish jest is this that thou wouldst pass upon us? Was there ever any thing so insipid and ridiculous?

D. JOHN. Ill chosen and impertinent!

COSMO. I promise you, it is no jesting matter—

D. MANUEL. Be silent! This is one of your usual tricks.

COSMO. Very well, Sir; but one of my usual tricks is to be in my senses.

D. JOHN. Good night to you, Don Manuel; I hope you will sleep undisturbed by my fairy lodger; but you had better advise him, when he makes his next visit to your servant, to chuse more proper subjects for his wit. *[Exit.]*

D. LEWIS. It may be a fortunate thing for you, Sir, that you are endowed with so much valour; if you think it incumbent on you to draw your sword in every quarrel in which this fool may involve you. *[Exit.]*

D. MANUEL. Do you perceive to what treatment you expose me? Every body takes me for an ideot, because I bear with your absurdities; and let me go where I will, I find myself insulted and ridiculed on your account.

COSMO. But, Sir, the gentlemen are gone now, and you can't suppose that I am jesting when you and I are alone together; for there would be no pleasure in making a fool of one's own father, if there was nobody by to laugh at it. I wish the devil may fetch me if it is not all true that I have been saying; and if all this litter has not been made by the very hobgoblin I have told you of.

D. MANUEL. You think that by persisting in your story, you shall excuse its impertinence ; but I desire I may hear no more of such nonsense. Gather up the things, and assist me to undress.

COSMO. I wish I may row in a galley if—

D. MANUEL. Peace, rascal ! You had better have done with this, if you do not wish to provoke me to break your head.

COSMO. I am sure if you should do such a thing, nobody would be more sorry than I.—Well, well, since it must be so, I'll even fill the wallets again, and hold my tongue. I wish the things would come as I called them, for it is a plaguy deal of trouble to put them all in their right order again.

(D. MANUEL, who had entered the alcove, returns with a letter,)

D. MANUEL. Cosmo, bring me a light.

COSMO. Bless my heart, Sir ! have you met with any thing ?

D. MANUEL. I was opening the bed, Cosmo, and I found this letter on the pillow. The superscription of it is still more extraordinary than the place where it was laid.

COSMO. To whom is it directed, then ?

D. MANUEL. To me ; but very strangely.

COSMO. How so ?

D. MANUEL. You shall hear: (*reads*) "I am for Don Manuel; let no one else presume to touch me."

COSMO. Heaven send that you mayn't be obliged to believe my story now, whether you will or not! O! don't open it, Sir! don't open it, as you value your life, till you have had it exorcised.

D. MANUEL. It is not fear, Cosmo, which withholds me, but admiration at a circumstance so new. But perhaps the contents may explain the mystery. (*Opens the letter and reads.*) "If I am
" solicitous to learn the state of your health, that is
" no more than is becoming in her, who was the
" occasion of your danger, and who thinks of your
" wound with equal affliction and gratitude. I en-
" treat, therefore, that you will satisfy me on this
" point, and command my best services; leaving
" your answer in the same place in which you find
" this paper.—But remember, that the most in-
" violable secrecy must be observed; since the day
" on which you shall speak of me to either of your
" two friends, will be the last of my honour and of
" my life."

COSMO. Wonderful!

D. MANUEL. What is wonderful?

COSMO. Why are not you astonished?

D. MANUEL. No, certainly; on the contrary, I now begin to understand the whole business.

Cosmo. What do you think about it, then?

D. MANUEL. I think it is very clear that the lady in the veil, who was flying in so much terror from Don Lewis, must have been his mistress; his wife I should have thought her, had I not known he was a bachelor. However, she must certainly be on such terms with him, as to have free admission into his house; and with that supposition all the difficulty ceases.

Cosmo. Very ingeniously accounted for: yet it does not quite satisfy my fears. Supposing that this personage is Don Lewis's mistress—and I give you joy, Sir, of your good fortune—pray how could she, unless she were a witch, divine beforehand all that was to happen in the street, so as to have this letter ready written, and laid in your bed, to fall so pat into your hands, at this very moment?

D. MANUEL. I do not imagine she wrote it till after our meeting in the street; and she may have employed one of the servants to convey it hither.

Cosmo. But how could that servant have got in here, any more than herself? for I'll take my oath that nobody has been in this room since you left it, excepting myself.

D. MANUEL. If she made haste, and wrote it immediately on parting from us, there was time

enough to send it here, before we reached the house.

COSMO. Very well.—You won't persuade me, however, that there is not something more in the business.—These things were not scattered in this manner without hands; and I'd lay my life on it, whatever it might be that brought the letter, that same it was that emptied our portmanteaus.

D. MANUEL. See if the windows are fastened.

COSMO. With bolts and bars.

D. MANUEL. You encrease my perplexity. A thousand suspicions present themselves to my mind.

COSMO. And what is it you suspect?

D. MANUEL. I cannot exactly say.

COSMO. But what do you intend to do?

D. MANUEL. O, I shall certainly answer her letter, in such a manner as shall express neither fear nor astonishment; and I shall try to engage her in a correspondence, till something farther shall transpire; for it seems impossible that many letters can pass between us, without leading to a discovery of the manner in which they are brought and removed.

COSMO. And shall you give no account of this affair to the gentlemen of the house?

D. MANUEL. Undoubtedly, not upon any con-

sideration. Do you think I would run any risk of injuring a woman, who places so much confidence in me?

COSMO. Then you don't mind injuring the man whom you suppose her lover.

D. MANUEL. I shall respect his honour and my own; but I will not betray her.

COSMO. Well, Sir, you may think as you please of this business; but for my part, the more I hear of it, the more I am confirmed in my own opinion.

D. MANUEL. And what may that be?

COSMO. Why, look you, Sir; you see with your own eyes that papers go and come, and with all your penetration you can't guess which way they get in; now how am I to suppose that all this can happen, unless something more than flesh and blood has a hand in it?

D. MANUEL. Perhaps there may be some concealed entrance to the chamber, which we cannot discover. I could rather believe, Cosmo, that the whole was a dream, or that some sudden malady had disordered my senses, than that, in an affair like this, any supernatural power had interposed.

COSMO. What! do you deny then that there are such things as fairies?

D. MANUEL. Nobody ever saw any.

COSMO. Nor familiar spirits?

D. MANUEL. All fabulous.

COSMO. Will you allow that there are any witches?

D. MANUEL. I have still less faith in them.

COSMO. Any sorceresses?

D. MANUEL. No.

COSMO. Any succubusses, then?

D. MANUEL. Nonsense!

COSMO. Enchantresses?

D. MANUEL. All equally false.

COSMO. Magicians?

D. MANUEL. No such thing.

COSMO. Necromancers?

D. MANUEL. What stuff!

COSMO. Hobgoblins?

D. MANUEL. I believe you are out of your senses.

COSMO. Now I am sure I shall have you.— Will you deny that there are such things as devils?

D. MANUEL. I deny that it is permitted to them thus to correspond with men.

COSMO. Well then! are there any souls in purgatory?

D. MANUEL. Who write love-letters to me! Your absurdity is insupportable. Leave me! I am weary of these fooleries.

COSMO. But after all, Sir, what is your determination?

D. MANUEL. To watch day and night till I can unravel this mystery, undismayed by the terrors of all the fairies and goblins in the universe.

Cosmo. You won't put it out of my head, however, that the devil is at the bottom of it still. Ah Sir! I warrant you he could blow you a letter down the chimney, as easily as you would take a whiff of tobacco!

ACT II.

Donna ANGELA's apartment.

Enter Donna ANGELA, Donna BEATRICE, and ISABELLA.

Da. BEATRICE. Your story is a very strange one.

Da. ANGELA. O, don't call it strange, till you have heard the end of it.—Where did I leave off?

Da. BEATRICE. You told me how you got into his chamber through the concealed door, and how you left a letter for him : and you said that the next morning you found—

Da. ANGELA. His answer ;—very true.—And you never read any thing half so gallant and delightful. He adopts the style of the knights errant, to whom such adventures as this were always very common ; but he writes heroics so gaily !—I shall positively hate you, Beatrice, if you are not charmed with his letter. Now you shall hear it. (*Reads.*) “ Most beauteous and adorable lady, “ whoever you may be, who thus generously com- “ passionate an unfortunate knight, and would

“ pitifully assuage his afflictions, I entreat you
 “ that you will vouchsafe to reveal to me where I
 “ may go in quest of that miscreant traitor, or
 “ perfidious pagan, who now detains you captive
 “ in his enchanted bower ; that, being already
 “ recovered from the wounds which I received in
 “ our former combat, I may a second time enter
 “ the lists against that haughty foe, as the cham-
 “ pion of your honour ; nor shall the cruel fight
 “ surcease, till one of us shall fall ; for, to a loyal
 “ cavalier, a death so glorious would be more
 “ sweet than life. May he who gives the light
 “ preserve you, and not abandon me,

“The Knight of the FAIRY LADY.”

Da. BEATRICE. Indeed his style is excellent ; and the enchantment he talks of is very suitable to the adventure.

Da. ANGELA. I had expected to receive a letter full of nothing but wonder and curiosity ; but when I found he treated the affair with so much ease, I was determined to carry it on in the same manner ; so I wrote him an answer, and proceeded—

ISABELLA. Take care how you proceed any further ; for here comes your brother Don John.

Da. ANGELA. O ! he comes, I suppose, like a true lover, as he is, to congratulate himself on the felicity of seeing Donna Beatrice at his

house, and having so happy an opportunity to entertain her.

Da. BEATRICE. If I must confess the truth, perhaps I may not be very sorry for it myself.

Enter Don JOHN.

D. JOHN. The vulgar proverb says that it is an ill wind which blows nobody good ; and I am sure I have at present great reason to be of such an opinion. I have understood, lovely Beatrice, that some difference, which has arisen between your father and yourself, has occasioned you to honour my house with this visit ; and though I ought to be sorry that I should owe my happiness to any circumstance which gave you pain, yet the pleasure of seeing you is too great to suffer me to feel regret, even for your uneasiness. You are most welcome hither ; and though we can offer you no accommodation which is not unworthy of you, yet I trust that your friendship for my sister will induce you to excuse our deficiencies ; and that her merits, and her attachment to you, may in some measure compensate to you for the faults of your lodging.

Da. BEATRICE. I am at a loss what answer to return to offers so obliging. It is true that I have had the misfortune to incur the displeasure

of my father, and you, Don John, are the occasion of it; for he discovered that I spoke with a gentleman last night from my balcony; and not suspecting you to have been the person, he sent me hither, to remain with my cousin, till he should have time to inform himself farther. And indeed I thought myself fortunate in his determination; since, whatever subjects I may have for anxiety, I cannot be otherwise than happy in your house, and in the society of a friend so dear to me, and of such infinite merit, as Donna Angela.

Da. ANGELA. You really are both very obliging, to say such fine things of me; however, I will not trouble you with many acknowledgments; for I know you only intend them for one another.

D. JOHN. I have occasioned you a great deal of trouble, Sister, with my guest; is it to revenge yourself that you have chosen this lady for yours?

Da. ANGELA. Certainly; on purpose to put you to the expence of entertaining her.

D. JOHN. I will readily submit to such a punishment as that (*going*).

Da. BEATRICE. Whither are you going, Don John?

D. JOHN. To provide for your accommodation, Beatrice; for nothing but my wish to serve you could prevail on me so soon to leave you.

Da. ANGELA. You had better not detain him

D. JOHN. May heaven preserve you from all evils! [Exit.]

Da. ANGELA. Yes! he has occasioned me trouble enough with his guest; and such trouble as I believe will last me to my life's end. But however, it is some comfort to know that his heart is as restless upon your account; and that, so far as relates to our guests, we are tolerably even with each other.

Da. BEATRICE. You were in a great hurry to send him away; I should have been angry that you would not suffer me to enjoy his company a little longer, if I did not feel a real anxiety to know the end of your story.

Da. ANGELA. Well then; not to tire your patience, a great many more letters have passed between us; such—on his part at least—as might command the highest admiration; and even in that burlesque style, the compliments he pays me have an air of seriousness, which inclines me to believe him very much in earnest in his gallantry.

Da. BEATRICE. But what is it possible he can think of you?

Da. ANGELA. O! he has persuaded himself that I am Don Lewis's mistress; which he very clearly infers from my extraordinary care to conceal myself from that noble youth, and from the probability that I possess some secret keys belonging to the house.

Da. BEATRICE. There is only one thing in this business which puzzles me.

Da. ANGELA. What may that be?

Da. BEATRICE. How you can have contrived to escape detection from a man, whose curiosity your letters must so strongly have excited, and who must certainly have been on the watch, whenever he has had reason to expect that he should hear from you.

Da. ANGELA. Isabella has engaged one of the servants to let her know when he is out of the way; and neither she nor I have ever ventured into his room, but when we have been certain of his absence from home. At this present time, I have been waiting a whole day for such an opportunity.— And now I think of it, Isabella, mind you carry him that basket, the first possible moment.

Da. BEATRICE. Another difficulty occurs to me; how can you suppose him to be a man of such extraordinary talents, when he has not been able to find out so simple a thing as the door by which you enter?

Da. ANGELA. Did you never hear of Columbus and his egg*? how, when all the greatest philosophers had vainly exercised their wits to make it stand upright upon a jasper table, he succeeded

* The translator has taken the liberty of giving the egg to Columbus, of whom the story is generally told; but in the original Spanish it is "El huevo de Juanelo."

at once, by only giving it a little blow? Believe me, there are many things, which, till they are known, appear incomprehensible, though, once found out, they seem within the reach of the most ordinary capacity.

Da. BEATRICE. May I ask you one more question?

Da. ANGELA. As many as you please.

Da. BEATRICE. Then pray what do you propose as the end of all this?

Da. ANGELA. That is more than I can tell you. I should say I meant no more than to shew my gratitude, and to divert myself a little in my melancholy retirement, if my conscience did not fly in my face, and contradict me; for, in good truth, I am afraid he has already a greater interest in my heart than he ought to have; and, if I were not ashamed, I would confess that I shall not be satisfied, till I have seen and spoken to him face to face.

Da. BEATRICE. What! would you let him know who you were?

Da. ANGELA. Heaven forbid! Nor indeed, if I were so mad, do I believe that I should easily persuade him to any thing which he could deem injurious to the honour of the friends who have received him into their house; for I can plainly perceive, that the mere apprehension lest I should be the mistress of one of the brothers, makes him hesi

tate whether he ought to continue his correspondence with me. No, no, Cousin! I shall not expose myself by any such imprudence.

Da. BEATRICE. How then can you contrive to have an interview with him?

Da. ANGELA. Only listen, and you shall hear the most ingenious of all imaginable devices; by which I shall neither run any risk in entering his apartment, nor shall it be possible for him to discover where he is, when he comes to mine.

ISABELLA. Stay, Madam! Here comes your other brother, Don Lewis.

Da. ANGELA. You shall hear it all by and by.

Da. BEATRICE. Our inclinations must certainly be influenced by the stars, or else, when two men possess nearly equal merit, we could not in one be displeased with what pleases us in the other. Pray let us retire; for I would rather avoid speaking with Don Lewis. (*Going.*)

Enter Don Lewis.

D. LEWIS. Wherefore would you leave the room, Madam?

Da. BEATRICE. For no other reason than because you enter it.

D. LEWIS. Do you consider me as an enemy, that thus, as hastily as the sun flies the approach of

night, you would withdraw from my view the lustre of your beauty? Forgive me, if I am guilty of so much discourtesy as to detain you yet a few moments. I will not ask you to listen to me, for I know you would refuse it; but, while your rigour banishes all hope from my breast, the passion with which you have inspired me seems to increase, as if it gloried in my torments. Alas! fair Beatrice! Would to Heaven you could teach me to hate, if you will not learn of me to love! You surpass all women in cruelty, as I exceed all men in constant affection. Disdain has fixed its eternal abode in your heart, and tenderness in mine.

Da. BEATRICE. You really, sir, lament your misfortunes so eloquently, that it were unnecessary for me to return you any thanks for the compliments which fall to my share in an oration which they so greatly embellish.

D. LEWIS. You use me so ill, madam, that you provoke me to forget the respect I owe you.—I would not willingly utter reproaches which might offend you.

Da. BEATRICE. O, pray, sir, say whatever you please; for I dare say you will turn it very prettily.
(*Going ; he detains her.*)

D. LEWIS. If you thus reduce me to despair, I will at least avenge myself by forcing you to hear my complaints.

Da. BEATRICE. Unhand me, Sir! I will not hear you!—(*breaking from him*) Cousin, do you detain him. [*Exit.*]

Da. ANGELA. How little spirit you must have, brother, if you can persist in courting a woman, who treats you after this manner!

D. LEWIS. Alas! dear sister! what can I do!

Da. ANGELA. Forget your passion for her. Love requited with aversion, is a torment worse than death.

[*Exeunt Donna ANGELA and ISABELLA.*]

D. LEWIS. But how is it possible to forget her? Let her be kind to me, and my passion may subside; but, in the present storm which agitates my soul, she fills my every thought; nor, while she thus fires me to fury, can I controul the emotions which distract me. [*Exit.*]

Another apartment.

Enter, by different doors, Don LEWIS and RODRIGO.

RODRIGO. Whence come you, Sir?

D. LEWIS. I know not.

RODRIGO. You seem disturbed; may I not know the cause?

D. LEWIS. I have been talking with Donna Beatrice.

RODRIGO. You need say no more; I can see in your face how she has treated you. But where did you meet with her?

D. LEWIS. The tyranness is come to be, for a few days, my sister's guest, lest the visitor we had already should not be enough to drive me mad. I believe all my family have conspired to torment me. I thought it was enough that my brother chose to invite Don Manuel, and to—

RODRIGO. Take care what you say, for Don Manuel is coming this way.

Enter Don MANUEL.

D. MANUEL (*aside*). It is for me, certainly, and for me alone, that such wonders are reserved. What means can I possibly devise to find out, once for all, whether this woman is Don Lewis's mistress, and by what artifice she has been able to carry on so strange a correspondence with me?

D. LEWIS. Don Manuel!

D. MANUEL. Don Lewis!

D. LEWIS. Whence come you, Sir?

D. MANUEL. From court.

D. LEWIS. I ask your pardon; it is indeed superfluous to ask a man who has business in that

quarter whence he comes, or whither he goes; for all his paths as necessarily terminate in one point, as rays in their center.

D. MANUEL. My visits to court would not take up so much of my time, but for his Majesty's frequent removals. He is gone this evening to the Escorial; and it is absolutely necessary for me to follow him thither to-night, because I have some dispatches of great importance to communicate to him.

D. LEWIS. If I can render you any assistance, I hope you will command my best services.

D. MANUEL. I am infinitely obliged to you.

D. LEWIS. You may assure yourself I do not speak thus out of compliment.

D. MANUEL. I am fully persuaded of your friendly disposition towards me.

D. LEWIS. I should indeed sincerely rejoice in an opportunity to forward your affairs. (*Aside.*) For then we should be the sooner rid of you.

D. MANUEL. But it would be extremely unfair, were I to engross the time of a young man like you, who undoubtedly must have many engagements much more agreeable than my dull business.

D. LEWIS. Then you did not hear what I was saying to Rodrigo as you came in; if you had heard me, you would have been convinced that my

engagements were not of a very agreeable nature.

D. MANUEL. How so?

D. LEWIS. I was lamenting the cruelty of my destiny, which, to the tenderest passion, denies me any other return than disdain.

D. MANUEL. You represent yourself as being singularly unfortunate.

D. LEWIS. Alas! Sir, I love a lady whose rigour is equal to her beauty.

D. MANUEL. You cannot surely be in earnest; a man of your figure and address has seldom occasion to complain of the cruelty of the ladies.

D. LEWIS. I would to heaven I could say so; but indeed my unhappiness is such, that she whom I adore flies from me, as if I were some frightful monster; nay, to give you an instance of the abhorrence she bears me, when I would lately have followed her, in a transport of love and jealousy, she employed a third person to detain me, till she should have effected her escape. Judge from this circumstance whether any man had ever more reason to complain of fate than I have.

[*Exeunt Don LEWIS and RODRIGO.*]

D. MANUEL. What farther evidence can I desire? A lady who flies from him, and employs a third person to detain him while she effects her escape.—Could he possibly describe more plainly

my first adventure with the Fairy Lady?—However, if he has cleared up one doubt for me; he has left me another:—She certainly is not under any engagement to him, as I apprehended; for he could not complain thus of her cruelty, if he had her in his house; but then, if she is not his mistress, and does not live with him, how is it possible she can carry on such a correspondence with me? I don't know what I am to think of it. The devil's in the woman, I believe.

Enter Cosmo.

COSMO. Pray, Sir, can you tell me what's become of the hobgoblin? You have not seen him in this part of house, have you? If I could but be sure he was here, I might go in safety elsewhere about my business.

D. MANUEL. Don't speak so loud.

COSMO. I have a thousand things to do in your chamber; only I can't go there.

D. MANUEL. Why not? What hinders you?

COSMO. I'm afraid.

D. MANUEL. And does it become a man to be afraid?

COSMO. No, Sir, it does not become a man to be afraid; but he will be, when there are spirits in the case.

D. MANUEL. Have done with this nonsense,

and carry a light into my chamber ; for I have letters to write, and papers to arrange, before I go to the Escorial, as I must do to-night.

Cosmo. Aye, I know you don't like to hear about the hobgoblin ; I believe in my heart you are almost as much frightened at him as I am, only you won't own it.

D. MANUEL. Blockhead ! I don't chuse to hear such stuff, because I have other things to attend to of more importance ; and even now, in talking with thee, I am losing time, which I can ill spare.—Carry up the candle, while I go to take leave of Don John. [Exit.]

Cosmo. I will, Sir.—Aye, to be sure, I ought to carry up a candle to the hobgoblin, or he may take it ill if I leave him too long in the dark. I believe there is one by the lamp ; but I must light it before I venture up. O that I were but once fairly out of this house ! Mercy upon me ! how my heart goes pit a pat ! [Exit.]

Don MANUEL'S apartment.

Enter, from the beaufet, ISABELLA with a covered basket, in the dark.

ISABELLA. They are all gone out, for so the boy assured me ; and it is a very good time to

place this basket of linen where my mistress bade me. Bless my heart! It is so dark that I am half frightened at my own footsteps. Heaven preserve me! for I am all in a tremble. I believe however I am the first Fairy who ever commended herself to Heaven. Why I can't find the beaufet again.—How can this be? I declare my fright has so confused me, that I have lost all idea which way I should turn.—I don't know whereabouts I am.—I wish I could find the table!—What shall I do, if I cannot find my way out, and they come and catch me here? We shall all be undone!—I am terrified out of my senses—Nay, now I hear somebody opening the door without, and I see a light coming this way.—It is all over with me; for I can neither get out, nor hide myself.

Enter Cosmo with a light.

Cosmo. Most noble and reverend hobgoblin! if haply your worship may be moved by the prayers of the most devoted of your slaves, let me entreat your excellency not to honour me with your notice, when you shall be disposed to play any of your gambols; and that for four very sufficient reasons.—(*As he advances, ISABELLA slips behind him, and walks close at his back.*) The first is—one that I very well know;—the second—your

reverence understands it:—the third—requires no explanation:—and the fourth—for the sake of the old song :

My lady Fairy, my lady Fairy,
Pity me now, I pray!
I'm a poor little boy, and I'm all alone,
And I ne'er was in such dismay!

ISABELLA (*aside*). Now I can see where I am again, and he has not discovered me. If I can but contrive to put out his candle, I may slip out of the room, while he goes to light it.

COSMO. I should think fear must be an excellent musician; for it can make sounds out of nothing. (*As he looks round, ISABELLA gives him a sudden blow, and extinguishes the candle.*) Oh! I am killed! I am dead! a confessor! a confessor!

ISABELLA (*aside*). Now is my time to escape. (*Seeking the beaufet.*)

Enter Don MANUEL.

D. MANUEL. What's the meaning of this noise, Cosmo? What are you doing here in the dark?

COSMO. O Sir! we are both murdered! both I and the candle! The candle with a puff, and I

with a box on the ear! It was the hobgoblin that did it!

D. MANUEL. It is your own fear, that puts such things into your head.

COSMO. Into my ribs, you should say; for I believe I have broken half a dozen of them in my fall.

ISABELLA (*aside*). How vexatious it is that I cannot yet find the door!

D. MANUEL (*running against her*). Hey day! Whom have we here?—(*He catches hold of the basket.*)

ISABELLA (*aside*). I am worse off than ever; for now I have the master to deal with.

D. MANUEL. Bring a candle, Cosmo, instantly; for I have seized him, be he what he may.

COSMO. Be sure you don't let him go, then!

D. MANUEL. I'll take care of that; do you make haste.

COSMO. Hold him fast! [*Exit.*]

ISABELLA (*aside*). I must e'en let him keep the basket. (*Leaves it in his hands.*) Thank my stars! I have found the beaufet at last! [*Exit.*]

D. MANUEL. Whoever you may be, you had better stand still and be quiet till the candle comes; for I swear I will run you through the body, if you attempt to stir!—But surely I have hold of

something very light.—This is nothing alive.—
What can it be?—I am more at a loss than ever.

Enter Cosmo with a candle.

COSMO. Now let's see how the spirit looks by candle light.—Why what's become of him? Had not you caught him? What have you done with him? Where is he gone? What's the meaning of all this?

D. MANUEL. I know not how to answer you. He has made his escape, and has left this basket in my hands.

COSMO. Well, Sir; and what will you say now to this adventure? You told me your own self that you held him fast, and yet you see he vanished away like a puff of wind.

D. MANUEL. All I can say is, that I suppose the person, who possesses the secret of entering this apartment, was to-night, by some accident, shut up in it; and, to prevent a discovery, put out your candle, and gave me the basket, and so escaped in the dark.

COSMO. Which way?

D. MANUEL. By the door which you had left open.

COSMO. I protest, Sir, you have a mind to persuade me out of my senses. Why I beheld him with my own eyes, by the light of the last

sparks of the candle, after he had blown it out ; and I could see very plainly that he was a hobgoblin.

D. MANUEL. Aye ! in what shape might he appear ?

COSMO. In the shape of friar ; but as big as a giant ; and with such a huge cowl upon his head, that I believe he was a capuchin fairy.

D. MANUEL. How wonderful is the creative power of a terrified imagination ! Well, give me the candle, and let us see what this good friar has brought us. Take up the basket.

COSMO. I touch baskets that belong to the devil !

D. MANUEL. Take it up, I say.

COSMO. I can't indeed, Sir ! my hands are dirty with the snuff of the candle, and I'm afraid I should soil this fine taffety covering. You had better let it stand on the ground.

D. MANUEL. It is filled with new linen ;— and here is a letter. Let us see whether the friar be a discreet penman. (*Reads.*) “ There has not
“ been time, since your arrival, to make up any
“ more linen for you ; but I am still at work in your
“ service, as you shall hereafter perceive. With
“ regard to your notion that am I the mistress of
“ Don Lewis, I declare to you that I am not,
“ nay, that it is impossible I ever should be such ;
“ and farther explanations I defer till our meeting,

“ which shall take place soon. In the mean time, “ Heaven preserve you.”—This fairy must certainly be a good christian, it commends me so charitably to Heaven.

COSMO. Did not I tell you that it was a capuchin?

D. MANUEL. But it grows very late : put into the portmanteau the things which I must carry with me ; and take particular care you do not leave out this bundle of papers, which contains the whole of the business I have to execute. In the mean time, I will write an answer to my fairy. (*Gives papers to COSMO, and sits down to write.*)

COSMO (*laying the papers on a table*). I'll put them there, that they may be at hand ; and then I shall be sure not to forget them. But really, Sir, before I go any farther, I must take so much time as to ask you one question.—Do you still persist in denying that there are any such things as fairies ?

D. MANUEL. What ridiculous nonsense !

COSMO. Do you still call it nonsense ? Why you see yourself what strange things happen—how presents come to you out of the clouds, as I may say ; and is it possible you can doubt about them any longer ? However, you may think as you chuse of the matter, since you get nothing but good by the bargain ; but as for me, who have only evil

for my share, you must allow me to believe after another fashion.

D. MANUEL. How do you make that out ?

COSMO. Marry Sir, thus—If they pull about our baggage, you laugh to see the things scattered on the ground, and I have the trouble of putting them in order again. If they bring you letters, and carry away your answers, they carry away my money, and bring me cinders. If they present you with dainty sweetmeats, you eat them, and grow fat upon them, while I get none, and pine away to a skeleton. If they give you shirts, and waistcoats, and handkerchiefs, they give me a box on the ear, that might have beat out my brains, if I had had any remaining. So that you see, Sir, all the pleasure and the profit are yours, and all the trouble and the loss are mine ; and I ought at least to have the consolation of thinking what I chuse about the business.

D. MANUEL. Come, make haste and put up the things, and let us be going. I shall wait for you in Don John's chamber.

COSMO. But after all, Sir, as the court is in mourning, you will want nothing but your cloak.

D. MANUEL. Remember, when you leave the room, to lock the door, and put the key in your pocket. I could wish I were not to go to-night, for this adventure has strangely confused my ideas'

My head is more full of it, than of the business I have to transact. But I must recollect, that in that business the honour of my family and my own nearest interests are involved ; and that, to such considerations, all others should give place. [*Exit Don MANUEL, and after him COSMÒ, who leaves the papers behind.*]

Donna ANGELA's apartment.

Enter Donna ANGELA, Donna BEATRICE, and ISABELLA.

Da. ANGELA. In what a fright you must have been !

ISABELLA. That I promise you I was, Madam ; for, if I had been caught, the whole mystery must have been unravelled. But it was very lucky I escaped.

Da. ANGELA. Nothing could have happened more fortunately.

Da. BEATRICE. He will now be more than ever at a loss what to think of it :—to find his prisoner vanished, and the basket left behind !

Da. ANGELA. It will surely be enough to put him out of his senses, if, after all this, I can bring about my interview with him, in the manner I was explaining to you

Da. BEATRICE. Nay, such an unaccountable adventure might have that effect on the most reasonable man. To be led, he knows not whither, and then to meet with a lady so handsome, so rich, and so accomplished, without being able to find out who she is, nor where she comes from, (for all this is what you have planned,) and then to be blind-folded at coming in and going out—what mortal wits could stand it?

Da. ANGELA. I have every thing in readiness; and this very night should my scheme have been executed, had not you been in the house.

Da. BEATRICE. Do you distrust me, then?

Da. ANGELA. By no means, dear cousin; but you know very well my brothers are both so desperately in love with you, that while you are here they cannot live out of your sight; and it would be risking too much to receive my knight while they are coming every five minutes to my apartment.

Don LEWIS comes to the door.

D. LEWIS (aside, and not advancing). Would to Heaven I were but so far master of myself as to dissemble a passion which she treats with so much scorn! Let me at least compose my mind a little before I accost her.

Da. BEATRICE. I'll tell you how we may manage matters, so as that, without being at all in your

way I may yet have the diversion of seeing what passes; for I should be sorry to leave you without knowing the end of it.

Da. ANGELA. How would you contrive it?

D. LEWIS (*aside*). What can it be that they are whispering about together, as softly as if they were afraid of the sound of their own voices? (*listening.*)

Da. BEATRICE. Let us pretend that my father has sent for me home again; for if you can but persuade them that I am out of the house, we shall be in no danger of interruption.

D. LEWIS (*aside*). What does she mean? This must be some plot against me.

Da. BEATRICE. While, in the mean time, I may remain here privately with you, as long as I chuse.

D. LEWIS (*aside*). What do I hear!

Da. BEATRICE. And I shall enjoy that above all things.

D. ANGELA. But then, if you should happen to be seen, what shall we say to account for your return to this house?

Da. BEATRICE. Pooh! do you think our wits will fail us to invent some other story?

D. LEWIS (*aside*). No! that I will be sworn they will not.

Da. BEATRICE. By such a stratagem, I may securely wait the end of this notable amour; for

certainly, when I am hidden, and all the people of the house are gone to bed, he may come from his own room to yours, without giving rise to any scandal.

D. LEWIS (aside). Now I understand the whole but too clearly; and my jealous fears require no farther confirmation. She had always preferred my brother to me; and now she has determined to crown his wishes, by admitting him to a private interview. It is to rid herself of me that she is about to feign departure; it is from me that she will hide herself;—but by Heaven she shall not so easily disappoint my vengeance! Let her seek what concealment she may, I will detect her; and, if I cannot myself obtain her love, I will at least disturb the enjoyments of my rival. [*Exit.*]

Da. ANGELA. You have arranged the whole plan very cleverly; so to-morrow we will announce your departure from this mansion.

Enter Don JOHN.

D. JOHN. My sister! My lovely Beatrice!

Da. BEATRICE. It is long since we saw you.

D. JOHN. If you think it so, I am happy; for I then may flatter myself that you have not been unmindful of me.

Da. BEATRICE. You suppose now, Don John, that by such a compliment you shall excuse your

having left me for so many hours ; but I assure you I am not so easily satisfied ; for I am disposed to believe that you staid away because you were better amused elsewhere, much rather than from any design to try how much your absence would be regretted.

D. JOHN. Do not accuse me thus, Beatrice ; for you know how impossible it is that any amusement can afford me an adequate compensation for losing one moment of your company ; but indeed I have been unavoidably engaged with my guest Don Manuel, who has this night left Madrid.

Da. ANGELA. O Heavens !

D. JOHN. What is the matter, Sister ?

Da. ANGELA. Nothing ;—only you know one is apt to start, when one hears any thing that gives one an unexpected pleasure.

D. JOHN. If Don Manuel's departure can afford you so much satisfaction, I am sorry it must be of very short continuance ; for he returns to me to-morrow morning.

Da. ANGELA (aside). Then are my vain hopes revived.—I thought any thing so troublesome as his visit could hardly be over so soon.

D. JOHN. I cannot conceive in what respect you find it so troublesome.—But you and Don Lewis have taken some unaccountable fancy into your heads, and set yourselves against him, for no

other reason, I verily believe, than because you know he is a friend of mine.

Da. ANGELA. Well, Brother! that you may not accuse me of wishing on all occasions to cross your inclinations, I won't stay to give you an answer; for I know very well that while Donna Beatrice is here, you would rather have my room than my company; and I believe you will both find yourselves a great deal more eloquent, if I leave you to continue your conference without me. (*Aside to Isabella.*) Come with me, Isabella; I have a mind to take advantage of his absence to venture once more into his chamber, and steal away that picture which we found among his papers. I know no business that any gentleman can have to keep the picture of another lady, when he corresponds with me. [*Exit with ISABELLA.*]

Da. BEATRICE. Indeed, Don John, I cannot flatter myself that your protestations are sincere.

D. JOHN. Alas, Madam! what can I say to convince you of their sincerity? Heaven is my witness, that, even were I capable of wishing to forget you, I should find it impossible.

Da. BEATRICE. Nay, Don John; if your affection be involuntary, I owe my obligation not to you, but to the stars. I should be more flattered by considering it as the effect of your choice, than of your destiny; for I might then assure my-

self that you esteemed me sufficiently to think me worthy of your love.

D. JOHN. You cannot, Madam, be so unconscious of your own perfections, as to doubt the sense I entertain of them.

Da. BEATRICE. If you can say so, you must suppose that I have much more vanity than yourself; for were you acquainted with your own merits, you would not be so ready to doubt of the impression they have made upon my heart.

D. JOHN. My adored Beatrice! Such flattering expressions from your lips must make me vain indeed!—Transporting happiness! Your smile confirms my fondest hopes,

Da. BEATRICE. Then in the possession of that happiness I must for the present leave you; for it grows late:—but shall I see you in the morning?

D. JOHN. Do you ask if you shall see me? Rather ask if it can be possible for me to deny myself the pleasure of returning to you.—Adieu my only love!

Da. BEATRICE. Don John, adieu!

[*Exeunt severally.*]

The Street, Night.

Enter COSMO running, pursued by Don MANUEL.

D. MANUEL. Knave! Scoundrel! If I did not consider—

COSMO. Aye, do consider, Sir.

D. MANUEL. That I should dishonour myself by striking thee—

COSMO. That you certainly would, Sir: and do, pray, Sir, recollect how long and how faithfully I have served you; and that it is not in the power of a catholic christian to help himself, if he happens to have a bad memory.

D. MANUEL. There is no man living that could have patience with you.—To forget the very thing that was of the greatest importance, and that I the most strictly charged you to remember—

COSMO. Nay, Sir, that was the very reason why I did forget it: if it had been of no importance at all, I should have remembered it fast enough. I do assure you, Sir, it was because I wanted to take such special care of your papers that I laid them on the table by themselves: if I had not done that, they would have been put up, of course, with the rest of your baggage.

D. MANUEL. It was lucky, at least, that you

recollected them before I got to the end of my journey.

COSMO. I felt as if there was something that was not as it should be; and so then I thought, and I thought, till at last it came across me, like a flash of lightning, that I had left those plaguy papers behind.

D. MANUEL. Tell the lad to wait with the mules.—We must take care not to make a noise to waken the family, for by this time they must be all in bed; and since I have the key, I may very well let myself in, and take my papers, without disturbing any body.

COSMO (*having gone out and returned*). I have told the lad.—But, Sir, pray consider that you will do very wrong to go to look for things in the dark; you will be much more likely to make a noise; besides, how are you to see to find the papers, unless you fetch a light from Don John's apartment?

D. MANUEL. And do you really suppose I shall call up my friend and all his household at this time of night? You need not raise any more difficulties, you knave, when all this trouble is occasioned by yourself, and when nothing can be more easy than to grope our way to the place where you laid the dispatches.

COSMO. That's not the thing that troubles me ; for I know I can find out the place where I laid them ;—but then—

D. MANUEL. Open the door directly ;

COSMO. But then, mayhap, I may'nt so easily discover the hole where the goblin has hid them ; for the devil a thing do I put in one place, but as soon as ever my back is turned away he whips it to another.

D. MANUEL. It will be time enough to ask for a candle, when we find that the papers are removed. Without such a necessity, I certainly shall not make so ungrateful a return to my kind host, as to disturb his rest, [Exeunt into the house.]

Don MANUEL's Apartment,

*Enter from the beaufet Donna ANGELA and
ISABELLA.*

Da. ANGELA. Now Isabella, after having had the patience to stay till every body in the house, excepting ourselves, is in bed and asleep, we shall have an excellent opportunity to look for that picture.

ISABELLA. Step softly, and take care you make no noise,

Da. ANGELA. Do you go back, and shut my chamber door ; I left it open ; and if any body should be stirring, that might be observed.

ISABELLA. Well then, Madam, pray wait for me. [*Exit ISABELLA through the beaufet, the door of which she closes after her.*]

*Enter, on the other side, Don MANUEL and
COSMO in the dark.*

COSMO (*speaking low*). I have opened the door, Sir.

D. MANUEL. Tread lightly ; for if any noise is heard in this room, the whole house will be alarmed.

COSMO. I'm sure you can't say I'm afraid now, Sir.—Methinks, if the Hobgoblin had any civility in him, he would do well to give us some light.

Da. ANGELA (*speaking low likewise, and not perceiving them*). I may as well take out the candle and look about me a little. (*She turns round a lanthorn, of which she had before held the dark side outwards.*)

COSMO. As I am alive, the spirit was never half so obliging before ! Do you see how he brings us light at the very moment we want it ? Now, Sir, this is a proof how much better he loves you than me ; for you he lights candles, and for me he blows them out.

D. MANUEL. Heaven protect me! This must indeed be supernatural! Light produced thus instantaneously! It can be nothing human.

COSMO. Oho! You'll confess it then at last!

D. MANUEL. I'm petrified! Almost am I disposed to retire.

COSMO. Thank my stars, you are a mortal creature, and for once in my life I have the satisfaction of seeing you as much frightened as myself.

Da. ANGELA. O, yonder is the table, and there are papers lying on it.

COSMO. The light is moving towards the table.

D. MANUEL. Can I believe my eyes? Am I in my right senses?

COSMO. You see how it guides us towards the very thing we returned here to seek.

Da. ANGELA. I may find some amusement, till Isabella returns, with looking over these writings. (*She takes the candle out of the lanthorn, and puts it in a candlestick which she finds on the table; then sits down in a chair, with her back towards Don MANUEL and COSMO.*)

D. MANUEL. Hold! The light is clearer now, and discovers to me every thing. Never in my life did I behold so beautiful a woman! What am I to think of this? Wonders spring up around me like the Hydra's heads, and multiply too fast to per-

mit me even to number them.—Heavens! What shall I do?

COSMO. Madam Fairy does not seem to be in any hurry; look how leisurely she is drawing her chair to the table!

D. MANUEL. Nothing earthly was ever half so lovely!

COSMO. Very likely! for there's nothing earthly in her composition.

D. MANUEL. The lustre of her eyes is far more dazzling than that of the light she bore.

COSMO. I suppose they serve for lamps in Lucifer's hemisphere.

D. MANUEL. Her bright hairs seem rays from the meridian sun.

COSMO. Belike she stole them from him. Your fairies deal in such commodities.

D. MANUEL. I never viewed such perfect beauty.

COSMO. Ah! you would not say so if you could see her foot. All goblins of this nature have cloven hoofs.

D. MANUEL. On my soul, she is an angel!

COSMO. That's the very thing that I say too—an angel of darkness.—

D. MANUEL. What is she about? What can she be doing with my papers?

COSMO. I'll lay a wager she is sorting them

for you ; for, to give the devil his due, this is a mighty pains-taking fairy, when your service is in question.

D. MANUEL. Mercy upon me! how am I to act ? I never felt myself a coward till now.

COSMO. Nay, I have had that pleasure many's the good time.

D. MANUEL. The sight of this lovely creature has astonished and amazed my senses.—My feet are rivetted to earth, and my arm, unnerved, refuses me its service.—But shall I thus give way to such emotions ? No! by heaven I will rouse myself, and, if this be an enchantment, I thus will break the spell! (*advances suddenly, and seizes her by the arm.*) Whatever thou art, angel, dæmon, or woman, thou shalt not this time elude my grasp!

Da. ANGELA (aside). Alas! alas! his absence then was only pretended! he has outwitted me!—

COSMO. In the name of Heaven and all the saints—I suppose that must be the way to talk to the devil—

Da. ANGELA (aside). But I will still dissemble—

COSMO. Tell us who thou art, and what thou seekest!

Da. ANGELA (in a solemn voice). Most generous Don Manuel Enriquez, for whom an immense and inestimable treasure is reserved, forbear to

touch me—forbear to approach me!—lest thou shouldst lose the high and extraordinary fortune to which Heaven designs to raise thee, through the favour of that destiny which protects thee; in conformity to the decrees of its immutable law.—I wrote to thee this evening that thou shouldst soon behold me, foreseeing this our present meeting; and from the good will I bear thee, I have chosen the least terrific of the various forms which I have power to assume. Since therefore I have thus fulfilled my promise, depart in peace; and leave me here; for the time is not yet arrived at which it may be permitted thee to know more concerning me. To-morrow thou shalt hear farther; but remember, that thou must on no account disclose what thou hast seen to any mortal ear, or thou wilt forfeit all thy future greatness.—Depart in peace!

COSMO: O Sir! what would you desire farther? Will you not depart in peace, when you are told twice over that you may?

D. MANUEL (*aside*). As I live, I am ashamed of the impression which these vain terrors have made upon me; but if they have seized my imagination, my reason is persuaded of their fallacy. I will collect all my resolution, and penetrate the mystery.—Lady! for that thou art more than mortal I will not believe,—by all that is sacred thou shalt not escape me till thou hast told me who thou

art, by what means thou hast entered this chamber, and with what intent thou camest hither ; nor will I wait till any future period for the explanation, which at present I have power to force from thee, if thou art mortal, by human means, if a demon, by conjurations too holy and too strong to be resisted : for know that my valour were incapable of fearing thee, though thou shouldst assume the form of Lucifer himself.—But thy substance is corporeal, and sensible to touch ; thou art therefore no devil, but a woman.

COSMO. And that's all one !

Da. ANGELA. Touch me not, or thy rashness will be fatal to thee.

COSMO. Indeed, Sir, Mrs. Devil counsels you very wisely. Don't touch her ; for it will do you no good.

D. MANUEL. My sword shall decide thy nature. If thou art a spirit, no mortal weapon can have power to wound thee. (*Drawing his sword.*)

Da. ANGELA. O ! Mercy ! mercy ! For Heaven's sake forbear, and do not kill an unfortunate woman ! for such I confess myself !—And if love be a fault, it is a fault which deserves a less punishment than death.—Pray drop your sword.

D. MANUEL. Tell me then who art thou ?

Da. ANGELA. Am I at last compelled to declare it ? Must I relinquish all the projects I had

formed?—But at least let me warn you of the danger I shall incur if I am seen or heard by any body in thishouse; for I am more than my appearance bespeaks me. Therefore, lest any one should surprize us, let me entreat you to secure the door, and even the entrance of the antichamber, that the light I bear may not be descried by those without.

D. MANUEL. Bring the candle, Cosmo, that I may fasten the doors.—Will you believe now that it is a woman, and not a hobgoblin?

COSMO. Did not I tell you they were all one?
[*Exeunt Don MANUEL and COSMO into the antichamber.*]

Da. ANGELA O that I could escape!—But Isabella has locked our secret door on the other side.—How vexatious it is that I must be thus constrained to tell the truth!

Enter ISABELLA from the beaufet.

ISABELLA. Hist! Madam, hist!—You must make haste back; your brother enquires for you.

Da. ANGELA. This is fortunate indeed! Let me out, and be sure you fasten the door.—Now all is safe!
[*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter Don MANUEL and COSMO.

D. MANUEL. The doors are all secure, Madam; pray begin your relation.—But heyday! What is become of her?

COSMO. How should I know?

D. MANUEL. Perhaps she has entered the alcove. Go before, and light me.

COSMO. O Sir! I have more manners than to walk before you.

D. MANUEL. I will search everywhere.—Give me the light, I say.

COSMO. Nay, pray Sir, take it. (*Don MANUEL takes the candle, enters the alcove, and presently returns.*)

D. MANUEL. How cruel is my destiny!

COSMO. Well, Sir, you can't say this time that the spirit went out at the door.

D. MANUEL. Which way then could she go out?

COSMO. That's more than I can tell you; but I hope you will remember that I always maintained she was a hobgoblin.

D. MANUEL. I will examine every corner of the apartment, and even look whether there is any crevice in the wainscot behind the pictures, any trapdoor under the carpet, or any hole in the ceiling.

COSMO. I see nothing that looks suspicious but that beaufet.

D. MANUEL. You may see plainly through the glass front that there is no door there. Search elsewhere.

COSMO. I don't like to pry into other people's affairs.

D. MANUEL. I cannot believe that it was a phantom, for it was capable of fearing death.—

COSMO. It was likewise capable of foreseeing that we were to return at this time of night.—

D. MANUEL. It rose like a spectre to our view, and the light it bore appeared fantastic;— Yet to the touch it was of fleshly substance—it trembled with the fear which agitates a mortal, and it was susceptible even of female terrors:—like an illusion it vanished, and like a spirit it passed away.—By Heaven, if I pursue the subject farther—my imagination is bewildered, and I know not what to doubt, nor what believe.

COSMO. I am sure I know what to believe well enough.

D. MANUEL. What?

COSMO. Why that it was a lady-devil; and that there is nothing at all wonderful in the case, when women are devils all the year round, if the devil, for once in his life, should have turned woman, to be even with them.

ACT III.

Donna ANGELA's antichamber.

Enter Don MANUEL in the dark, conducted by
ISABELLA.

ISABELLA. Wait for me in this hall ; my lady will come to you presently.

[Exit, locking the door after her.]

D. MANUEL. A pretty kind of adventure this! Has she locked the door?—That she has.—Was ever man so situated as I am? On my return from the Escorial this morning, I found a letter from that fair wonder, that enchanted beauty, who brought me light last night, but that she might plunge my mind in deeper darkness. Let me once more peruse it. *(Takes out a letter and reads.)* “ If you dare visit me this evening, repair, with your servant, to the church-yard of St. Sebastian. (A pleasant place for an assignation!) There you will find two men waiting with a chair, who will conduct you farther.” I obeyed the summons, and was brought, by obscure and intricate paths, to a portal, dark and gloomy, where a wo-

man received me ; and leading me through many apartments void of light, where I neither saw, nor heard, nor spoke, she conducted me hither. What will ensue? And what have they done with Cosmo? But I can discern a glimmering light—it darts through the crevice of a door (*looking through the key hole*). At last, love, thou art propitious! I behold the lady. How magnificent is the apartment! What lovely women! And how richly habited!

[*The door is thrown open, and enter Donna BEATRICE, ISABELLA, and several ladies, carrying napkins, sweetmeats, and liqueurs; all as they pass curtsy to Don MANUEL. Last of all enter Donna ANGELA, magnificently dressed.*]

Da. ANGELA (*aside to Donna BEATRICE*).
Since my brothers believe you gone, we are secure from all intrusion.

Da. BEATRICE (*aside to Donna ANGELA*).
But in what character am I to appear?

Da. ANGELA (*aside to Donna BEATRICE*).
In that of my maid; but afterwards you may retire, and watch all that passes. (*To Don MANUEL*.)
I fear, Sir, you are tired of waiting for me.

D. MANUEL. By no means, Madam; for he who expects the appearance of Aurora, well knows that she must be preceded by the shadows of the cold and gloomy night. Yet such a night

as I have passed was not necessary to enhance to my dazzled eyes the brightness of the morning which now breaks upon me;—or rather, let me compare charms so resplendent as yours to the meridian sun; for by any inferior comparison I should affront the lustre of your eyes.

Da. ANGELA. I am infinitely obliged to you, Sir, for so elegant a compliment, and especially for so fine a string of similies; yet I cannot myself perceive my own resemblance to any of the things to which you have done me the honour to compare me. The poets tell us of the smiles of Aurora, of the pearly tears of the morning, and of the fiery rays of the sun; now I neither smile, weep, nor scorch; I am therefore nothing more than a mere mortal woman; such an one, however, as would not have offended so far against decorum as to receive a visit, in this mysterious manner, from any one of my male fellow creatures, excepting yourself.

D. MANUEL. I am undoubtedly much flattered by such an exception; but yet, Madam, whatever satisfaction I may derive from the favour you do me, you must suffer me tell you, that I feel more inclined to complain of you than to thank you.

Da. ANGELA. To complain of me? Pray on what grounds?

D. MANUEL. Because you do not place so much confidence in me as to tell me who you are.

Da. ANGELA. The only request I make to you is, that you will never ask me that question, since it is impossible for me to give you the information you desire. If you have a mind to visit me sometimes, it must be on the express condition that you restrain your curiosity, and consider me as a riddle not to be explained; for I neither am what I appear, nor do I appear what I am, So long as I shall continue unknown to you, we may, now and then, meet and converse; but, should you discover farther concerning me, you might chance to find that I resembled one of those pictures, which is beautiful or ugly according to the light in which it is placed: in one point of view I might seem to merit your love, in another, your aversion. All I can tell you is, that you are perfectly mistaken in your notion, that I am the mistress of Don Lewis, since I give you my word of honour to the contrary.

D. MANUEL. But why then, Madam, were you so solicitous to escape his pursuit?

Da. ANGELA. Perhaps my rank may be such, that I might fear some injury to my reputation, if Don Lewis should have recognized me in a disguise inferior to my quality.

D. MANUEL. Will you not at least tell me how you have gained access to the house in which I lodge?

Da. ANGELA. Neither is it yet time to disclose that secret to you.

Da. BEATRICE (*aside*). It is time now for me to play my part. (*Advancing.*) The sweetmeats and the iced liqueurs are ready, my lady ; will your Excellency be pleased to— (*The ladies with the refreshments come forward.*)

Da. ANGELA. Was there ever such a simpleton? Impertinent girl! how dare you call me Excellency? Have you already forgotten my orders, when I told you expressly that I did not desire to impose upon Don Manuel any belief that I bore so high a title?

Da. BEATRICE. I did not intend it, indeed, my lady.

D. MANUEL (*aside*). So! in one point at least they have let the cat out of the bag.—Aye! it must be so; she is a woman of the most illustrious quality.—And as for her visits to my apartment, her gold has purchased her admission there.

D. JOHN (*calling from without*). Open the door, Isabella! (*All start.*)

Da. ANGELA. Ah! what do I hear?

ISABELLA. I shall expire!

Da. BEATRICE. I am petrified!

D. MANUEL. Is Fortune, then, not yet weary of persecuting me?

Da. ANGELA. Sir, it is my father who is at the door.

D. MANUEL. What would you have me do?

Da. ANGELA. There is no other way for me but to hide you till he is gone. Isabella, conduct this gentleman privately to that distant apartment which you know of.—You understand me?

ISABELLA. Perfectly,—Come, Sir.

D. JOHN (without). Why don't you let me in?

D. MANUEL. Heaven protect me! for honour and life appear equally at stake.

[*Exit with ISABELLA.*]

D. JOHN (without). I will force the door if you keep me waiting here much longer.

Da. ANGELA. Do you too, Beatrice, retire; he must not find you here. [*Exit Donna BEATRICE. Donna ANGELA opens the door.*] What can you want in my chamber, Brother, that you come here to disturb me at this time of night?

Enter Don JOHN.

D. JOHN. Bless me! Angela, What is the reason that I see you thus magnificently drest?

Da. ANGELA. I thought the deep mourning I had worn so long only served to nourish my melancholy; so, as I was quite alone this evening,

I had a mind to put on some of my gayer clothes, to try if it would raise my spirits a little.

D. JOHN. Aye! fine clothes are generally a remedy for the sorrows of a woman. Since you had so excellent a consolation in your wardrobe, I might have spared myself the trouble of coming to chat with you a little, to entertain you.

Da. ANGELA. Nay, do not be displeas'd, Brother, at my folly in thus adorning myself. You know it can be of no consequence what coloured gown I wear, when nobody is to see me.

D. JOHN. Tell me, is Beatrice gone home?

Da. ANGELA. Yes; her father had sense enough at last to discover the absurdity of his resentment against her; so he sent for her back again, and all is made up.

D. JOHN. That was what I wanted to know. Perhaps if I walk under her window she will look out to me; this is the usual hour of our conferences.—Good bye to you, Sister; but do, for Heaven's sake, pull off that gaudy dress; for you know it is highly improper in you to wear it. [*Exit.*]

Da. ANGELA. Good night, Brother.—Any thing to be rid of you. [*Enter BEATRICE.*] Lock the door after him, Beatrice.

Da. BEATRICE. We have got very happily out of that scrape.—So, Don John is gone in quest of me.—

Da. ANGELA. We had better retire into the inner chamber till the house is quiet, lest our voices should be heard. I have sent Don Manuel to his own apartment; he will never find out where he is, in the dark, and we may have him here again, as soon as my brother is fairly off.

Da. BEATRICE. If you succeed in the adventures of this night, you will deserve to be called a fairy, in good earnest.

Don MANUEL'S apartment.

Enter, in the dark, Don MANUEL and ISABELLA from the beaufet.

ISABELLA. You must stay for a little while in this private chamber; but take care you make no noise, lest any one should hear you.

D. MANUEL. I will be motionless.

ISABELLA (*aside*). I wish my fears may leave me sense enough to fasten the beaufet rightly.

[*Exit.*]

D. MANUEL. To what a variety of risks does he expose himself, who blindly follows unknown guides, and trusts himself in houses where he is a total stranger! I know not what to think of this

mansion, except that it is at a great distance from Don John's, and that its owner is so noble as to bear the title of Excellency.—But what is coming now?—Methinks I hear a door opened on the opposite side.—It is so; and somebody enters the room.

Enter COSMO.

COSMO. I thank the fates I may come into this chamber to-night without being frightened, for all it is in the dark; for since my lord the hobgoblin is employed in running away with my master, he can't have any business with me.—(*Runs against Don MANUEL.*) O but he may though!—Who are you? What do you want?

D. MANUEL. Whoever thou mayst be, be silent, or thou dyest.

COSMO. Nay, if that's the case, I will be as silent as a poor relation at a rich man's table.

D. MANUEL (*aside*). This must be one of the servants of the family, who has entered this room by chance. I will try to find out from him where I am.—Tell me, what house is this, and who is its master? Speak low.

COSMO (*whispering*). Sir, the house and its master all belong to Satan himself; for there is a

lady living here called the Fairy Lady; who is, as it were, the very devil incarnate.

D. MANUEL. Ha!—And who art thou?

COSMO. I'm a kind of serving man, an't please your honour; and I live here; and I'm bewitched.

D. MANUEL. But who is thy master?

COSMO. O Sir! my master is a madman, a blockhead; a lunatic, a numscull, a zany; and he's in love with that same devil of a lady.

D. MANUEL. And what is his name?

COSMO. Don Manuel Enriquez.

D. MANUEL. Heaven and earth!

COSMO. And I am called Cosmo Catiboratos.

D. MANUEL. Cosmo! Can it be thou? How camest thou hither? Dost thou not know thy master? Tell me; didst thou follow my chair? And didst thou enter privately to hide thyself with me in this chamber?

COSMO. Bless my heart! What can this mean? I am sure, Sir, I never thought to have found you here. Did not you go boldly all alone with the people who came to the church-yard to fetch you? How came you back again so soon, then? And how could you get into this room, when I'm certain the key has never been out of my pocket?

D. MANUEL. Why what room is this?

COSMO. Lack-a-day, Sir! your own, to be sure; unless indeed I ought more properly to say the devil's.

D. MANUEL. Now on my life, knave, thou mockest me; for but a moment since I was in a house at an immense distance from Don John's, and in no respect resembling it.

COSMO. Very likely you might be, by witchcraft, Sir; but for all that, I tell you the very simple truth.

D. MANUEL. Would you persuade me out of my senses?

COSMO. Nay, you may very easily convince yourself. You need only step out into the antichamber, and you cannot miss of knowing every inch of your way.

D. MANUEL. You say well; I will go and examine every thing, and be certain where I am.

[*Exit into the antichamber.*]

COSMO. O, Sir! Where shall we find a clue to this labyrinth of wonders?

Enter ISABELLA from the beaufet.

ISABELLA. Hist, Sir! hist!

COSMO. Worse and worse! This must be a snake, by its hissing.

ISABELLA. My lord is retired to rest.

COSMO. What lord can that be?

Enter Don MANUEL.

D. MANUEL (*not advancing from the door*):
It is my chamber most undoubtedly.

ISABELLA. Is it you?

COSMO. Yes, it's I.

ISABELLA. Come with me then.

D. MANUEL. Cosmo was in the right.

ISABELLA. Don't be afraid; I shall lead you into no danger.

COSMO. O! the hobgoblin has got me!

[ISABELLA takes COSMO by the hand, and exeunt by the beaufet.]

D. MANUEL (*coming forward*). Can you form no idea, Cosmo, how I can have been thus deceived?—Why don't you answer me?—Was there ever so foolish a fellow?—Cosmo! Cosmo!—Mercy upon me! I touch nothing but the wall.—Was he not here this moment, talking with me?—Whither, then, can he have been conveyed away thus quickly?—I am certain he was here.—I believe I shall lose my senses in good earnest.—It is clear, however, that this room must have some other entrance.—If I could but penetrate that secret—It shall be so; I will hide myself in the alcove, and not stir forth, till some circumstance shall occur, which may lead to the discovery of my lovely fairy.

[*Exit into the alcove.*]

Donna ANGELA's apartment.

Enter all the ladies as before, bearing lights and refreshments. and after them Donna ANGELA and Donna BEATRICE.

Da. ANGELA. Now if Isabella will but make haste and bring him, we may have plenty of time for our collation; for I dare say my brother will spend half the night under your window, breaking his heart because you won't look out, and give him a few kind words.

Da. BEATRICE. This is certainly the strangest scheme!

Da. ANGELA. Are they not coming yet?
One of the ladies. I think I hear their steps.

Enter ISABELLA, leading in COSMO by the hand.

COSMO. Unhappy me! Where will they carry me?—But what do I see? so many fine ladies waiting to receive me? What sort of adventure will this turn out? To be sure I can't be Cosmo now—What if I should be changed into Amadis of Gaul? Or perhaps I may be Don Belianis of Greece.

ISABELLA. I have brought him (*starting*)—But heyday! What have I here?

COSMO. What, are you frightened too, mistress? I'm sure my heart's in my mouth.

Da. ANGELA. What is the meaning of this, Isabella?

ISABELLA. Why, Madam, I protest I never thought of finding any body but Don Manuel in the room, where I had left him all alone; but I see I have made a sad mistake, and brought you the servant, instead of the master.

Da. BEATRICE. Your carelessness is inexcusable.

ISABELLA. Consider, Madam, it was quite dark.

Da. ANGELA. Alas! alas! the whole will be now discovered!

Da. BEATRICE. Don't let us be so soon discouraged; we may still carry on the trick.—Cosmo!

COSMO (*standing at a distance, and trembling*). My lady!

Da. BEATRICE. Come a little nearer to us, Cosmo.

COSMO. I'm very well where I am, thank you, my lady.

Da. ANGELA. Come hither, don't be afraid.

COSMO. O! I'm not afraid, my lady; I am too valiant for that.

Da. ANGELA. Why do you stand so far off, then?

COSMO. Nay, if you put me on my mettle—(*advancing a few steps*) You see now I'm not afraid—it was only respect.—After all, I don't think one

need mind Lucifer himself, when he appears in the shape of a woman.—How can I tell indeed but that I may have seen him in it already, many's the good time and often, only I did not find him out for his hoops and his fardingales? To be sure, nobody but the devil himself could have invented those same fardingales; and I must say that he and his imps are all mightily set off by them.

Da. ANGELA. Recollect yourself a little, and take some sweetmeats, and drink a glass of wine; for people are always thirsty, when they are much alarmed.

COSMO. I'm not thirsty at all, indeed, my lady.

Da. BEATRICE. Come, remember that you will have at least two hundred leagues to travel, before you get home again.

COSMO. A pleasant hearing! (*a noise within.*)

Da. ANGELA. Did not I hear somebody call?

Da. BEATRICE. I think so.

ISABELLA. Who can it be, now?

Da. ANGELA. How unfortunate I am!

D. LEWIS (*within*). Isabella!

Da. BEATRICE. Heaven preserve us!

D. LEWIS (*within*). Open the door!

Da. ANGELA. Must I always have a brother at hand to torment me?

ISABELLA. How shall we save ourselves?

Da. BEATRICE. I fly to the hiding place.

[*Exit into the inner room.*]

COSMO. I suppose this must be the true and lawful hobgoblin his own self.

ISABELLA. Do you come with me.

COSMO. I come!

[*Ereunt ISABELLA and COSMO by the door through which they entered. Donna ANGELA opens the other door.*]

Enter Don LEWIS.

Da. ANGELA. What do you want in my apartment?

D. LEWIS. My troubles render me too restless to stay in my own. (*Aside.*) I know Beatrice is still in the house, for I saw the chair standing behind a curtain; and my brother is not in his chamber.

Da. ANGELA. But what is it you want here?

D. LEWIS. You know my room is under this; and I thought I heard footsteps over my head; so I only came up to undeceive myself, by seeing that you had nobody with you—(*Opens the door and discovers Donna BEATRICE.*) How, Beatrice! are you here?

Enter Donna BEATRICE.

Da. BEATRICE. I am here, indeed;—for—I found my father—I found him still angry with me—and so I—I was obliged to return.

D. LEWIS. You both seem much confused—
Heyday! What have we here? plates, and glasses,
and sweetmeats—

Da. ANGELA. And what is it to you what wo-
men have for their supper when they are by them-
selves? (*ISABELLA makes a noise behind, in remov-
ing the beaufet.*)

D. LEWIS. What noise is that?

Da. ANGELA (*aside*). I shall expire.

D. LEWIS. On my life there is more in this
business than I thought.—It cannot be my brother,
who hides himself from me in that dark passage.—
Hell and furics! while I sought the satisfaction of
my jealousy, am I doomed to find the ruin of my
honour? (*Takes a light, and rushes into the passage.*)

Da. ANGELA, Ah Beatrice! I am lost if he
finds him!

Da. BEATRICE. We are safe, if Isabella has
but lodged him in his master's chamber; for Don
Lewis will never discover the secret of the beaufet,

Da. ANGELA. But what if Isabella, in her
fright, should forget to fasten it?

Da. BEATRICE, You must then have recourse
to flight.

Da. ANGELA. I will even go and ask of your
father that protection which I have afforded you,
I am sure I can never stand in greater need of it.

[*Exeunt.*]

Don MANUEL's Apartment.

Enter ISABELLA and COSMO from the beaufet.

ISABELLA. Go in there, quick! [Exit.]

D. MANUEL (*coming forward from the alcove*). Once more I hear something stirring in the chamber. (*The beaufet being only half closed, Don LEWIS appears behind it with a light.*)

D. LEWIS. I am sure I had a glimpse of a human figure.

COSMO. Lack a day! here's a light coming. I don't like the looks of this adventure. I believe I had better creep under the table. (*Goes under the table.*)

D. LEWIS. How comes this door to have been unclosed?

Enter Don LEWIS.

D. MANUEL. Who comes here?

D. LEWIS. Don Manuel!

D. MANUEL. Don Lewis! What means this? (*Aside.*) The affair seems more confused than ever.

D. LEWIS. Traitor! perfidious guest! unworthy the name of a gentleman! since thou canst thus ungratefully requite the friendship and hospi-

tality of him who has received thee beneath his roof, by base attempts upon the honour of his family, draw, and defend thyself! Yet hope not to escape the chastisement thy crimes deserve!

D. MANUEL. I draw, and will defend myself; yet gladly would I first know of what I am accused; for such is my astonishment at the opprobrious language in which you have accosted me, that, without farther explanation, I must either suppose you to have lost your senses, or myself to be deprived of mine.

D. LEWIS. This is no time for parley.

D. MANUEL. I only request you to declare your meaning; since it may then be in my power to satisfy you.

D. LEWIS. And of what satisfaction do you talk? When you have had access by yon concealed door to the chamber of that perfidious woman—Can such an injury admit of satisfaction?

D. MANUEL. I will readily open my bosom to your sword, Don Lewis, if I ever knew or imagined there was any door in that place, or communication with any other apartment.

D. LEWIS. Then why do I find thee shut up here, alone, and without light?

D. MANUEL (*aside*). What shall I say to him? —I was waiting for my servant.

D. LEWIS. When I saw thee hiding thyself

from me, wouldst thou have me disbelieve the evidence of my eyes?

D. MANUEL. Yes; for of all the senses the sight is the most liable to be deluded.

D. LEWIS. And if my eyes were false, am I to suppose that my ears deceived me likewise?

D. MANUEL. No less.

D. LEWIS. Then all were false, and thou, thou only true! Thy word alone is to be credited, and thou—

D. MANUEL. Hold, Don Lewis! nor urge too far my patience. I must not hear what thou wouldst rashly utter; nor should I have borne so much from thee already, but that I respect the laws of friendship and hospitality. But since in thy blind fury, thou wilt receive no answer but from my sword, let our quarrel be decided in a manner which befits our mutual character. Here I place the light, that the advantage may be parted equally between us; and that we may be secure from interruption, do thou make fast the door which gave thee entrance, while I lock the other, and throw the key on the floor, that whichever of us shall prove the survivor may take it up and immediately escape. (*Locks the door, and throws down the key.*)

D. LEWIS. I will place the table against this beaufet, lest any one should attempt to remove it

from the other side. (*Lifts the table, and discovers*
Cosmo.)

Cosmo. So! the plot is out.

D. LEWIS. Whom have we here?

Cosmo. Nobody.

D. MANUEL. How vexatious is this accident!

D. LEWIS. Tell me, Don Manuel, is not this the servant for whom you were pleased to say you waited?

D. MANUEL. It is no longer time for questions and replies. It suffices me to know that I have justice on my side. Think of me, therefore, as you chuse; for the sword once drawn, victory or death alone can terminate the contest.

D. LEWIS. Come on, then!—Why do you not advance? Is there any thing else to be waited for?

D. MANUEL. You wrong me much, if you harbour any such suspicion of me. I was considering how I should dispose of my servant; for, if I turn him out of the chamber, he may alarm the family, and we shall be interrupted; yet I cannot retain him here, lest it should appear that I fought with advantage; since, if he saw me in danger, he would naturally place himself at my side.

Cosmo. Who? I, Sir? Not I indeed, Sir.

D. LEWIS. There is a door to the alcove;

you may shut him up there, and we shall again be on equal terms.

D. MANUEL. You advise well.

COSMO. Good luck! Good luck! that you should take all this trouble about me! If you wanted to make me fight, indeed, it might be no more than was needful; but to make me let it alone, in good truth you might spare yourselves the pains. (*Don MANUEL locks him up in the alcove.*)

D. MANUEL. Now we are alone.

D. LEWIS. Now then, have at you! (*They fight.*)

D. MANUEL. I never met with a better swordsman.

D. LEWIS. I never encountered a stronger arm. (*Don LEWIS's sword is broken.*) Don Manuel, I am without arms; my sword is broken.

D. MANUEL. That is an accidental misfortune, and no impeachment of your valour.—Go, seek another weapon.

D. LEWIS. You are no less courteous than brave. (*Aside.*) Fortune! what am I to do in this emergency? He robs me of my honour, yet nobly gives me the life which I have no longer means to defend.—What is the return I owe him? I will seek some pretext to gain time for deliberation,

D. MANUEL. Why do you delay to fetch a sword?

D. LEWIS. I go for it.—Await me here, for I shall soon return.

D. MANUEL. Whether it be soon or late, you shall find me in this spot.

D. LEWIS. Adieu, Don Manuel!

[*Unlocks the door, and exit.*]

D. MANUEL. Adieu!—I will lock the door after him, lest in the interim any other person should intrude.—(*Locks the door, and takes out the key.*) What confused ideas crowd upon my mind! I always thought there must be some private door by which she entered; and I was sure she was Don Lewis's mistress;—and now the event has proved that I was right in both these suppositions.—But when are we deceived, if we expect the worst?

COSMO (*within*). O dear, Sir! for the love of Heaven pray let me out, now you are all alone; for I am dying with fear that the hobgoblin will come to me here in this dark hole where you have shut me up, and carry me off in his clutches.

D. MANUEL. I will let thee out; for my own thoughts are so painful to me, that I shall be glad to have them interrupted even by thy fooleries. (*Don MANUEL takes the candle, unlocks the door of the alcove, and enters it; the door of the chamber is at that moment opened by Don JOHN, with*

his master key, who pushes in Donna ANGELA, and himself remains at the door.)

D. JOHN. I tell thee, thou shalt remain a prisoner here; nor will I suffer thee to enter thy own apartment, till I shall first have alone repaired thither, and informed myself from thy woman, without interruption from thee, what cause could have led thee at this time of night into the street—*(aside.)* In case Don Manuel should come home, I will place a servant without, to request him, in my name, not to enter this chamber till my return.

[Exit.]

Da. ANGELA. Ah me! wretch that I am! my misfortunes succeed each other so quickly, that I see no hope of escape!

Enter Don MANUEL and COSMO.

COSMO. Do pray, Sir, make haste out!

D. MANUEL. What can you be afraid of now?

COSMO. Why, Sir, I know very well that that woman was the devil; and I dare say she has not done with us yet; you will see, we shall have her here again, before the night is over.

D. MANUEL. Well, but when the mystery is already so far cleared up, when we know that this chamber has two doors, that one of them is locked and that the other has the table set against it, by

what entrance do you suppose she is to find her way in now?

COSMO. By any one she may chuse to make.

D. MANUEL. What a foolish fellow thou must be!

COSMO (*seeing Donna ANGELA*). Mercy upon me! there it is!

D. MANUEL. What is there?

COSMO. The devil, Sir, saving your presence.

D. MANUEL. Woman, what art thou? art thou not some shadow or illusion of the senses, sent hither for my destruction? How has it been possible for thee to enter now?

D ANGELA. Alas, Don Manuel! my concealment is now at an end! My life is forfcit, unless your generosity shall preserve it. Listen to me, and I will tell you every thing.

D. MANUEL. My attention is rivetted to your discourse.

Da. ANGELA. Ah me! what woman but myself had ever her secresy to accuse as the source of her misfortunes? Had I pursued a conduct less mysterious, I had never been reduced to this extremity! Had you known that I was the sister of Don John and Don Lewis—

D. MANUEL. Their sister! Can it be possible? I never heard Don John speak but of one sister, and she was married and settled at a distance from the capital.

Da. ANGELA. She was ; but now she stands before you, a widow in her earliest years.

D. MANUEL. And are you then, Madam—

Da. ANGELA. I am the person whom you delivered from the pursuit of Don Lewis, and who has since, by such various ways, excited your curiosity and wonder. But I may not have time now for a fuller explanation ; only rest assured, that, excepting in my correspondence with yourself, I have never, in the slightest instance, deviated from the conduct becoming a woman of my birth and station. Just now, when the fury of Don Lewis again terrified me, and I would have flown for refuge to the house of a noble friend, I was met in the street by Don John ; he had seen me issue from his house, and refused to let me pass till I had declared to him my name. It was impossible to conceal myself.—He seized me, and believing you abroad, he brought me hither, and left me as a prisoner, till he should have informed himself further of the cause of my flight, which my terror deprived me of all power to excuse. But my fears are calmed, Don Manuel, since I behold you. It is for your sake that I am exposed to the dangers which I too justly dread from my incensed brothers. They think I have dishonoured them ; but you know my innocence. If I have been guilty of any indiscretion, may I not hope to be excused by

you, when my first motive was the gratitude I owe you, and when, since I have better known your merits, I have found myself still less able to resist the dictates of a sentiment, which only the extremity to which I am reduced could impel me to confess? Pity my tears, Don Manuel, protect me, and save me!

D. MANUEL (aside). Heavens! What am I to do in circumstances so strange and unexpected? If I stand forth in her defence, may not Don John proclaim me to the world as a traitor, who has basely repaid his hospitality by the seduction of his sister?—If, for my own justification, I accuse her, by betraying her honour, I forfeit my own more justly.—If I protect her from her brothers I am a false friend!—if I deliver her to them—Can I bear the thought of thus requiting her love?—so generous a love?—and from such a woman?—No! that were impossible! (*to Donna ANGELA.*) Fear nothing, Madam!—I am a gentleman, and you have thrown yourself on my protection.

D. LEWIS (at the door). Don Manuel!

COSMO. Somebody calls, Sir.

D. MANUEL. It is Don Lewis, returning with the sword. Admit him.

Da. ANGELA. Ah me! it is my brother!

D. MANUEL. Entertain no apprehensions; this arm shall defend you. Only stand back a

little. (*Donna ANGELA retires behind Don MANUEL, and COSMO unlocks the door.*)

Enter Don LEWIS.

D. LEWIS. I return—(*sees Donna ANGELA*)
But what do I behold? Ah traitress!—(*drawing his sword.*)

D. MANUEL. Sheathe your sword again, Don Lewis. Into this chamber, where I have staid awaiting your return, this lady entered, by what means I saw not. She is your sister, as she has now informed me; for, on the word of a gentleman, I knew it not before; since we may see and converse with many persons, yet be ignorant who they are. But whoever she may be, at the hazard of my life and soul I will conduct her to some place of safety; which done, I will return to renew our interrupted conflict. Therefore impede not my passage; but, as I permitted you to quit the chamber to fetch your sword, let me go forth to discharge the duty which I owe to my honour.

D. LEWIS. I went indeed, Don Manuel, to fetch my sword; but it was only that I might cast it at your feet, in acknowledgment of your generous conduct. You now give me, however, cause for a second quarrel, which must be decided before we

can proceed farther. This lady is my sister; and in my sight shall no man lead her forth from this house, but as his bride. On that condition, passage is free to you; on any other, to the last drop of my blood, I will withstand it.

D. MANUEL. And could the guest—the plighted friend of Don John, be capable of any conduct injurious to the honour of his family? No, Don Lewis! learn to know me better; while, not influenced by your threats, but by every motive which a man of honour ought most to revere, I here offer my hand to your sister, and shall deem myself most happy if she will deign to accept it. (*Gives his hand to Donna ANGELA.*)

Enter Don JOHN, and afterwards Donna BEATRICE.

D. JOHN. Excuse me if my surprize at hearing voices, in a room where I imagined I had left my sister by herself, has detained me for a few moments at the door, and given me the opportunity of hearing your discourse. I can no longer conceal the joy it has occasioned me.—Don Manuel, my sister is yours. You are now my brother by alliance, as you have ever been by affection; nor is there a man in Spain whom I should feel so proud to call by such a title.

Da. BEATRICE. Nor am I so little interested in the concerns of Donna Angela, but that I may also be permitted to express my satisfaction at this event.

D. JOHN. Beatrice, do I again behold you in my house?

Da. BEATRICE. I never quitted it; but you shall presently have every thing explained to you.

D. JOHN. If you can rejoice in the happiness of others, do not, I entreat you, defer the completion of mine.

COSMO. So! Thank Heaven all is out now, and we know who the Fairy is at last. And so, gentlemen, I hope you'll allow that I was not out of my senses, as you all chose to suppose me, when I told you I had seen her.

D. MANUEL. If you are in them now, you may marry Isabella for your pains.

COSMO. That would rather be a proof that I had lost them outright. Besides, Sir, I can't, just at present.

D. MANUEL. Why not?

COSMO. Because it would be throwing away the time which I ought to employ in paying my respects to these good gentlemen and ladies, who have listened to us so patiently; and in begging their pardon, in our own name and our author's, for all the faults which, according to their judgment, we may to-night have had the misfortune to commit.

KEEP YOUR OWN SECRET.

FROM

NADIE FIE SU SECRETO,

BY

DON PEDRO CALDERON DE LA BARCA.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ALEXANDER FARNESE, PRINCE OF PARMA.

Don CÆSAR, his Secretary.

Don ARIAS.

Don FELIX de CASTILOI.

LAZARO, *Don CÆSAR's* Servant.

Donna ANNA de CASTILOI, Sister of *Don FELIX*.

ELVIRA, *Donna ANNA's* Maid.

Servants, &c.

Scene, Parma.

KEEP YOUR OWN SECRET.

ACT I.

An apartment in the PRINCE'S palace.

Enter the PRINCE and Don ARIAS.

PRINCE.

I SAW her alight from her carriage, Don Arias; she came to visit my sister; and though her beauty was always incomparable, yet then, methought, new graces played around her, and her eyes sparkled with redoubled lustre. I gazed on her, till, like one who has too long looked upon the sun, my sight was dazzled with the view, and almost lost the power of distinguishing inferior objects. Nay, in thought she is present to me still; imagination busily retraces every feature, and places before me her bright image.—I know not, Don Arias, whether it be love with which she has inspired

me; and yet much I fear that these symptoms can denote no other disease.

D. ARIAS. But had you never seen Donna Anna before?

PRINCE. Several times.

D. ARIAS. Then what, to-day, can have effected such a change in your sentiments towards her?

PRINCE. That is a question which sounds like a very wise one; and yet it shews but little knowledge of human nature. Do not our sentiments on every subject undergo changes equally sudden? Do not we often love to-day that which we hated yesterday, and adore that which we shall detest to-morrow, and yet be unable to assign any adequate reason? Every thing earthly is in its own nature mutable; and no variation ought to surprize a man who rightly considers the objects which surround him. I know not why I had never before beheld her with so much admiration;—perhaps I was this morning less blind than usual—or she looked more charming. But be that as it may, I am determined henceforward to devote myself to her service, and I will entrust the secret of my passion to no one but yourself.

D. ARIAS. Your Highness does me infinite honour by reposing such a confidence in me; yet I must own that there are two circumstances which

appear to me very extraordinary. One is to hear you talk so tenderly of love.—

PRINCE. Do you suppose then that princes are formed in different moulds from other men, and are exempted from the passions attendant on human nature? They ought not, indeed, to be too easily led away by their inclinations, nor should the great and important cares which occupy their minds leave room for the intrusion of every idle fancy; yet, believe me, the greatest hero need esteem it no dishonour to have been, once in his life, susceptible of love. I think it was the saying of some philosopher, “I would neither have a man so stupid as never to have been in love at all, nor so mad as to fall in love a second time.”

D. ARIAS. Well, Sir, I am ready to pay all due deference to the reasonableness of your passion; but still, allow me to confess to you the other subject of my surprize; it is, that I should be the person to whom you deign to entrust the secret. Don Cæsar, your secretary, is my most intimate friend; and I cannot but fancy I encroach upon his privileges, if I accept the confidence which appears to be more justly due to him. Call him, Sir, and acquaint him with your love. You well know how worthy he is to be admitted to a participation in every affair in which your interests are concerned; and the more highly I esteem the

honour which you would confer on me, the less am I inclined to supplant him in your favour, or to profit by the loss which my friend might sustain.

PRINCE. If you are Cæsar's friend, Don Arias, I do him no injury by honouring you. My regard for him is the same as it has always been. Our attachment to each other began when we were boys; and since he has been with me as my secretary, my heart has ever hitherto been open to him on all subjects, as to the man on whose fidelity and discretion I could the most implicitly rely. But, for this little while past, I know not what the devil has ailed him; he has paid no attention to the duties of his office; he has neglected the most important dispatches; when I have spoken to him, he has stood as if he was stupified, or given me some answer wholly foreign to the purpose; and when he has begun to say any thing to me, he has stopped short in the middle of a sentence, and left me to guess what the end of it was to be. It is this strange alteration in himself which has interrupted my intimacy with him; but, as I know you are more in his confidence than anybody else, I wish you would try, both for my sake and his own, to discover what it is which has thus strangely disordered him. If he has any secret cause of discontent, you may tell him that every

thing I possess is at his disposal; that my principality itself is subject to him; that, in short, my only motive for wishing to be acquainted with the occasion of his trouble is, that I may be enabled either to redress it, or to share it with him.

D. ARIAS. This generosity is worthy of yourself, and of the illustrious name you bear

Enter LAZARO.

LAZARO. I can't find my master high nor low.—But that's just like my usual fortune! If I had any bad news for him, now, I should meet with him directly, and get a box on the ear for my reward; but as I am carrying him a letter, which, I know, will gain me a purse of gold, I may lay my account in not overtaking him all day. I'll search every place, however, if I enter—

PRINCE. Whom have we here?

LAZARO. Ha! yonder's the Prince!—I must hide my letter, and mum!

PRINCE. Do you know what fellow that is, Don Arias?

D. ARIAS. He is Don Cæsar's servant. I suppose he came this way by chance; and now he sees your Highness he is about to retire.

PRINCE. Call him hither; who knows but

that we may be able to collect from him the cause of his master's melancholy?

D. ARIAS. Very probably.—Here! Lazaro!

LAZARO. Do you want me?

D. ARIAS. His highness calls you.

PRINCE. Come hither, friend.

LAZARO. O, Sir! Your Highness does me too much honour. I am sure, Sir, if I may be allowed the felicity of kissing your Highness's feet, I shall kiss nothing but shoe-leather for this month to come, in remembrance of my good fortune. I made bold to come hither, Sir, I hope 'tis no offence to your Highness, to look for Don Cæsar.

D. ARIAS. You find, Sir, he is a droll fellow.

PRINCE. Art thou Don Cæsar's servant?

LAZARO. Sir, I am proud to say, such is my quality; in virtue of which I may be entitled to consider myself as the third greatest man in this principality.

PRINCE. And how canst thou make that out?

LAZARO. Why, Sir, Don Cæsar is your Highness's friend and counsellor, and I am Don Cæsar's; so we three form a triumvirate, and govern the state—Alexander, Cæsar, and I.

PRINCE. I know thee now, and understand thy character.

LAZARO. That's as much as to give me license to depart.

PRINCE. How so?

LAZARO. Because, if your Highness knows me, you must know that I am not worth the keeping; and therefore, the sooner you get rid of me, the better.

PRINCE. I like thy humour well enough for a time, but I am soon wearied of jests to which there is no intermission; for he who is always playing the fool, is unfit for any thing serious. I meant to have enquired of thee the cause of Don Cæsar's melancholy, which I have for some time observed with infinite concern. I thought it possible that thou mightest have been able to explain it to me; but it is not likely he should have entrusted any secret to a buffoon like thee.

LAZARO. Why, Sir, your Highness is much in the right, as to the matter of that, if you think Don Cæsar a man of sense, to suppose that he would have more wit than to chuse a fool like me for his confident. And yet, Sir, since it is the duty of all good servants to tell their master's secrets, I must say I believe I partly know what it is that makes him go so sad and so mopish. Sir, there is a game at Parma that is played at by all the people of condition; and this game, (I hope no offence to your Highness,) is called the game of Ombre.

Now, Sir, as ill luck would have it, Don Cæsar learned this game; and one evening, as he was playing, though he had in his hand spadille, manille, and basto, he lost the vole. Upon this the whole company was in amaze, and nothing else was talked of till the party broke up; and some said he had played right, and some said he had played wrong. At last, my master went home; but he had taken the matter so much to heart, that, in the middle of the night, up he started, and wakened me out of a fine sleep, to make me bring him the cards; so there he sat in his shirt, shuffling, and dealing, and talking to himself, in the greatest passion that ever you heard. "If I had not taken that trick," says he, "I should have lost my queen," says he; "and if anybody dares say anything to the contrary, let him take my hand, and play it himself," says he.—And so, Sir, ever since that night, my master has been melancholy.

PRINCE. I am obliged to thee for telling me so much; for I well deserve such a punishment for my folly in listening to thee. I am glad that thy knowledge of thy master's affairs is so confined; for I should have been mortified by learning even what I the most earnestly wish to know, from a person, whom Don Cæsar could not have trusted, without lowering himself in my esteem.—Go! Thou art a good buffoon, but thy capacity extends to nothing higher.

LAZARO. I am glad your Highness thinks me good in any way. We may all live and learn; and I hope another time your Highness may find me more discreet. I humbly wish your Highness a good day!—(*aside.*) My buffoonery has stood me in good stead, however, since it has helped to excuse me from betraying my master's secret.

[*Exit.*]

PRINCE. That fellow would amuse me, if I were more in a humour to listen to him.

D. ARIAS. He is always such as you have now seen him. I do not believe he ever knew what it was to be sad.

PRINCE. Then must he necessarily be a fool; for in knowing how properly to feel the calamities of life, consists the very soul of wisdom.

D. ARIAS. He was born with this humour. Did you never hear any of the ridiculous stories which are told of him?

PRINCE. It never fell in my way to hear any thing about him.

D. ARIAS. I was particularly diverted lately with one of his adventures, in which I had some concern myself.

PRINCE. What was that?

D. ARIAS. The rascal is a great gambler; and one day, for want of better entertainment, I sat down to play with him. He had no money, so

when he lost, he was forced to pledge his goods ; and at last I won his sword I would not immediately return it, because I had a mind to see what he would do without it ; upon which away he went, and finding somewhere an old hilt, he very ingeniously fastened a lath of wood to it, and stuck it into his scabbard ; and to this hour he wears no other weapon.

PRINCE. One might take occasion from this to play him an amusing trick.—But alas ! the passion which distracts my mind leaves it little at leisure to attend to such idle jests!—Go to Don Cæsar, and discourse with him as I have directed you. I will repair to my sister's apartment ; for there I shall find Donna Anna ; and if I must languish and consume away while I am absent from her, I may surely brave the danger which awaits me from the scorching beams of her eyes.

[*Exeunt.*]

Don CÆSAR'S apartment.

Enter Don CÆSAR and LAZARO.

LAZARO. I thought I should never have found you, Sir, to give you this letter. I had it from Elvira.

D. CÆSAR. Is it long since you received it ?

LAZARO. I have had it in my pocket this hour or two, and I have been all over the town to hunt for you. I even went into the Prince's apartment, in hopes I might find you there.

D. CÆSAR. Why nobody can have access to the Prince's apartment, but with my leave.

LAZARO. I had access without it, however, and his Highness delayed me ever so much longer.

D. CÆSAR. You might surely have found me sooner.

LAZARO. Ah, Sir ! You know I was always an unlucky dog. I never in my life found any thing I looked for.—But here's the letter, Sir ; and remember, if it brings you any good news, it is but fair you should pay the porter. (*Gives the letter.*)

D. CÆSAR. O Heavens ! Shall I find it to contain my happiness or misery ?

LAZARO Now, Sir, that's for all the world like a man, who, while the clock is striking, will come up to you in a mighty hurry, and ask you what hour it is ? If he would be at the pains to count, he might know it without troubling his neighbour ; and you, Sir, if ever you learnt to spell, will find that to open your letter and read it, will be as ready a way as any to come at its contents.

D. CÆSAR. The sight of her hand writing makes a coward of me—(*opening the letter.*) Yet why were you so long in bringing it to me? (*Reads.*)

LAZARO. Nay, you may easily revenge yourself for that; do you be as long in giving me my reward. I can wait a couple of hours for it very patiently.

D. CÆSAR. Lazaro, my new Florence suit is yours.

LAZARO. Thank you, Sir, thank you! That's very handsome pay indeed.

D. CÆSAR. O Lazaro! my happiness has almost turned my head! Donna Anna writes to me in a style of the strongest affection and tenderness.—Was ever man so fortunate? How have I deserved such felicity?—Could I tear open my breast, this precious letter should be laid upon my heart.—Dear, dear paper! Where shall I find a place worthy to contain such a treasure?

LAZARO. Why, Sir, if that embarrasses you, I think you had better keep it to new-sole your shoes. You can't imagine what excellent things love-letters are for such a purpose. I have received as many in my time as the best of them; and I never thought of turning them to any other use.—But, Sir, I have been thinking that to be sure your Florence suit will become me mightily; but then, don't you think that such a fine gentle-

man will look rather silly without any money in his pocket?

D. CÆSAR. Make what demands thou wilt, Lazaro; I promise to give thee every thing thou shalt ask of me in the course of this whole day. I except nothing but my sword; and that I cannot part with, because I had it from a friend.

LAZARO (aside). Why how the devil should he know that mine is nothing but a lath? And yet to be sure he must have found it out; or else he would never have thought of excepting his sword, when he is so ready to part with all besides.

Enter Don ARIAS.

D. ARIAS. Don Cæsar, I am come to have some serious conversation with you.

D. CÆSAR. Your visits always give me pleasure; but on what particular subject are you come to be thus serious?

D. ARIAS. In the first place I must tell you that I am commissioned by the Prince to talk with you; but I must add, that, even though he had not enjoined me such a task, I should have been inclined, on my own account, to make you those reproaches, which, after we have been united by so strict a friendship, any breach of the confidence which ought mutually to subsist between us, may so justly demand.

D. CÆSAR. I am at a loss what to expect from such a prelude, Don Arias. What are the Prince's commands with me? and what reproaches can I have merited from you?

D. ARIAS. As a loyal subject, I will first tell you the Prince's message. He says that he has long observed with concern the deep melancholy which has so visibly oppressed you; that his wish to relieve you from it renders him anxious to learn its cause; and that if a share even in his power or greatness can be of any avail to remove it, you may consider his authority in the state as delegated to yourself.—Thus far the noble Alexander; but now suffer me to say further, that, when he enquired of me the subject of your uneasiness, I felt myself wounded in the tenderest part by the consciousness that you had not deemed me so far deserving of your confidence as to declare it to me. Have you so long called me your friend, Don Cæsar, and can you refuse me the dearest privileges of friendship? I cannot indeed make you such magnificent offers as our master does; I can give you nothing in return for the trust which I solicit you to place in me, but a continuance of my faithful attachment to you; yet that will not appear despicable to you, if you compare the permanence of a friendship between equals with the instability of

the favour of princes—a subject which you ought at present particularly to consider ; for I can assure you that Alexander is very seriously displeas'd at some inattentions of which you have lately been guilty towards him ; and that, be your discontent founded on what ground it may, discretion requires you to take more pains to conceal it, and at least to assume the appearance of greater cheerfulness. I offer you this counsel, Don Cæsar, as your friend ; I even conjure you to follow it, as you value your nearest interests.

D. CÆSAR. I humbly thank his Highness for his condescension in taking so great an interest in my troubles ; and I thank you too, Don Arias, for your friendly solicitations and advice ; and that I may return a suitable answer to both, I must request you to tell the princely Alexander, that I pray Heaven to prolong his life to the utmost bounds of mortality ; that my sadness has not proceeded from any abatement of my zeal for his service, or of my attachment to his person ; that I cannot indeed assign any certain cause for the melancholy which has of late oppress'd my spirits, though I too sensibly feel its effects ; but that perhaps it may be ascribed to my too intense application to study, to which I have for some time past devoted more hours than my health should have permitted.— This will suffice as a reply to him :—

but now to you, Don Arias, that you may be convinced how gratefully I feel the expressions of your friendship, I will open my whole heart. You need not, however, return me too many thanks for the confidence I place in you; for indeed you are come at a moment when I am so enraptured with my own happiness, that I could scarcely refrain, from talking of it even to a stranger. O Don Arias! be not surprized at my present transports, any more than at the deep despair to which you have lately seen me reduced,—Love is made up of extremes,

D. ARIAS. And has love, then, been the source of your trouble?

D. CÆSAR. I have now for two years adored the fairest of her sex; nor till to-day have my faithful services been able to obtain the slightest encouragement, on which to ground the most distant hope. You cannot therefore wonder, that, secretly consumed by a passion which has become every day more violent, I have found it impossible so far to dissemble, but that the anguish of my mind has too visibly shewn itself in my countenance. But this morning, nay, this very hour—You see I can conceal nothing from you—I have received a letter, which has restored me from death to life, which has more than recompensed me for all my past sufferings; words indeed fail

me when I try to express to you the joy with which it has inspired me.—But when you shall hear who she is—I know not whether I ought to tell you—yet how can it be improper, when I court her as my bride?—But consider, Don Arias;—if I discover her name to you, it must be under the strictest bonds of secrecy; for I am not one of those who think nothing of publishing such matters. I know the respect which is due to the honour of a woman, and how easily her reputation may be blemished by the mere mention of an affair like this. I give you the strongest proof of my reliance on your discretion, by speaking to you thus freely on a subject which I would not for the world should go any farther. You perceive, indeed, my anxiety to conceal it even from the Prince.

D. ARIAS. You wrong me, Don Cæsar, by such repeated injunctions to secrecy. I should have hoped you knew me better than to think them necessary.

D. CÆSAR. I know they are superfluous, Don Arias, and I will tell you all. Donna Anna de Castiloi, (you will allow I could have named no lady of equal beauty or accomplishments,) is she who has so far estranged me from myself, that I am incapable even of a thought, of which she is not the object. I love her, no language can say how much.

From your own acquaintance with her merit, however, you may form some judgment of the passion with which it has inspired me, and of the extacies into which her letter has thrown me.—Nay, you shall see the letter; for, since I have told you so much, I need not withhold from you that mark of my confidence.

D. ARIAS. I cannot indeed now wonder at your transports.

D. CÆSAR. Here, read it; and then you will perceive whether I have said too much.

(Gives the letter.)

D. ARIAS. I thank you—*(reads.)* “To confess
 “ that I am convinced of your attachment to me,
 “ is in some measure to return it; for a woman
 “ confers a favour, when she acknowledges herself
 “ to have received one. Some favours are but
 “ flattering and delusive; yet do not consider as
 “ such any which you shall receive from me; for
 “ love himself is witness of the sincerity of my re-
 “ gard for you; and if I offended him in any de-
 “ gree by so long concealing it, let him be satisfied
 “ with having at last reduced me to the shame of
 “ declaring it. Come this evening to my window,
 “ and I will tell you yet more than I have dared to
 “ write. Adieu, dear friend! May Heaven pre-
 “ serve you!”—Indeed, Don Cæsar, you are a
 fortunate man.

D. CÆSAR. I knew you would think me so, Don Arias.—But now were it not better you should carry my answer to the Prince? When you shall have made my excuses to him, I will wait on him myself.

D. ARIAS. You may be assured I shall do all in my power to serve you.

D. CÆSAR. O thou bright luminary of day! thou who so often hast thyself confessed the power of love! hasten thy course towards the western hemisphere, and shorten the hours which yet must intervene before I may visit my adored Donna Anna! So may no future Daphne disappoint thy pursuit!

[*Exeunt Don CÆSAR and LAZARO.*]

D. ARIAS. So! Here am I in possession of two secrets.—Let me consider what I am to do with them, and whether my Prince or my friend has the strongest claims upon me.—A plague take all the prying fools, say I, that want to dive into their neighbour's concerns!—If I acquaint Cæsar with the Prince's love, I fill his mind with jealousy; and jealousy is an evil present to make to a good friend.—If, on the other hand, I tell the Prince that Cæsar is his rival, I violate the confidence which Cæsar has reposed in me.—If I keep the secrets of both, in some degree I betray them both, and must listen to each with a dissimulation scarcely consistent with my honour.—The Prince's

passion is but of to-day ; however violent it may be, it cannot as yet have taken any deep root in his heart.—Cæsar has long been very dear to him.—Perhaps, if I tell him that Cæsar is the accepted lover of Donna Anna, and if I exaggerate the encouragement she gives him, so timely a discovery may induce the noble Alexander to resign his own pretensions to a mistress, who is so liberal of her favours to his rival. By making such an use as this of the secret with which my friend has trusted me, I may then render him the most essential service.—I cannot entirely reconcile to my conscience this plan, nor indeed any other.—This affair has confused all my senses.—I will serve my friend, however, if I can ; and if I injure him, at least my intentions are good. [Exit.]

The Palace.

Enter the PRINCE, Don FELIX, Donna ANNA, and attendants.

PRINCE. Indeed you must permit me.

Da. ANNA. Positively your Highness must come no farther, or I cannot proceed.

PRINCE. I insist upon attending you to the door.

Da. ANNA. I entreat your Highness not to think of it; for it would be conferring too great an honour upon me.

PRINCE. You should rather consider it as a duty incumbent upon me. The higher my rank, the greater degree of politeness is required of me; especially towards a lady of your family and merit.

Da. ANNA. It is universally known that you excel all other princes no less in courtesy, than in arms, and in the nobler qualities of the mind; but I earnestly beg that you will not now pass any further; since the more highly I respect you, the more should I be overwhelmed with confusion at receiving a mark of distinction of which I am so unworthy.

PRINCE. You must permit me to contradict you, when you speak thus slightly of your own perfections. I will not, however, lose an opportunity of convincing you of my unbounded submission to you on every subject, by obeying your commands, and denying myself the pleasure of attending you. Perhaps indeed I should expose myself to a danger too great, if I trusted myself any longer in presence of such irresistible charms.—Adieu Madam!

Da. ANNA. I humbly take my leave of your Highness: [Exit.]

PRINCE. Don Felix, do not you escort your sister?

D. FELIX. I only stay, to express to your Highness how deeply I am penetrated with the honour which you confer on us both, and to assure you of my gratitude, and of my fervent prayers to Heaven for your life and prosperity.

PRINCE. I thank you for your good wishes, but do not delay at present; your sister is by herself; follow and attend her, as well in my name as your own.—[Exit *Don FELIX.*] Can anything be more provoking than to receive praises from her lips, while her eyes deny me a single responsive glance? (*Enter Don ARIAS.*) Well, Don Arias, what news? Have you met with Cæsar?

D. ARIAS. I have both seen him and discoursed with him; but before I tell your Highness what has passed between us, may I not request to know the progress of your love?

PRINCE. Why really I can scarcely tell you whether it is Cæsar, or Donna Anna, who occasions me the greatest disquietude. Ever since you left me, I have been with my sister and her ladies, among whom Donna Anna bloomed like the rose amidst the meaner flowers. My eyes were riveted to her face, nor were my ears less occupied by

her discourse ; for the charms of her wit are not inferior to those of her person. The evening passed but too quickly away ; and when she rose to depart, I escorted her as far as this apartment ; she would not permit me to attend her any farther. This is all which has hitherto past ; so that I have no better account of myself to give you than that I am dying of love, and know not how to submit to the pains of absence.

D. ARIAS. And would it then be impossible to persuade you to relinquish this passion ?

PRINCE. I will not absolutely say that ; a love of so recent a date might possibly enough be stifled, if it should be opposed by any considerations of greater moment. So, at least, I am willing to flatter myself.

D. ARIAS. Then it is not too late for the disclosure which I have to make to you. Sir, if you love Don Cæsar, withdraw your affections from Donna Anna. Let it suffice to tell you that your pretensions to her will prove injurious to his dearest interests.

PRINCE. Ha ! What am I to understand by this ?

D. ARIAS. Your Highness looks displeas'd ; perhaps I have already said too much.

PRINCE. Don Arias, when you begin to impart any thing to a person who has not asked it of you,

you lay yourself under an obligation to complete the discovery. Either acquaint me with every circumstance to which your words allude, or it were better you had hinted nothing. Am I to infer from what you have said, that Cæsar is in love with Donna Anna? Be it so; Cæsar is my friend; and rather than oppose his inclinations, I am capable of putting a force upon my own.—Proceed then.—Of what are you afraid?

D. ARIAS. Of violating by my indiscretion the faith due to the secret of a friend.

PRINCE. If it was your duty to conceal it, why did you tell me anything about it?

D. ARIAS. It is my wish to afford your Highness satisfaction.—(*aside.*) Pardon me, Cæsar, if I betray thy confidence!—To tell you the whole truth then, Sir, a mutual attachment subsists between them.

PRINCE. How! Does Donna Anna—I shall lose my senses!—Is she acquainted with DON Cæsar's passion?

D. ARIAS. She returns it with tenderness.

PRINCE (aside). This is more than I can bear! Had I but heard that Cæsar loved her, I could have pitied in my friend those pains which I myself endured; I could have given her up, and permitted him to urge his suit. But to behold in him a favoured rival! To learn it thus suddenly, before I

had time to prepare my mind for such a blow ! I could have vanquished my love, but I cannot suppress my jealousy !

D. ARIAS (aside). Now if I exaggerate the favours which she bestows on Don Cæsar, the Prince, who already seems so angry, will certainly be sufficiently provoked to renounce her for ever.

PRINCE (aside). But let me restrain this emotion.—Is their love then indeed reciprocal ?

D. ARIAS. I have myself just seen the strongest assurances of her affection—

PRINCE (aside). My vexation is too great to be repressed !

D. ARIAS. In a letter, which Don Cæsar has this morning received from her.

PRINCE (aside). A letter ! Distraction ! Yet ; if I already know that she loves him, why should a letter give me any additional pain ? Would I had continued ignorant at least of this ! But who, while he endured such anguish, could have had patience to forbear further enquiries, when the most fatal certainty can scarcely equal the torment of suspense ?—What was the subject of her letter ?

D. ARIAS. To invite him to her window at night, herew she has promised to see and to converse withhim.

PRINCE (aside). Will she converse with him,

while I am doomed to silence? shall they be interchanging vows of love, while I am a prey to all the torments of a hopeless passion? But can it then be possible that jealousy has so much more power over me than love? A few moments since, I fancied myself able to resign her to my friend. Yet if, for his sake, I forbear to indulge my own desires, at least I will allow myself the poor satisfaction of interrupting the pleasure which he expects in this promised interview: he shall not spend this night so much more happily than his Prince.— Don Arias, does Cæsar know anything of my love for Donna Anna?

D. ARIAS. How can he, if you have confided it to no other than myself?

PRINCE. To none but thee did Cæsar perhaps confide his passion; and yet am I acquainted with it.

D. ARIAS. A fault committed with a good intention may surely claim some excuse.

PRINCE. Well then, Don Arias; since you have already done so much for my satisfaction, I must require of you now a little more. You will comprehend, that what you have told me has quite put an end to my love, so that it is only curiosity which at present actuates me; an impertinent curiosity perhaps it may be; but yet, since I am thrown out of the game myself, I would still, me-

thinks, be a distant looker-on.—You shall tell me faithfully every thing that passes between Don Cæsar and Donna Anna.

D. ARIAS. But if you condemn me, Sir, for the breach of confidence of which I have already been guilty, how can I venture on a second?

PRINCE. The first was voluntary. I shall give you a sufficient excuse for all the future disclosures you may make to me, by demanding them of you. You shall tell me no more than I ask.

D. ARIAS. Ah, Sir!

PRINCE. I say it shall be so.

D. ARIAS. I am unquestionably bound to obey you; yet consider

PRINCE. My commands are absolute.

D. ARIAS. To what difficulties does he expose himself who cannot keep a secret!

PRINCE. Yet where shall he be found who can?

Enter Don CÆSAR and LAZARO.

D. CÆSAR. O that it were night!

LAZARO. So it will, at its own proper time and season; and never a bit the sooner, invoke the sun, moon, and stars, as you will.—But see—the Prince!

D. CÆSAR. His looks give me no encouragement.—However, I must accost him—(*advancing.*)

Although, Sir, I am conscious that I have of late afforded your Highness but too just cause for displeasure, yet, since Don Arias promised to attempt my excuse, I presume to hope that you will pardon those apparent negligences of which I may have been guilty, and ascribe them, not to any culpable intention, but solely to the involuntary depression of spirits, under which I have for some time laboured, though I cannot ascribe it to any certain cause.

PRINCE. I assure you, Cæsar, Don Arias has so faithfully represented to me the dejected state of your mind, that I feel for your sufferings as if they were my own; and indeed I think I understand the cause of your sadness better than you do yourself. You want some amusement, which may a little dissipate your thoughts; and therefore, I intend to take you abroad with me to-night. We will disguise ourselves, and make the round of the city; we will visit all the places of diversion, and see what music, play, and pretty women, can do to drive away your cares; for believe me, Cæsar, I love you so well, that I would give my principality to see you as cheerful as you used to be.

D. CÆSAR. Your Highness does me infinite honour; but I assure you my melancholy is already so totally removed by those marks of your kindness

which I have to-day had the good fortune to experience, that I never in my life felt myself more cheerful and contented than I do at this moment. I therefore entreat your Highness not to give yourself any trouble to procure me amusement; for I cannot spend this night in any manner so satisfactory to myself, as in retiring, to meditate in private on my happiness; nor could any thing be so likely to re-plunge me into my former state of mind, as to see you, Sir, disturbed, for my sake, from your other occupations.

PRINCE. I tell thee, Cæsar, I have suffered too much uneasiness on thy account to be so easily satisfied; and unless I have thee under my eyes this whole night, that I may myself be witness to this happy change in thy humour, I shall fancy I know not what, and all thy melancholy will be transferred to me.—Lazaro!

LAZARO. Sir!

PRINCE. Thou too shalt be of our party.

LAZARO. Very readily, Sir; and let your Highness consider me as a man on whom you may rely. I pray Heaven your Highness may be exposed to some notable danger or perplexity, on purpose to give me an opportunity of shewing what I can do.

PRINCE. Are you so valiant, then?

LAZARO. Why to be sure, an't please your

Highness, it does not become a man to praise himself; but yet, while I wear this sword by my side, I should scorn to yield to any one breathing.

PRINCE. Is your blade a good one?

LAZARO (*aside*). There he has me.—I won't presume to say, Sir, but that your Highness's may be a better; however, mine answers well enough for my occasions.

PRINCE. O, I perceive you speak modestly. Does it cut well?

LAZARO. Wonderfully. If I were to strike with it, even upon a steel buckler, at the very first blow you would see the splinters fly into the air—(*aside*.)—And well they might; but they would be its own splinters.

PRINCE. Is it finely tempered?

LAZARO. O yes, it has a very good temper; it is not bloody minded.

PRINCE. You have raised my curiosity to see so superlative a weapon; draw it.

LAZARO (*aside*). How shall I come off now?

D. CÆSAR (*aside*). Ah me! my unhappy fate!

LAZARO. I am sorry, Sir, to disobey your Highness's commands; but to say the truth, I have bound myself by a solemn vow never to draw it, but upon occasion of serious service. Let your Highness but call for its aid against your enemies, and

you shall see.— But I will not tell you what you shall see ; my sword shall speak for itself.

D. CÆSAR (aside). Was ever man so vexatiously circumstanced ? I shall go distracted.—Sir, indeed it is quite unnecessary that you should take any trouble to dissipate my sadness. My cheerfulness may convince you how perfectly my mind is at ease.

PRINCE. You may deceive yourself, Cæsar, but you cannot me. I can still perceive that your spirits are oppressèd, and your countenance too plainly expresses a mind brooding over some inward trouble. You must positively go with me ; for all your subjects of uneasiness are mine also ; and the diversions in which I propose to engage, will prove a relief to me no less than to yourself.

[*Exit.*]

D. CÆSAR. Who would not die of grief, to lose in this unexpected manner the happiness, for which he had so long and so anxiously sighed ? For which, perhaps, no other opportunity may ever be offered ?

D. ARIAS (aside). Heaven knows how sincerely it was my wish to serve him ; but he must not discover how far my indiscretion has contributed to his present vexation.—Why will not you entrust the Prince with your secret, Don Cæsar ? You see he has only proposed this unlucky scheme with a view to relieve your melancholy ; and he

surely would not persist in requiring your attendance to-night, if he knew how injurious it would prove to your dearest interests, [Exit.]

D. CÆSAR. Lazaro!

LAZARO. Sir!

D. CÆSAR. What will Donna Anna say of me?

LAZARO. She may say any thing she pleases.

D. CÆSAR. What will she do?

LAZARO. Stand all night at the window, most likely, in a cursed bad humour.

D. CÆSAR. She will say that all my love has been dissembled; and, offended beyond every hope of pardon, that heart, now so favourably disposed towards me, will learn to think of me with abhorrence, or perhaps consign me to eternal oblivion.—Ah wretch! wretch!

LAZARO. Who could have expected that things would have gone so cross? Methinks the night need not have been in such a hurry to obey your invocations, if this were all the luck it was to bring you.

D. CÆSAR. I am too much vexed to attend to thy fooleries.

LAZARO. Very likely, Sir; but yet, wise as you are, it would do you no harm if you would take the word of a fool; that let your present vexation come from what quarter it may, it is nothing worse than may always be looked for by the man who can't keep his own secret. [Exeunt.]

ACT II,

The Street. Night.

*Enter the PRINCE, Don. ARIAS, Don FELIX,
Don CÆSAR, and LAZARO.*

D. ARIAS. It is a very fine night.

PRINCE. The stars shine so brightly, that one might suppose the sun himself had been broken into pieces, and scattered about the Heavens,

D. FELIX. While the moon, encircled with silvery clouds, darts on us her trembling beams, which emulate the light of day.

LAZARO. Aye, there she sails along, as round as a wafer. Marry, she's no empty moon to-night, but full; filled up to the very brim.

D. CÆSAR. (*aside*). Ah me! methinks I scarcely feel the mere disappointment of my hopes, so much more deeply am I grieved to think how just a cause Donna Anna will have to reproach me, to question the sincerity of my affection!—Sir, the night grows cold; is it not better to retire? The dew may prove injurious to your health; and we have already strolled long enough.

PRINCE. You know my rank will not permit me

to walk about the streets in the day-time; and therefore, since I am out to-night, I am determined not to go home till I have seen every corner of the city.

D. CÆSAR (aside). Distraction! but my emotion will betray me. Let me try to join in the conversation of the rest. O! could I but for a moment divert my mind from these torturing reflections!—What think you, Sir, of Flora?

PRINCE. Is not that the Milanese lady? She looks well enough at a distance.

LAZARO. Very true; especially if it be at a distance so great that she can't be seen at all.

D. ARIAS. I think Laura dresses very well.

LAZARO. And very well she may; for she has a pawnbroker for her lover, and he gives her the choice of all the goods in his shop.

D. CÆSAR (aside). At this very moment methinks I see Donna Anna standing at her window, and saying to herself, "What can this mean? The hour is past, but Cæsar appears not; is it thus he values my favours?" And then she will be angry! But I forget that I had resolved to turn my thoughts to other subjects.—Celia sung extremely well.

LAZARO. Aye, you seldom find so good a voice joined with so bad a face.

D. CÆSAR. Nature was willing to give her

some accomplishment, to compensate for her want of beauty; as I have heard that in some countries they give good portions to the ugly girls, and none to the pretty ones.

LAZARO. What think you of Lucinda?—who lately bethought herself, that, instead of spending her money in house-rent, she would lay it out upon a coach; and when somebody asked her where she meant to live, she replied, “In the “coach all day, and at night in the coach-house.”

D. CÆSAR (*aside*). I cannot attend to these idle discourses. Let me make one more attempt.—Sir, the night is far advanced, and the Princess your sister will be anxious for your return. You know her affection for you, and her constant solicitude about you; do not occasion her this uneasiness.

PRINCE (*aside*). I am much more concerned at observing your uneasiness.

D. CÆSAR. What says your Highness?

PRINCE. I say that I need not hasten my return on that account, for my sister does not know that I am out of the Palace.

D. CÆSAR (*aside*). That hope has failed me!

LAZARO. In this little hovel there live two women, so hardened in evil courses, that you might defy the most eloquent preacher in Italy to persuade them to walk uprightly]

PRINCE. Why so ?

LAZARO. Because one of them is crooked, and the other hump-backed.

D. ARIAS. Here lives an old woman who passes for a witch.

LAZARO. Bid her avaunt then, in the devil's name.

D. ARIAS. O, you need not be afraid of her ; they say her magic goes no farther than love-potions.

LAZARO. So much the worse ; I once learned to my cost what it was to deal with vermin of that stamp.

PRINCE. Why, what harm did they do you ?

LAZARO. Sir, you must know that I fell in love, once upon a time, when I had better have let it alone : and nothing would serve me but I must go to a witch for a charm to help forward my suit. She told me she could do nothing unless I fetched her a lock of my mistress's hair. Away went I to lie in wait for the prize ; and at last, as luck would have it, I found my nymph one day asleep, and cut off a fine flowing curl, that shaded her forehead. Upon that my sorceress founded her charm, and promised that at midnight I should see the owner of it come to my bed's foot, and draw my curtain. But little did I suspect what sort of a visitor I was to have ! Instead of the lady I looked for, fair and blooming as the

morn, in stalked, to claim the curl—a skeleton!—for alas! my charmer had worn a perriwig! My hair stands an end at this moment, when I think of the fright I was in. However, it had one good effect—it cured me of my love.

D. CÆSAR (aside). Of what avail are all my endeavours to banish her from my recollection, if the pains of love are capable of surviving even the loss of reason and of memory? Again—but how idle are the dreams of a lover!—again I can fancy I behold Donna Anna—not that she retains any wish to see me, but only to convince herself the more certainly of my perfidy,—returning once more to her window; and there not finding me, she exclaims—methinks I hear her—“Though Cæsar should come now, it would be too late; the affection is extinguished which would have led me to receive him!”—My Anna! my only love! consider—But I rave!—Has any one noticed me?—No!—Alas! I imagined myself talking with her.

PRINCE (aside to Don ARIAS). Don Arias, Cæsar conceals his trouble very ill.

D. ARIAS (aside to the PRINCE). His emotions overpower him.

PRINCE (aside to Don ARIAS). He has missed his opportunity, however; nor need he complain, since I am silent, who have not gained it. He

may surely submit to the torments of absence, if I can endure with patience those of jealousy.

D. ARIAS (aside to the PRINCE). Consider, Sir, Donna Anna's brother is present; take care lest he overhear what you say.

PRINCE (aside to Don ARIAS). There is no danger; he is of too noble a nature to be open to suspicion.

MUSICIAN (singing within).

From fair Anarda forced to part,
Alexis mourn'd with throbbing heart;
Ah hapless swain! at once to prove
The pains of absence and of love!

D. CÆSAR. A fine voice!

D. FELIX. Excellent!

D. ARIAS. The voice, the air, the instrument, and the words, are admirably suited to each other.

PRINCE (aside to D. ARIAS). Don Arias, this will be a good opportunity to see how Lazaro will come off with his wooden sword.

D. ARIAS. How do you mean to try that, Sir?

PRINCE. You shall see.—Lazaro!

LAZARO. Sir!

PRINCE. I am about to give you a proof of the confidence I place in you. Every night, when

I walk abroad, I hear yonder fellow singing ; and I am offended that he should chuse this street for his music.

LAZARO. I will go then, Sir, as discreetly as I may, and tell him that it is your Highness's pleasure he should sing elsewhere.

PRINCE. That will not answer my purpose.

LAZARO (*aside*). It would answer mine though. How the devil shall I come off, if he sends me to pick a quarrel with him ?

PRINCE. No punishment can be too severe for the man who has thus offended my ears.

LAZARO. What must I do then, Sir ?

PRINCE. Draw your sword, to be sure, and run him through the body, without any further ceremony.

LAZARO. O Sir, I can't indeed, as a man of honour, attack a paltry fiddler at such a disadvantage ! Consider, he is alone, and I have all this great company on my side. You had better let me defer it till to-morrow morning ; and then I'll set out by myself to seek him, and be sure to bring your Highness his head.—Yet, methinks the poor fellow is very innocent of any evil intentions ; and truly you ought in conscience to let him know that you don't like his music, before you proceed to these violent means of putting an end to it.

PRINCE. Do as I bid you, or I shall believe you make these excuses out of cowardice.

D. CÆSAR. Lazaro, why don't you obey his Highness's orders?

D. FELIX. Will you permit me, Sir, to punish the musician?

D. ARIAS. Or me?

LAZARO. Well; I see it must be so; but I trust heaven will defend the cause of the innocent.

Enter the MUSICIAN, who passes across the stage.

MUSICIAN (*sings*).

His voice, by grief awhile repress'd,
At last his sorrows thus express'd:
" Ah me forlorn! at once to prove
" The pains of absence and of love!"

LAZARO. Now then, caitiff! I advance to murder thee!—Yet if thy guilt be no greater than I suppose it, I invoke all the saints to change this my blade of well-tempered steel into a dull and edgeless piece of wood; that so it may lose all power to harm thee!—(*Draws his sword.*)—A miracle! a miracle!

PRINCE. An admirable trick!

LAZARO. Now, Sir, you see how evidently this man's innocence is proved, by so miraculous an

interposition in his favour. Sir, I make your Highness a present of this wonderful sword, for you alone are worthy to possess so great a rarity; and, inestimable as it is, I ask nothing of you in return, but that you will be pleased to give me another to wear in its stead,

PRINCE. That I readily promise you.

D. FELIX. Which way shall we go now?

D. CÆSAR. Let us return towards the palace, that his Highness may retire to rest.

PRINCE. There is time enough for that yet.

D. CÆSAR. But, Sir, the day is beginning to break.

PRINCE. And if it be, what harm will that do us? How do you feel yourself?

D. CÆSAR. Perfectly well, Sir, and in very high spirits.

PRINCE. I think mine too are lighter than when we first came out,

D. CÆSAR. May they always continue equally good, Sir. As for me, I swear to your Highness, you shall never see me melancholy again.

PRINCE. I am glad our night's ramble has been of so much service to us both. (*Aside.*) O love! how mean and despicable a passion must thou be, when thy own pains can derive so much relief from those of another!

[*Exeunt.*]

The Street before Don FELIX's House.

Donna ANNA and ELVIRA appear at the Window.

ELVIRA. What! will you look out again?

Da. ANNA. O Elvira! my mind is distracted! In returning to the window, I meant only to renew my complaints at his absence, and yet, while I look out, I am conscious that, in spite of myself, I still retain a hope of seeing him. While I imagined he loved me, I little thought how far my affections were engaged to him; it was reserved for this fatal night, which has proved me to be the object of his scorn and derision, to make me sensible how absolute was his empire over my heart. Ah why must his falshood thus augment my love, while, by confessing that love, I have but taught him to forget me?—Be not surprized at hearing me talk thus, Elvira; no charm, so strongly as neglect, can inflame the passions of the human heart.

ELVIRA. You have indeed, Madam, sufficient reason to complain; yet you had so repeatedly protested you would return no more to the window.

Da. ANNA. I could no longer restrain myself. Ah! fool that I was! to write him that letter! Could I have supposed him capable of this, I should have been more guarded in my expres-

sions; I should not so plainly have acknowledged my love. It is now too late to retract it. Yet indeed what woman ever was discreet, when once she had allowed herself to take a pen in her hand?

ELVIRA. But now, Madam, supposing he should at this very moment make his appearance, how would you accost him? I think you would be at a loss to determine whether you should express most anger or tenderness.

Da. ANNA. I can hardly answer you, Elvira. Is there not, after all, a possibility that he may have been detained against his will, to write dispatches, perhaps, or execute some necessary business for the Prince?

ELVIRA. Methinks you are very ready to find excuses for him.

Da. ANNA. Any thing to afford myself relief.

ELVIRA. Those who are so very ingenious in pleading for a criminal plainly shew—

Da. ANNA. What is it they shew?

ELVIRA. That they are more than half inclined to pardon him.

Da. ANNA. Ah Elvira! Love is a very silly thing! If he should indeed come now, and try to exculpate himself, though I knew to a certainty that every syllable he uttered was false, I feel that I still should hear him with pleasure, and volunta-

rily suffer myself to be deceived — Ah! would to Heaven he were here, thus to deceive me!

Enter Don CÆSAR and LAZARO.

LAZARO. What can bring you this way now, Sir, in such a hurry? Don't you see that it is already morning?

D. CÆSAR. I go, Lazaro, to seek my death, where lately life awaited me. I know all hope is at an end; yet, since the Prince is at last returned to the palace, I cannot resist the wish—

LAZARO. Which leads you on, methinks, with no very slow pace.

D. CÆSAR. To see if any body is still remaining at the window.

LAZARO. I protest there is somebody. I spy a woman. One woman did I say? Nay, now I spy two.

D. CÆSAR. How may I venture to present myself? Ah me unhappy! Do you, Lazaro, approach the window, and if it is my love, tell me whether she looks displeas'd.

LAZARO. And how do you expect me to venture, if you come to that, any more than yourself? I dare say Elvira is as angry as her mistress.

D. CÆSAR. Is it you, Donna Anna?

Da. ANNA. It is indeed, Don Cæsar; the cre-

dulous fool, who sat here long in expectation of you, unsuspecting of the truth, which is now but too manifest. But I thank you for undeceiving me; and I am sufficiently punished for my rashness in writing to you as I did, by the remorse which my fault now occasions me. Do you come hither by day-light? In truth I should have supposed that the darkness of the night would have been better suited to your treasons. You pursued me with your dissembling love, only till you supposed yourself secure of my favour, and then you shewed me plainly that you had courted it, only to slight it. But you presumed too soon, Don Cæsar; you ought to have kept your assignation, to discover what were my intentions in granting it to you; nor can you boast of my madness in having offered you such an opportunity, without proclaiming your own folly in losing it. You may now go, and learn to treat ladies for the future with more civility; and when you have taken a few lessons of good manners, you may return to offer your services to me. *(Retires from the window.)*

D. CÆSAR. After you have thus cruelly reproached me for my seeming fault, will you not deign, Donna Anna, to listen to my justification? Yet if you refuse to hear me, to the winds let me declare my innocence, and call Love himself to witness how much I have suffered this night, while

unavoidably compelled to be absent from you. Not through any neglect of my own have I lost the opportunity of seeing you, but through the tyranny of fortune, who deemed me, perhaps, unworthy of such felicity. Yet, rather than allow yourself to feel any regret for the favour you had shewn me, let me, dearest Anna, continue the object of your anger; reproach me, hate me; but blame not your own heart, if for a moment it was moved to any pity for my sufferings. The Prince has detained me this whole night, and obliged me to accompany him round the city; nor could any of the excuses I urged prevail on him to dispense with my attendance. Your brother was with us, and can confirm to you the truth of all I say. Ask him, lovely Anna, and convince yourself of my innocence, beyond the possibility of doubt; and if you have withdrawn your affection from me, at least do not add to my affliction by suspecting my fidelity. Be assured, that, however unhappy you may render me, I shall ever continue to love and to adore you; nor can your utmost severity have power to change my heart.

Da. ANNA (returning to the window). And is this true?

D. CÆSAR. On my soul it is! Could you ever seriously believe me faithless?

Da. ANNA. And why not,—if you could se-

riously accuse me of withdrawing my affection from you? How could you suppose that heart capable of change, which has declared itself yours for ever? —But already I see the first beams of the sun gild the tops of yon distant hills. I must not be seen here talking with you. Retire for the present, Don Cæsar, and leave it to me to contrive some other opportunity for our meeting; only take care you do not lose it, like the last.

D. CÆSAR. If you compassionate my sufferings, I glory in them.

Da. ANNA. No more delays, but away quickly.

D. CÆSAR. Adieu, my most precious treasure!

Da. ANNA. My every good wish attends you.

D. CÆSAR. Yet one word more!

Da. ANNA. What would you say?

D. CÆSAR. I would only ask if you are still very angry with me.

Da. ANNA. You shall see how angry I am when we meet again.

D. CÆSAR. Then, till that time, adieu my offended love.

Da. ANNA. Adieu my faithless, my dearest Cæsar! (*Exit Don CÆSAR, and Donna ANNA retires from the window.*)

LAZARO. And what has your Ladyship to say to me? Have not you a little gentle anger in store for me?

ELVIRA I angry! And pray what should I be angry about?

LAZARO. Because your mistress is angry, to be sure. Don't you see that I am in love, to be like my master?

ELVIRA. I really never knew so much, till this very moment.

LAZARO. O yes! when I see my master merry, I always laugh; when he is sad, I fold my arms thus, and look dismal. When he sighs for the mistress, I woo the maid. You shall see me jealous, if he entertains any fears of a rival; and if he meets with ill usage, I shall consider it as an affront offered to myself. When he is amorous, I am tender; when he is disdainful, I am contemptuous; and as my love is the very shadow of his, so, on the day which restores him to freedom, shall I also shake off my chains.

ELVIRA. So this is what I have to expect from you.

LAZARO. Exactly; and now to begin, since our master and mistress have been quarrelling, let us have a pretty little scolding match of our own.

ELVIRA. Why what have you and I to scold about?

LAZARO. Never mind what; only let us scold, and the occasion may come at its leisure. Now

do you hide yourself, like Donna Anna, and I will stand here, like Don Cæsar, and call you back to the window.

ELVIRA. But how if I won't come?

LAZARO. And how if I don't call you?

[*Exeunt.*]

The Palace.

Enter the PRINCE, and Don FELIX.

D. FELIX. Your Highness looks melancholy.

PRINCE. You mistake; I am only occupied with public business.—(*Aside.*) To how many troubles do we often expose ourselves, in trying to escape from one! O that the loss of hope might avail to deliver the heart from love!

Enter on the other side Don ARIAS, Don CÆSAR, and LAZARO.

D. CÆSAR. Thus was I at last so fortunate as to appease her.

D. ARIAS. Hold! yonder are the Prince and Don Felix.

D. CÆSAR. He is not worthy of good for-

tune, who does not improve a favourable opportunity. Here, Lazaro! I have been writing to Donna Anna, to repeat my excuses to her, and to entreat her to hasten the interview she has promised me. Take the letter, and see if you can contrive to deliver it to Elvira. You may easily do it, now you see Don Felix is out of my way.

LAZARO. O yes, Sir, that you may depend upon. I'll carry it directly; for I shall be sure of admittance to the ladies of the family, while the master of the house is abroad. [Exit.]

D. FELIX. Look, Sir; yonder come Don Cæsar and Don Arias.

PRINCE. I see them—(*aside*) and I have overheard a few words of their discourse, which my imagination can interpret various ways.—Gentlemen, you seem in deep conference; what may be the subject of it?

D. ARIAS. Don Cæsar, Sir, was telling me a story.

PRINCE. I caught a few words of it, sufficient to excite my curiosity; relate it to me, Don Cæsar.

D. CÆSAR (*aside*). What shall I say now?—It was quite a trifle, Sir, not worth your Highness's attention.—I assure you, nothing that can make me melancholy, for I was never merrier than now.

PRINCE. If the story was such a trifle, you can have no reason for refusing to let me hear it.

D. CÆSAR. Sir, Don Arias tells a story much better than I do; desire him to repeat it to you; for he is as well acquainted with it as myself.—
(*Aside.*) I hope his invention may be a little readier than mine.

D. ARIAS (*aside to Don CÆSAR*). Why would you throw it upon me? What must I say?

D. CÆSAR (*aside to Don ARIAS*). Say anything, provided you do not mention my affair.

D. ARIAS (*aside to Don CÆSAR*). You may trust me; I'll bring you off in a moment. (*While Don ARIAS is speaking with the PRINCE, Don CÆSAR walks aside, discoursing with Don FELIX.*)

PRINCE. Well, Don Arias, how stands the business at present?

D. ARIAS. Sir, he saw her, after he parted from your Highness, and found her much offended at his delay; but at last he justified himself, and obtained stronger assurances of her love than ever. He has now taken advantage of finding Don Felix engaged with you, to send her a letter; and he expects that her answer will contain a new assignation.

PRINCE. How long is it since he sent it?

D. ARIAS. You might have seen him dispatch Lazaro with it as we entered this apartment.

PRINCE (*aside*). She must not receive it. I cannot bear that this intercourse should continue between them, nor suffer the promised meeting to take place.—Heavens! Is this mean passion, jealousy, a fit inmate for a breast like mine? Yet do I find its impulse irresistible.—(*To Don CÆSAR.*) So, Don Cæsar, this is what has past?

D. CÆSAR. Your Highness may rely upon the truth of what Don Arias has told you.

PRINCE. I am sorry, Don Felix, to occasion you uneasiness; but really I think it wrong to conceal from you that I have just heard your sister is very ill; seized suddenly with a fainting fit.

D. FELIX. My sister fainting?

PRINCE. So I have been informed.

D. FELIX. This alarms me greatly.

PRINCE. I should have been unwilling to communicate such ill news to you, but on the consideration that perhaps your presence may be necessary at home.

D. FELIX. With your Highness's leave, I will hasten thither, and inform myself farther. [*Exit.*]

PRINCE (*aside*). The very thing I meant you should do, that your return may hinder her writing.—

D. CÆSAR (aside). Alas! What will become of my letter?

PRINCE (aside). And if Don Felix comes back to tell me that he found his sister in perfect health, I have only to say I had mistaken the name, and he will be satisfied at once. [*Exit.*]

D. CÆSAR. What does this mean, Don Arias? Is this unlucky circumstance of your invention?

D. ARIAS. Nay, you would not blame me, if you knew what an ingenious tale I had composed for your service. I was obliged to say something of Donna Anna, because the Prince told me he had heard you mention her name as you entered the room; so I brought in this fainting fit by the head and shoulders.

D. CÆSAR. But he will find Lazaro with Donna Anna; what can be done?

D. ARIAS. O, don't alarm yourself about that; Felix will reach his own house before Lazaro can get half way there; for the fright into which the Prince has thrown him will add wings to his feet.

D. CÆSAR. I think no man was ever so unfortunate as I. Here is another opportunity lost! Whenever I promise myself the greatest pleasure, I am certain to experience the severest disappointment. [*Exeunt.*]

Don FELIX's house.

*Enter Donna ANNA with a letter in her hand,
and ELVIRA.*

ELVIRA. Well, Madam, have you finished your letter?

Da. ANNA. I have filled my paper; yet I can hardly affirm I have finished my letter, for it does not contain half what I meant to say. When I sat down to write, I was so wholly occupied with my subject, that I laid my paper across, and dipped the wrong end of my pen in the ink. Instead of a word, therefore, my letter begins with this great blot; for I would not take another sheet, because this seemed a better representation than any language can afford, of sentiments so confused as mine. The more I had to say to him, the greater loss I was at for expressions; my heart, indeed, was like a narrow-mouthed bottle, which, if filled too full, will not pour out a drop. But as the water, when once it has forced its passage from such a vessel, gushes out in a stream, so my ideas, after the two first lines, flowed so rapidly, that I could scarcely limit them within this scanty compass. The sum of what I have told him is, that, to afford him a more safe and private opportunity

of visiting me, I will go to spend the day at my brother's villa in the country.—But you may read the letter, if you have any inclination.

Enter Don FELIX.

ELVIRA. Take care, Madam; hide away the paper.

Da. ANNA (starting). Mercy upon me

D. FELIX. Ah sister! Your paleness and trembling but too strongly confirm my fears! It is plain I have not been misinformed. What has been the matter?

Da. ANNA. Nothing, brother.

D. FELIX. Nay, do not attempt to deceive me, for I have heard it all. Why would you deny it? Do you suppose I should have returned home so much earlier than I had intended, if I had not been seriously alarmed on your account?

Da. ANNA. Indeed, brother, I have never wronged you, nor have you any just cause to be offended with my love.

D. FELIX. I am at a loss to comprehend you, sister. If you seek thus to dissemble with me, through a fear of occasioning me uneasiness, your agitation counteracts the attempt, and I read the truth in your countenance. Why will you not own it at once?

Da. ANNA. It is impossible you can accuse me of having made an unworthy choice.

D. FELIX. She is certainly still light-headed; she could never otherwise return me answers so little to the purpose.

Da. ANNA (aside to ELVIRA). What can I do, Elvira?

ELVIRA (aside to Donna ANNA). Never be so silly as to confess. Deny everything, at least till you know whether he has any good grounds for his suspicions.

D. FELIX. Elvira, do you satisfy me what is the matter with your mistress.

ELVIRA. Alas, Sir! she has been very ill: she was seized with a kind of fit, and lay for dead I know not how long. She is hardly quite come to herself yet. Yet see how pale she looks, and how difficultly she fetches her breath,

D. FELIX. Aye, this is exactly what I was told.

ELVIRA. I'll assure you, Sir, I never thought we should have been able to bring her to life again; and yet, ill as she was, she would not let me send for you, and charged me not to tell you that anything had been the matter with her, for fear you should make yourself uneasy.

D. FELIX. It was unkind, my dear sister, to attempt to conceal your sufferings from me,

because to a friendship like mine it affords no inconsiderable satisfaction to share them with you. But what could you mean by telling me that you had never wronged me, and that you had not made an unworthy choice ?

Da. ANNA. The more sensible I am of your friendship, Brother, the stronger is my wish to avoid giving you any subject of uneasiness. I therefore surely did not wrong you, in not encroaching so far upon your kindness as to occasion you unnecessary pain ; nor did I think I made an unworthy choice, in determining, from that motive, to conceal from you my illness.

D. FELIX. But what was the cause of such a sudden seizure, Sister ? you were never subject to fits of that kind.

Da. ANNA (aside). He questions me very closely ; but my panic is over now, and I am a match for him.—As I was sitting carelessly in my own room, I heard a violent noise in the street ; I was a little startled, and ran to the window ; and there I saw, just before our door, a number of men, all with their swords drawn against one : that one my terrified imagination mistook for you ; fear, you know, misrepresents every object ; and the idea of your danger instantly deprived me of my senses, and threw me into that swoon of which Elvira has told you.

ELVIRA. Now you see, Sir, since this was the real truth of the matter, my mistress could have had no reason to wish to conceal her illness, except her unwillingness to give you uneasiness.

D. FELIX. And how do you find yourself now?

Da. ANNA. Much better, and tolerably composed again.

Enter LAZARO.

LAZARO. I have had no great trouble in gaining admission, at least; for there were the doors wide open, and not a servant in the way; so I have e'en walked in, without asking leave of anybody; because— (*starts on seeing Don FELIX.*)

D. FELIX. Heigh, Lazaro! What brings you here? And what has frightened you so?

LAZARO (*trembling*). Because—

D. FELIX. Because of what?

LAZARO (*aside*). To be sure it must be his ghost! Did not I leave him at the Palace, not five minutes ago?

Da. ANNA (*aside*). Certainly every thing conspires to betray me!

LAZARO (*aside*). I must invent some story now, to bring myself off.—Thank the stars, if a man has but his wits about him he may find a

way out of every danger.—The villain! the scoundrel!

D. FELIX. Calm yourself, and let me hear what has happened to you.

LAZARO. I cannot calm myself, Sir, I cannot indeed; I'm too angry; if I did not vent my passion, it would burst me. However, as to the matter of what has happened, the best I can tell you, Sir, is this. I chanced to be at a gaming table, Sir; for, Sir, I do play as well as the best of them; aye, and stake my whole estate upon a single throw of the dice. So, Sir, as it chanced, a very villainous chance befel me; for by chance in came—*(aside)*—Where the devil will my story end?—As I was saying, Sir, there chanced to come in a man—*Nay, Why should I call him a man? He is no better than the shadow of a man; and the very sight of a man might be sufficient to annihilate him. Now what does this fellow do, but picks a quarrel with me; not that he durst meet me, no, nor look at me, alone; but he had brought with him eleven fellows more, that he might fall upon me with odds. So when I saw the round dozen of them all coming to attack me at once, with their swords drawn, I whipped out the blade that was given me last night by the Prince—(Heaven bless his honour!) To make my story short, I shewed them plain enough what it was they had to deal with; for I*

drove them all out into the street, and there I laid among them, cutting here, and slashing there, till at last they were ashamed of being so beaten; and twelve of them assaulted me on one side, and nine on the other, and the remaining three made a stand against me in front.

D. FELIX. Well! but twelve, and nine, and three, make four-and-twenty; I thought there had been but a dozen of them.

LAZARO. Very true, Sir; but then I reckon their shadows and all. However, I was more than a match for the whole posse of them; and if I had not unluckily broken my sword, I should have sent them every one to the devil.

D. FELIX. Broken your sword! Why, don't I see it whole by your side?

LAZARO. Aye, Sir, as whole as a roach. Why that was the most extraordinary circumstance of all. You must know, that when I broke my sword I did not give up the battle for all that; but using the point of it, as if it had been my dagger, which I had lost but just before, I gave such a furious blow upon one man's steel buckler, that it struck fire; so the very instant I saw the sparks fly out, as quick as thought I joined the pieces of my sword to one another, and soldered them together in the flame.

D. FELIX. Very extraordinary indeed! But

you say you lost your dagger; how happens it then that I see it sticking in your girdle?

LAZARO. O, Sir! Such a common accident as that is hardly worth telling you. I stabbed one of the rascals, and he ran away with the dagger in his side; however, not being much hurt, he presently drew it out, and came back to attack me with my own weapon; now, as good luck would have it, I happened at that very moment to turn myself round thus; so that the point of it went directly into its own sheath, and there it has staid ever since. I suppose the battle would have lasted till now, if Madam Justice had not interposed and parted us; and it was to get out of her clutches that I ran in hither.

D. FELIX. I think your fright must have taken away your senses; for certainly I never heard any man utter so many absurdities.

Da. ANNA. I dare say, Brother, this must have been the very fight that I was telling you I saw.

D. FELIX. And pray, Sister, was Lazaro the gentleman whom you did me the honour to mistake for me?

Da. ANNA. I am sure I don't know who it was; only I thought I saw somebody richly drest.

D. FELIX. It might possibly have been his master.

LAZARO. I hope, Sir, since my danger was so pressing, you will excuse my having sought protection under your roof.

D. FELIX. The more I think of it, the more probable it seems to me that Cæsar himself has been engaged in some quarrel; and that his servant having orders to conceal it, has invented all these lies, to excuse himself from telling the truth. I will look out, Sister, and see whether the street be quiet. [Exit.]

ELVIRA. Here's a fine opportunity, Madam, to deliver your letter.

Da. ANNA. I have much to say to you, Lazaro, but I will not waste time at present. Here is a note for Don Cæsar.

LAZARO. And here's another in exchange for it. You see my master does not remain long in debt.

Da. ANNA. Tell him to be sure not to disappoint me this time.—By the bye, Lazaro, your story suited admirably well with one I had been telling my brother just before you came in. It will do still better, if you can drop some hint to confirm his notion that your master may have been a party concerned in it.

ELVIRA. Take care what you say!

Enter Don FELIX.

D. FELIX. The street is perfectly quiet; I hear nothing stirring in it.

LAZARO. If the street be quiet, it is more than I am. I must go seek my master. Mercy upon me! if he should have received any wound!

Da. ANNA. How! Was Don Cæsar then engaged in this conflict?

LAZARO. You ask me more, Madam, than I am at liberty to declare; I must beg leave to be excused from saying anything as to that matter.

[*Exit.*]

D. FELIX. He could not have told us more plainly that his master was concerned in it.

Da. ANNA. My illness has left a strange oppression on my spirits.

D. FELIX. Then let me entreat you to go this evening to my country house. The change of scene will revive you, and do you more good than anything.

Da. ANNA. I am always ready, Brother, to comply with your wishes. [*Exeunt.*]

The Palace.

Enter Don ARIAS, Don CÆSAR, and LAZARO.

LAZARO. I assure you, Sir, I had enough to do to bring myself out of the scrape.

D. CÆSAR. Don't talk to me, till I have read my letter. I shall have time enough afterwards to listen to your story.

D. ARIAS. Well but, Lazaro, I am at leisure; let me hear how you managed matters.

LAZARO. Admirably, you may be certain, when you see me here alive to tell the tale.

D. CÆSAR. Don Arias, if you have any wish to know the contents of my letter, you may as well read it with me, and save me the trouble of shewing it to you afterwards. (*Don ARIAS reads the letter over Don CÆSAR's shoulder.*)

LAZARO (*aside*). I can't think how my master can place so much confidence in that babbler, without ever considering that it must have been he that told the Prince about my wooden sword. I'll be hanged if he does not betray him; for when a man is so anxious to know things that don't concern himself, it can only be for the pleasure of telling them again.

D. ARIAS. She writes well.

D. CÆSAR. O! incomparably! So much affection expressed with so much delicacy!

D. ARIAS. Yes; her complaints of your failure last night are very prettily turned.—So, then, she expects you at her villa this very evening.

D. CÆSAR. She does; and till I shall be with her, every instant will appear an hour, and every hour an age.

LAZARO. Hold! For neither this age, nor this hour, nor this instant, are proper for the oration you are just now in the cue to make.

D. ARIAS. The Prince—

(pointing to the door.)

D. CÆSAR. I am sorry he has seen me.

D. ARIAS. Why so?

D. CÆSAR. Because I am afraid he may again command my attendance, and hinder my going to Donna Anna.

D. ARIAS. You have indeed some grounds for the apprehension.

Enter the PRINCE.

PRINCE (aside). I wanted to ask Don Arias what ensued from my sending Don Felix home this morning; but I see Don Cæsar with him. I must find some pretence to send one away, that I may discourse with the other at liberty.

D. CÆSAR. I have the honour to salute your Highness.

PRINCE. Well, gentlemen, what is the subject of your conversation now ?

D. ARIAS. Nothing particular, Sir.

D. CÆSAR (*aside to Don ARIAS.*) If he insists on your telling him, for Heaven's sake mind what you say ; don't let us have any more fainting fits.

PRINCE. Cæsar, here are some papers, which ought to have been dispatched yesterday.

LAZARO (*aside*). Did not I say that some mischief would come of loitering here to tell secrets ?

PRINCE. Go, and look them over, and dispose of them properly.

D. CÆSAR. I shall, Sir. (*Aside.*)—This is a lucky escape ! When I have once got out of his sight, I may defy Fortune herself to disappoint me of my hopes a second time.

[*Exeunt Don CÆSAR and LAZARO.*]

PRINCE. I have dismissed him, Don Arias, to obtain an opportunity of hearing from you what passed at Don Felix's house.

D. ARIAS. Sir, I have not yet had time to learn all the particulars ; I only know that, though Felix found Lazaro with his sister, the knave had the address, notwithstanding, to deliver his master's letter, and to bring away an answer ?

PRINCE. And have you seen the answer?

D. ARIAS. I have.

PRINCE. What does it contain?

D. ARIAS. A new assignation.

PRINCE (*aside*). How cruel is the passion which thus impels me to seek to discover things, of which the knowledge is fatal to me! Where does she appoint him to visit her? And at what time?

D. ARIAS. This evening, at her brother's villa in the country.

PRINCE. How can I hinder this meeting, when I have myself dismissed him, and given him the opportunity to hasten thither? What can I do, Don Arias?

D. ARIAS. Repair to the villa yourself, Sir. You may easily assign some plausible pretext for your visit; and if you spend the whole evening there, you will effectually prevent any private interview between the lovers.

PRINCE. That, indeed, would be easy enough; but it would ill become me to interpose personally in such an affair; I must have recourse to some more subtle expedient.

D. ARIAS. Here comes Don Felix.

PRINCE. Then do you leave me. I would talk with him alone. [*Exit Don ARIAS.*]

Enter Don FELIX.

Don Felix, you are come most opportunely.

D. FELIX. Is there any thing in which your Highness can command my services?

PRINCE. There is an affair, Don Felix, in which I particularly wish to employ you. You must know that Cæsar has received a very serious affront. I need not tell you how much I interest myself in his concerns.

D. FELIX. Sir, I am already acquainted with the insult which has been offered to Don Cæsar.

PRINCE (*aside*). This man was always a flatterer. Can there be any thing more ridiculous than his pretending to know a circumstance which has never happened?—Well, Sir, since you are so accurately informed on this subject, you cannot be ignorant that Cæsar is exposed to great personal danger.

D. FELIX. That is very evident, after the assault which has been made on him and his servant, by a dozen armed men.

PRINCE (*aside*). Well said! A fertile invention! I shall presently have him telling me the time, place, and occasion, of this combat, with the names of all the parties concerned it.—I have just learnt, Don Felix, that he has received a challenge, appointing him to a meeting in a field close

by your country house ; and that, hearing his adversary meant to repair thither alone, he, from a point of honour, has set out unattended. But I much fear that some foul play is intended him, and I should have insisted upon accompanying him in person, had I not feared that some imputation might be cast upon the courage of a man, who brought a second of my rank into the field. I rather wish, therefore, to commit the care of his safety to you.

D. FELIX. And what would your Highness wish me to do ?

PRINCE. Nothing more, Felix, than seek for him ; and when you have overtaken him, keep him in your sight all the remainder of the evening ; but do not tell him your motive for staying with him, nor give him any reason to suppose you are acquainted with his secret ; and above all things, take care he does not suspect that it was I who sent you after him.

D. FELIX. I shall be happy to have such an opportunity of shewing my zeal in your Highness's service. [*Exit.*]

PRINCE. And I shall be glad to try, by such an experiment, whether Love himself may not be baffled by the superior power of jealousy. [*Exit.*]

*The Street.**Enter Don CÆSAR and LAZARO.*

LAZARO. I assure you, Sir, I could not have hit on a better story to tell to Don Felix ; for Donna Anna said it would exactly serve to confirm something she had invented, about a quarrel in the street ;—I know not what ; but she will explain it all to you.

D. CÆSAR. I can listen to nothing at this moment, Lazaro ; for I am so totally occupied by my fears of another disappointment, and my impatience to reach the spot where Donna Anna expects me, that as I pass along my eyes distinguish no object, my ears catch no sound. Compared with my wishes, my utmost speed seems slow.

LAZARO. Is not this Don Felix coming towards us ?

Enter Don FELIX.

D. CÆSAR. The devil it is !

D. FELIX. Don Cæsar, I am happy to have met with you.

D. CÆSAR. You are very obliging.

LAZARO (*aside*). A lucky encounter !

D. CÆSAR (*aside*). My fears were but too just.

D. FELIX. What brings you here?

D. CÆSAR. Nothing in particular; I strolled hither by chance. Which way are you going?

D. FELIX. I protest I know not myself.— Since I have had the good fortune to find you as much disengaged as I am, let us take our walk together.—

LAZARO. An agreeable proposal!—

D. FELIX. When I am not occupied by business, I cannot spend my time in any manner so much to my satisfaction, as in enjoying the company of a friend.

D. CÆSAR (*aside*). Did ever man endure a persecution like this?—That would be a very pleasant way of spending the evening, to be sure, Don Felix; but I have an affair of consequence at present, which calls me hence. I must therefore bid you adieu.

D. FELIX. Nay, since I have nothing else to do, I may as well walk with you, whichever way you go.

D. CÆSAR.—But I have a house to call at, where I shall be detained a long time.

D. FELIX. With all my heart. I do not suppose that my being with you can prove any hindrance to you.

D. CÆSAR. But it is a great way off.

D. FELIX. So much the better ; I am just in the humour for a long walk. Come, shall we be going?

D. CÆSAR. I cannot, I assure you; I must leave you, indeed I must.

D. FELIX. You will seriously disoblige me, if you will not suffer me to accompany you. I positively will not part with you thus. You shall not have the fatigue of going so far alone. I am resolved I will not quit you till night.

LAZARO (aside). Is this fellow a leech, that he sticks so closely?

D. CÆSAR (aside). This is too severe a trial of my patience! Pray, Sir, what motive can you possibly have for thus honouring me?

D. FELIX. Don Cæsar, I am your friend.

D. CÆSAR. Well, Sir!

D. FELIX. Aye, Sir! your faithful friend; and let it suffice that as such I have followed you, and as such I mean to remain with you.

D. CÆSAR. I must request a farther explanation.

D. FELIX. The subject will not admit of too close a discussion. Is it not enough to tell you that I have purposely sought you, with the design to attend you as your friend during the remaining part of the day? Do not affect to mis-

Understand me, Don Cæsar; for you well know whither you are going, and in what affair you are engaged.

D. CÆSAR (aside). Heavens! where will this end?—What affair, Don Felix? I insist on your declaring it.

D. FELIX. An affair of honour. Be not troubled, Don Cæsar, that the provocation you have received should come to my knowledge.

D. CÆSAR. The provocation! I have received none, Don Felix; into what strange mistake can you have fallen?

D. FELIX. How, Don Cæsar! Can you deny that you have this very day received a challenge, and that my villa is the spot appointed for the meeting? I have surely now said enough to convince you that I speak from correct information. I know also that there is a reason to apprehend some improper conduct on the part of your challenger, whose conduct has not been altogether clear from suspicion in your former transactions with each other; and it is my anxiety to prevent disagreeable consequences which determines me not to quit your side on this occasion. And where, I may ask, could you find a more proper attendant than myself? I have too much regard for my own honour to take any steps injurious to yours. I shall not interfere, unless I find it absolutely ne-

cessary ; nor can my presence, as a distant spectator, prove any impediment to an honourable termination of your affair. You may assure yourself, Don Cæsar, I shall not let you proceed without me.

D. CÆSAR (aside). It is too plain he has discovered my assignation with his sister, and uses these ambiguous terms to express to me his apprehension for her honour. I will carry on his own fiction, and endeavour to remove his fears.

LAZARO (aside.) To be sure he must have seen her give me the letter.

D. CÆSAR. Don Felix, since I perceive you are so well informed, I will no longer dissemble with you. I esteem as I ought the favours you would confer on me ; but suffer me to say, that you do the greatest injustice to my challenger, if you suspect that a person of so much honour could be capable of any unworthy action. Had our meeting taken place, I can answer for my opponent, with no less confidence than for myself, that no circumstance would have ensued, injurious to the character of either ; but that I may calm your fears, and convince you how sincerely it is my wish to terminate the affair in the most amicable manner, I am very willing to forego the engagement I had formed, and to spend the evening in your company. I shall not be insensible of the advantage

of permanently gaining a noble friend; and you are well aware, that, among persons of our condition, all hostility ceases, when the hand is offered as a pledge of amity.

D. FELIX. You give me infinite pleasure by this discourse, which affords me all the satisfaction I could wish.

D. CÆSAR (aside to LAZARO). Lazaro, fly secretly to Donna Anna, and tell her what has passed. Now, Sir, I am ready to attend you.

[*Exeunt Don CÆSAR and Don FELIX.*]

LAZARO. Yes, truly, I shall go, and thank my stars that I at least may escape from this devil of a brother. I never saw such a brother: he comes as unseasonably as a piece of bad news; and he's as difficult to shake off as a bad habit. There is nothing bad to which one might not compare him; and Satan himself does not hook a poor sinner so firmly as he. [Exit.]

ACT III.

A Room in Don FELIX'S Country house.

Enter Don CÆSAR and LAZARO.

D. CÆSAR. Already do I fancy myself in her arms.

LAZARO. And I can imagine Madam Elvira in mine.

D. CÆSAR. My troubles at last are at an end.

LAZARO. Take care they don't begin again when you least think of it.

D. CÆSAR. No, Lazaro; Love and perseverance will at last vanquish every obstacle. To-day I have kept out of the way of every possible hindrance; I have neither seen the Prince, nor met with Don Felix, nor spoken to any body who could report which way I was going; and at this moment I actually behold myself in her house.

LAZARO. Aye, here we are, to be sure; and a pretty good proof we afford how little is gained in this world by taking too many precautions.

Those who fear danger abroad, have generally the best chance to meet with it at home ; and Donr a Anna is not the first lady who has received her gallant into her house, out of a reverend fear lest her reputation should suffer if she spoke to him in the street.

D. CÆSAR. I eagerly pressed her to consent to this measure, because it seemed the only remedy against the persecutions of unjust fortune ; and at last I may surely think myself secure. I have, as you know, spent all the day in concealment, and I have got into the house unseen by any one. What cross event can now happen to disappoint my hopes ?

LAZARO. Pray, Sir, have you told Don Arias of this assignation ?

D. CÆSAR. I have.

LAZARO. O ! then you need look no farther for a cross event ! Please to consider, Sir, that, if Don Felix did see me deliver the letter, he could never have known a syllable of the contents of it, unless somebody had told him ; and if that same Mr. Somebody has any mind to disappoint you again to-night, it signifies mighty little whether he saw you come here or not, if he knew from yourself that you meant to come. I name no names ; but take my word for it, that man will not

scruple telling any thing, who could tell the Prince about my wooden sword.

D. CÆSAR. Don Arias is a man of singular discretion, of high nobility, and my most confidential friend; and this may suffice to entitle him to a participation of my most important concerns. I am sure he is incapable of betraying my secret, for he will guard it as the most sacred of treasures.

LAZARO. Alas, Sir! many a man before now has spent the treasures he was employed to guard; and even those, who are the most thrifty in money affairs, are generally liberal enough of their friend's secrets. Besides, if you wanted to have yours kept, why did not you keep it yourself?

D. CÆSAR. A pleasure is doubled when a friend partakes of it.

LAZARO. There's the very thing that alarms me; I am afraid that your pleasure is not only doubled, but tripled, aye, multiplied a hundred fold, by this time, in proportion to the number of the people who partake of it with you. But hark! I hear some one at the door!

D. CÆSAR. She comes!—Now, Fortune, I defy thee! Am I not in her house?

LAZARO. And if you are, you are never a bit the more secure for that. You had best not holla, till you are out of the wood.

Enter ELVIRA.

ELVIRA. Is it Don Cæsar?

D. CÆSAR. It is I.

ELVIRA. I will go and secure the door then, by which you entered. My mistress is just coming. *[Exit.]*

D. CÆSAR. Now then am I about to receive the reward of all my sufferings! With what transport can I at this moment look back upon my past sighs, my fears, and my despair! I consider them as the price of my present felicity.

Enter Donna ANNA.

Da. ANNA. You must undoubtedly, Don Cæsar, think me very indiscreet to receive you thus.

Enter ELVIRA.

ELVIRA. O Madam! Madam! There's my master at the door!

Da. ANNA. What is it you tell me?

D. CÆSAR. Alas! of how little avail against ill fortune are love and perseverance!

LAZARO. What can be done?

Da. ANNA. You must hide yourself, Don Cæsar.

D. CÆSAR. But where?

Da. ANNA. Go into that room; he seldom enters it.

D. CÆSAR. How vain is it for me to undertake any thing, when disappointment so certainly attends me! [*Excunt Don CÆSAR and LAZARO.*]

Enter Don FELIX.

D. FELIX. Well, Sister, how have you been employing yourself?

Da. ANNA. Not in any thing particular. But how is it I see you here at so unusual an hour?

D. FELIX. I have no time for details; but I am not come at such an hour without sufficient reason. Elvira, order the coach to the door immediately, and fetch your mistress's cloak.

[*Exit ELVIRA.*]

Da. ANNA. The coach at this time of night! Whither would you carry me?

D. FELIX. Why you look as much frightened as if you thought I had some ill design upon you. There is an entertainment at the palace this evening, and the Princess has sent me to fetch you thither; so particularly is she disposed to honour you.

Da, ANNA (aside). It is but too plain! He knows it all, and only speaks thus covertly, that he may not too soon alarm me. Ah! why am I doomed to suffer all the torments of disappointed love? [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Don CÆSAR and LAZARO.

LAZARO. They are gone now.—But pray, my good master, about what are you sighing so heavily? Is it not enough, aye, more than enough, to satisfy you, that you are in Donna Anna's house? Well, you may thank your stars that you are likely at least this time to get off in a whole skin; but beware of the next; for you may be sure Don Felix knows well enough what is going forwards, or he would never be coming across you, as he is at every turning. Why can't you tell him at once that you intend to marry her? That would bring you out of all your difficulties.

Enter ELVIRA.

ELVIRA You may depart safely now, for they are gone, and the coast is clear.

D. CÆSAR. O Love! O Fortune! When will ye be weary of persecuting me? [*Erit.*]

LAZARO. Well, Madam Elvira; and how stand our accounts?

ELVIRA. I keep no accounts with anybody.

LAZARO. Come, now, don't be perverse; don't let you and me lose this opportunity. You know we are bound to be in love with one another, if it is only because we are the shadows of our betters.

ELVIRA. Nay, if that is the case, I must be off this very moment.

LAZARO. Why so?

ELVIRA. Because my mistress is gone; and you know a shadow can never stay long behind its substance. *[Exit.]*

LAZARO. And so here am I left to play out my game by myself.—That is but dull sport, methinks.—I'll e'en go and seek better company.

[Exit.]

The Palace.

Enter the PRINCE, and Don ARIAS.

D ARIAS. The festival was indeed magnificent. Could not the sight of so much beauty and splendor, Sir, a little dissipate your melancholy?

PRINCE. It rather, Don Arias, increased it. In every look and gesture of Donna Anna, I read

her love for Don Cæsar, and her regret at the disappointment which I had occasioned to them both. Had any other man been my rival, I scarcely know to what extremities jealousy might have transported me; but I cannot hate Cæsar, though even last night, when he thought himself so unfortunate, he appeared in my eyes an object of envy.

D. ARIAS. But what end do you propose to yourself, by thus obstructing his happiness?

PRINCE. I know not, Don Arias; my own ruin, I believe; so fatal to my peace is the cruel secret which your imprudence has confided to me,

D. ARIAS. I am most sensible of my error; yet it is your own command which obliges me to continue in it. Yonder comes Don Cæsar.

PRINCE. I will retire into the closet; where, if you question him, I shall be able to hear from his own mouth the present state of his mind.

[Retires.]

Enter Don CÆSAR.

D. CÆSAR. Did ever man experience so many vexatious accidents as myself?

D. ARIAS. What is the matter now, Don Cæsar?

D. CÆSAR. My usual ill luck; fortune never

appears to smile upon me, but when she is preparing for me some new disappointment. I went to Donna Anna at the hour she had appointed; and scarcely was I admitted, when her brother came, and carried her away with him to the palace. It is plain enough that he must by some means have discovered the whole affair; probably he even knew me to be at that moment concealed in his house; and indeed his very handsome conduct has laid me under so strong an obligation to him, that I have determined to deal openly with him, and immediately demand of him his sister's hand.

D. ARIAS. And do you think he will accept your proposal?

D. CÆSAR. He cannot, I am persuaded, object to the alliance; and I have no doubt but that it will also meet with the Prince's approbation.— But do not detain me, for I am impatient to bring my fate to the decision. [*Exit.*]

Re-enter the PRINCE.

D. ARIAS. Well, Sir! have you heard his determination?

PRINCE. Don Felix certainly cannot deny his sister to him. I could not refuse him my own, if he should ask her of me. [*Muses.*]

Enter Don FELIX.

Ah! Don Felix, you are come at the very moment when I was wishing for you. I have been for some time desirous to give you a proof of the esteem I entertain for you; and I think I cannot do it more effectually than by relieving your mind from what must undoubtedly be one of its most important cares, and providing an eligible establishment for your sister. (*Aside*).—Don Cæsar shall find that his suit comes too late.—A near connection of my own aspires to the hand of Donna Anna; and I am persuaded that you will readily agree to a marriage, which has the sanction of your Prince.

D. FELIX. So great an honour exceeds my utmost deserts. Permit me to kiss your Highness's feet, in token of my acknowledgment.

PRINCE. I have been informed by letters of the sentiments of my friend, and I have assured him that he may consider the affair as entirely concluded. From this moment, therefore, I take the conduct of it upon myself; only I recommend it to you, Don Felix, for some time, to observe secrecy on the subject. I would not as yet have it publicly divulged. However, you will of course acquaint your sister, and reject any other suitors who may offer themselves.

D. FELIX. Your Highness may implicitly rely on my obedience, and devotion to your service. I know not how to express my gratitude for such unmerited favours, otherwise than by the most fervent prayers for your welfare and preservation.

PRINCE (*aside*). Such is the vain end of all my idle hopes! [Exit.]

D. FELIX. I will hasten to communicate the news to my sister. I shall certainly afford her infinite satisfaction by announcing to her the prospect of an alliance so noble. [Exeunt.]

Don FELIX's House.

Enter Donna ANNA and ELVIRA.

ELVIRA. You look very melancholy.

Da. ANNA. And have I not reason, Elvira? A few more such disappointments will certainly kill me; indeed, I wonder I have survived my ill fortune so long. However, if I were spitefully inclined, I might most amply revenge myself on my brother. He has made me the confidant of his passion for the Princess, and has even employed me to solicit her on his behalf. If he were really as much enamoured as he imagines himself, he would never have committed that office to another;

his own eyes might plead to her in a language more forcible and more expressive. But that is his affair. I wish him well, and will stand his friend as far as I can ; and if there be little love at first on either side, perhaps more may appear afterwards, when I fan the flame. *[Exit ELVIRA.]*

Enter Don FELIX.

D. FELIX. O Sister ! if you have but as good news for me as I think you must allow I bring to you, I shall consider myself as the happiest man alive ! An alliance for you has been proposed to me, which will reflect the highest honour on yourself and on your family : I could not hesitate an instant to accept it, and I have accordingly disposed of your hand. May I rely on your acquiescence ?

Da. ANNA (aside). It must certainly be Cæsar who has asked me of him. O happy day ! O fortunate woman that I am !—You may at all times, Brother, assure yourself of my obedience. You have ever supplied to me the place of a father ; as such I respect you, and am implicitly devoted to your will.

D. FELIX. My dear Sister ! Your answer charms me ; and I am happy to perceive by your countenance, that your compliance with my proposal is not contrary to your own inclinations.

But, if you are pleased with my news, have you none to give me ?

Da. ANNA. I took an opportunity, this very morning, to acquaint the Princess with your passion ; and I drew no unfavourable inferences from the manner in which she listened to me.

D. FELIX. And what did she say ?

Da. ANNA. She said nothing ; and on that very circumstance do I found my hopes. If she had been displeas'd with what I told her, she would not have suffer'd me to go on upon the subject, without interrupting me. Take my word for it, a woman is more than half engag'd, who has once listen'd with patience to a lover's suit ; and in such a case, silence is the most favourable answer she can return. Only persevere in your courtship, and never trust me more if you do not carry your point.

D. FELIX. You transport me, Sister, by this assurance ; yet how could I doubt of success in a cause, in which I had employ'd so excellent an advocate ?

Enter ELVIRA.

ELVIRA. Sir, Don Cæsar is below, and desires permission to speak with you.

D. FELIX. You then, Sister, will retire.

Da. ANNA (aside). He is undoubtedly come

to conclude the whole affair. I may now consider my happiness as certain. I long to hear what he will say. I must positively stay at the door, and listen. [*Donna ANNA and ELVIRA retire.*]

Enter Don CÆSAR

D. FELIX. You do not treat me well, Don Cæsar! why do you use any ceremony at a house, which I should wish you to enter as freely as if it were your own?

Da. ANNA (listening, and aside). It is plain, he receives him like a brother already.

D. CÆSAR. I could not take the liberty, Don Felix, to visit you, without requesting your permission, although I am too nearly interested in the business which brings me hither, to make any unnecessary delays. You are not unacquainted with the nobleness of my family, with the estate which I possess, nor with the unblemished character which I have hitherto maintained in the world. You know likewise how high it is my happiness to stand in the Prince's favour, which might have sufficed to ennoble me, had I been born to a meaner fortune. From my earliest years I have had the honour to enjoy the principal share in his confidence, and have been entrusted by him with the conduct of the

most important affairs. But, that I may not too much trespass on your attention, I will enlarge no further on my situation and circumstances, but only tell you in few words, that I value your friendship as one of the highest advantages I possess, and wish to confirm it by the strongest ties.

Da. ANNA (aside). I suppose that the affair has only been yet proposed in general terms, and they now meet to arrange particulars.

D. CÆSAR. You must certainly, by this time, be aware of my aim in thus addressing you, since you cannot forget what a treasure you have at your disposal. I am ready to confess, that, though I were sovereign of the world, I should still be unworthy to raise my hopes to such a height; but if I am guilty of presumption, at least it is a presumption of a pardonable nature; and since you would vainly seek a man whose merits should suffice to entitle him to your sister's hand, allow me to tell you that it has long been the object to which my most ardent wishes have aspired; and that, if you think my rank and fortune such as are not beneath the alliance I solicit, you will render me the happiest of men, by sanctioning my addresses to Donna Anna.

Da. ANNA (aside). If I did not so positively know that he had already obtained my brother's consent, I should suppose that he was now asking it for the first time.

D. CÆSAR. You seem lost in thought, Don Felix; do you hesitate what answer to return me?

D. FELIX. It is not without reason, Don Cæsar, that I feel myself at a loss how to reply to your proposal. Had you made it but one hour sooner, Donna Anna had been yours; for, were my choice free, there is no man to whom I would give her hand so readily as to yourself; but I am most sincerely grieved to tell you that it is within that time that I have contracted her to another; nor am I at liberty as yet to explain myself any further.

Da. ANNA (aside). Alas! what do I hear?

D. CÆSAR. If you speak thus, Don Felix, to punish me for not having sooner declared to you my attachment to your sister, you may rest assured that the sufferings which that delay has occasioned me have already sufficiently avenged you. I have now offered you an opportunity to remedy past offences; nor ought you to reject it, when you consider all those circumstances, with which I know you are acquainted.

D. FELIX. I am undoubtedly acquainted with all the circumstances of your fortune and family, which would concur to render your alliance highly eligible and advantageous; but I am totally at a loss, Don Cæsar, to comprehend what you can mean by speaking of past offences, for I know of

none of which I have ever been guilty towards you. If I have at any time unintentionally wronged you, inform me in what manner, and I am ready instantly to offer you satisfaction. Upon my honour I have promised my sister's hand, and I wish I might tell you to whom; nay, it was but the moment before you came in that I had acquainted her with the engagement I had formed for her; and she, who is always ready to comply with my wishes, most cheerfully expressed her satisfaction at the proposal.

Da. ANNA (*aside to ELVIRA*). Elvira, this is too much! I must speak with Cæsar, be the hazard what it may.

D. CÆSAR (*aside*). Donna Anna cheerful, and satisfied at being disposed of to another! and do I survive the news? Patience, patience, Heaven!—Don Felix, you are now indeed revenged on me; and if I presumed too far, when I raised my hopes so high, you have blasted those hopes, and may be satisfied! since I have not been so fortunate as to deserve the hand of Donna Anna, and since she is herself so well contented to bestow it on another may she live happily with him whom she has chosen, and may the years which are taken from my life be added to theirs!

ELVIRA (*aside to Donna ANNA*). Methinks he consoles himself very easily.

Da. ANNA (aside to ELVIRA). He is not consoled, Elvira; I know him better. I tell you I must speak with him instantly.

ELVIRA (aside to Donna ANNA). Well! if you must, I will try if I cannot make an opportunity for you. (*Enters the room.*) Sir, there is a man at the door who desires to speak with you.

D. FELIX. Excuse me for a moment, Don Cæsar, till I have enquired his business; I will return to you immediately. [*Exit.*]

D. CÆSAR. Fate, thou hast done thy worst! It is impossible thou canst now have any further ills in store for me!

Enter Donna ANNA.

Da. ANNA. O Cæsar! what have I heard?

D. CÆSAR. You have heard the sentence of my death.

Da. ANNA. Let me eagerly snatch this moment to assure you that it is impossible that I should ever forget the affection—

D. FELIX (without). I can find nobody.

ELVIRA. Here he is coming back again.

Da. ANNA. Am I denied even the satisfaction of expressing my woes? [*Retires.*]

Enter Don FELIX

D. FELIX. It is strange that any body should come to enquire for me, and run away without delivering his message, I went even out into the street to look for him.

ELVIRA, Perhaps he may return by and by.

D. CÆSAR, Don Felix, how cruel soever my destiny may be, I still think myself indebted to it, since it has afforded me the satisfaction of being so speedily undeceived, on the point the most essential to my peace. Since your charming sister is indeed disposed of, I pray to Heaven to render her as happy in her choice as I myself could have wished to be in mine.

D. FELIX. But, notwithstanding what has passed, Don Cæsar, let me entreat you to entertain no doubt of my esteem for you, and not to let the subject of this evening's conversation prove any interruption to our friendship.

D. CÆSAR. By no means; my regard for you shall always continue undiminished. [*Exeunt.*]

*The Palace.**Enter LAZARO.*

LAZARO. Don Cæsar has sent me to look for Don Felix, because he wants to speak with him in all haste; and trouble enough the search has cost me, for I can't find him in the whole city; and now I have lost my master too. I believe they will drive me mad among them; and yet truly, if they do, they will have no such wonderful feat to boast of either.—But here comes the Prince.

Enter the PRINCE.

PRINCE. What! Lazaro here?

LAZARO. Aye, Sir! for want of a better.

PRINCE. How goes it with you now?

LAZARO. It goes pretty much as it went, an't please your Highness.

PRINCE. Is there any thing new?

LAZARO. I vow, Sir, you put me in mind of a boy that I once saw mending his stockings; and I asked him your Highness's very question.—“Is there anything new?” quoth I, “Nothing but my thread,” quoth he. However, I can't take upon me to say so much as that; for I can't boast that I have even a thread new about me.

PRINCE. Had I nothing more serious on my mind, it would amuse me to listen to thy jests.

[*Exit.*]

LAZARO. There he goes now, as melancholy as a cat.—But such is the course of this world! The rich weep, and the poor laugh; and so, laughing and crying, on they trudge to their graves!

Enter Don CÆSAR.

D. CÆSAR. I waited till I saw the Prince had left you, Lazaro, to tell you that the crisis of my fate is at last arrived. I have been with Don Felix; but he had already promised his sister to another; who it is I cannot discover. However, from this apparent misfortune, my highest felicity will result; for she has sent Elvira to follow me, and to appoint me on this very night to steal her away, and make her mine for ever.

LAZARO. Why then, Sir, as you value the happiness you hope for, pray don't let Don Arias know any thing of this. What passion can you possibly have for telling him all your secrets? Does not the whole future good or evil of your life depend upon the issue of this affair?

D. CÆSAR. Most unquestionably.

LAZARO. Then what harm can it do you to keep the business for a few hours to yourself? Or what advantage could you gain by publishing it?

D. CÆSAR. Well, that you may not have it to say, that I am above taking advice, and that I may afford myself a fair opportunity to judge how far your suspicions are just, I will, for this once, retain my secret in my own bosom.

LAZARO. Then now may your hopes soar above the moon; for, from this moment, I consider as certain your triumph over every obstacle. But now, Sir, do not knit your brows in that manner, to let people see that your brains are at work on some project of importance, but look cheerful; have something to say to every body you meet; and as soon as the sun is down, and the clouds have put on their mourning for his loss, we will away, and set about this mighty enterprise.

Enter Don ARIAS.

D. ARIAS. Don Cæsar!

LAZARO. He has no news to tell you, Sir, so you may save yourself the trouble of asking.

D. ARIAS. How is it with you, my friend?

LAZARO. If he does look a little gloomy, or

so, Sir, it is not because of any quarrel he has got upon his hands. He's not going to fight a duel, Sir; you need not follow him to be his second.

D. ARIAS. How stands your affair with Donna Anna?

D. CÆSAR. Alas! the hope, which I so long had cultivated, is blasted, ere it has rendered me its promised fruit. I asked her hand of Don Felix: he told me that my application came too late, since already, by her own consent, he had disposed of it to another. She is married, and pleased with her lot. Can jealousy inflict severer torments?

LAZARO. Now pray, Sir, be satisfied with what my master has told you, and don't make him say any more; for he is very ill of the head-ach, and there is nothing so bad for it as talking.

D. ARIAS. What can I do to serve you?

LAZARO. You can't serve him so much any way, Sir, as by holding your tongue.

D. ARIAS. If that is the case, I will leave you; but I assure you, I feel very sensibly for your misfortune. [*Exit.*]

LAZARO. Aye! I believe, indeed, you are sorry that it is out of your power to do him any more mischief.

D. CÆSAR. O Love, if ever thou wert moved to pity, let my situation now incline thee to favour

me! May my past sufferings suffice to satisfy thy rigour, and may this night recompense me for all that I have hitherto endured!

Enter the PRINCE, and Don ARIAS.

PRINCE. So this is what he has told you?

D. ARIAS, Yes, Sir; and I see he is still here.

PRINCE. Methinks it will be proper to employ him in some business to-night, lest it should ever occur to him that I might have had any motive for detaining him only when he had made assignations with his mistress.—Cæsar!

D, CÆSAR, Sir!

PRINCE. I shall want you to stay with me to-night, and write letters. You know it is Monday; and I have dispatches to send to Rome and to Naples, which it will take you till morning to prepare.

D. CÆSAR. Very well, Sir. (*Aside.*) How every chance of happiness eludes my grasp! That it should be Monday of all days in the week, as if purposely for my ruin! (*To LAZARO.*) Now, Lazaro, must my hopes soar above the moon, and is my triumph certain over every obstacle?

LAZARO (*aside to Don CÆSAR*). Alack a day, Sir! what fault is this of mine?

D. CÆSAR (*aside to LAZARO*), You told me to stay here,

LAZARO (*aside to Don CÆSAR*). Nay, Sir, now pray don't blame me for it.

D. CÆSAR (*aside to LAZARO*). What business was it of yours to give me advice?

LAZARO (*aside to Don CÆSAR*), I'm sure, Sir, I meant it for the best.

D. CÆSAR (*aside*). That fortune should carry her spite against me so far as to make this day Monday! It would have been Tuesday for any body else. (*To the PRINCE.*) Sir, I wait your orders. (*Aside.*)—Heaven grant I make no blunders! My heart and soul are fixed on Donna Anna. I shall not know a word I write.

(*A writing table is brought forward, and Don CÆSAR seats himself at it.*)

[*Exeunt Don ARIAS and LAZARO.*]

PRINCE. Are you ready?

D. CÆSAR. Yes, Sir.

PRINCE (*aside*). Now shall it be seen whether my rival can endure the torments of jealousy with more fortitude than myself.—You must write a letter as I shall dictate. Now begin (*dictating*)—“I am”—

D. CÆSAR (*writing*). “I am”—(*aside*) dying with vexation!

PRINCE (*dictating*). “Secretly carrying on”—

D. CÆSAR (*writing*). "Secretly carrying on"
—(*aside*.) The opportunity will be irrecoverably
lost!

PRINCE (*dictating*). "Your marriage treaty."

D. CÆSAR (*writing*). "Your marriage treaty."
—(*aside*.) No hope of it remains!

PRINCE (*dictating*). "Your wishes shall at
"last be gratified."—

D. CÆSAR (*writing*). "Be gratified."—(*aside*.)
But not mine, for all things combine to ruin me.

PRINCE (*dictating*). "I can assure you—"

D. CÆSAR (*writing*). "Can assure you."—
(*aside*.) I shall never survive this night!

PRINCE (*dictating*). "That your honour is
"the only object of my aim;"—

D. CÆSAR (*writing*). "The only object of
"my aim"—(*aside*) ought to be to abstract my
thoughts from my misfortune; but that is impos-
sible.

PRINCE (*dictating*). "Since Donna Anna"—

D. CÆSAR (*aside*). This is more than I can
support! (*writes*.)

PRINCE (*dictating*). "Is of the noble house
"of Castiloi, and is a prodigy of beauty and vir-
"tue."—

D. CÆSAR. Where does your highness mean
to send this letter?

PRINCE. To Flanders.

D. CÆSAR. This is not the day for the Flemish dispatches, so it may be left till to-morrow.

PRINCE (*aside*). He changed colour at the name of Donna Anna.—No matter if it do not go to-night. When it is written, it will be ready to be sent at any time.

D. CÆSAR (*aside*). Imagination itself could scarcely have devised a situation so agonizing as mine.

PRINCE. Why do not you go on writing? Let me hear with what words you left off.

D. CÆSAR (*reading*). "I can support."—

PRINCE. And when did I bid you write that? Let me see the letter (*takes it up*).

D. CÆSAR. I wrote as your highness dictated to me.

PRINCE (*reads*). "I am dying with vexation—
 " secretly carrying on—the opportunity will be ir-
 " recoverably lost. Your marriage treaty, no hope
 " of it remains. Your wishes shall at last be gra-
 " tified, but not mine. I can assure you I shall
 " never survive this night. Your honour is the
 " only object of my aim, since Donna Anna is
 " more than I can support."—And pray, Sir, did I dictate to you this eloquent composition?

D. CÆSAR. O Sir! if ever my faithful services have merited your favour, extend it to me now, while I open my whole heart to you, and humbly

sue at your feet for pity and forgiveness! Donna Anna is my bride; not, indeed, as yet by the solemn rites of the church, but by a vow interchanged between ourselves, which we would both die rather than consent to violate. During two long years have I constantly served her; and when at last she had promised to reward my tedious sufferings, by yourself, gracious Prince, I have repeatedly been disappointed of my hopes, and I have sacrificed my own dearest interests rather than neglect the most trivial of your commands. To-night she had agreed to fly with me, to escape the marriage to which an adverse fortune would have compelled her; to-night she was to have become irrevocably mine. In the fear lest any new obstacle to my wishes should arise, I kept this secret even from my most confidential friend, whose fidelity my former disappointments had led me in some measure to suspect; but no precautions can avail to secure a man so unfortunate as myself from the cruelty of his destiny; nor have I any hope but in the clemency of your Highness, on which I throw myself for the decision of my fate.

PRINCE. If you have so often, Don Cæsar, experienced the malice of Fortune, you have little reason to seek any other cause for your disappointments; and since your friend is plainly so innocent

of what has befallen you to-night, you ought to discard any suspicions with which former circumstances may have inspired you.—But enough of this.—I must tell you, Don Cæsar, that you have highly offended me, by presuming to contract a marriage without informing yourself of my pleasure. Give me the pen.—I will write myself; for I see how little I am to expect from your services.

D. CÆSAR. My services have indeed, Sir, been most imperfect; yet no man—

PRINCE. I will not be interrupted! (*writes.*)

D. CÆSAR (aside). Thus in one hour am I deprived of every thing which I have hitherto thought valuable! My mistress, and the favour of my Prince, are alike lost to me for ever! Can any greater torments be reserved for me? No! Fortune now has done her worst.

PRINCE. Take this letter, and carry it to Don Felix. Let him obey the command which it contains.

D. CÆSAR. Is it to go immediately?

PRINCE. Yes.

D. CÆSAR. I do not believe there is any messenger in waiting.

PRINCE. I order you to carry it yourself. I shall employ my servants in what offices I chuse.

D. CÆSAR. I have seen myself deprived of

the only object of my love ; I have beheld my sovereign incensed against me. My ruin is complete, and I have nothing further in this world to hope for. [Exit.]

Enter Don FELIX and Don ARIAS.

D. ARIAS. Since Cæsar is dismissed, I conclude the dispatches must be finished.

PRINCE. Don Felix, it is reported that your intended brother-in-law will shortly arrive in Parma, and will visit you at your own house.

D. FELIX. I humbly thank your Highness for such good news, as well in Donna Anna's name, as in my own. With your leave, I will hasten to report it to my Sister, that she may be properly prepared. [Exit.]

PRINCE. Don Arias !

D. ARIAS. What are your Highness's commands?

PRINCE. That you swear to me instantly, upon the cross of my sword, never to reveal to Donna Anna that I have loved her, nor to Don Cæsar that I have purposely obstructed his suit.

D. ARIAS. I swear it !—And may I now presume to ask of your Highness that you will forbear to acquaint Don Cæsar with my betrayal of his secret.

PRINCE. I promise you I never will divulge it to him. And now come with me, and judge from my actions whether I am worthy of the illustrious name I bear. [*Exeunt.*]

Don FELIX's House.

Enter Don FELIX, Donna ANNA, and ELVIRA.

Da. ANNA. It is true, I assure you.

D. FELIX. And is this the return you make to all my solicitude for your establishment? A vow of celibacy indeed!

Da. ANNA. I did not mention it at first, Brother, because I did not believe you were in earnest; but now I find that you really have fixed so early a period for my marriage, I can no longer conceal from you that I am not at liberty to comply with your wishes.

D. FELIX. But what can I say to the Prince?

Da. ANNA (aside). Why does Cæsar so long delay? But yonder, I see him. He comes, and I will brave every danger to escape with him.

Enter Don CÆSAR and LAZARO.

D. CÆSAR (aside). For me alone is it reserved

to be thus the messenger of my own destruction!—
Don Felix, if I have entered without previously
demanding your permission, this letter will excuse
me. It is addressed to you from the Prince.

D. FELIX. I thank you for your trouble, Don
Cæsar.

D. CÆSAR (aside to Donna ANNA). Ah my
lost love!

Da. ANNA (aside to Don CÆSAR). My only
treasure! *(They talk apart.)*

D. FELIX (reading to himself). “Since a
“ pleasure is always the greatest when it is least
“ expected, I have hitherto concealed from you
“ that the gentleman for whom I have solicited
“ your alliance is your own friend, Don Cæsar, in
“ whom are so signally united all the qualities
“ which you could desire in a brother. Bestow
“ on him your Sister’s hand: he is worthy to pos-
“ sess her; if indeed the deserts of any man living
“ can suffice to entitle him to a prize so valuable.”
Why, Don Cæsar, the Prince writes to me that
you are the person for whom he has demanded
my Sister.

Da. ANNA. Heavens!

D. CÆSAR. What do I hear?

D. FELIX. Alas! how vain are all earthly pro-
jects of felicity! How happy would this intel-
ligence have made me but an hour ago! But the

proposal of such an alliance seems only made to enhance my regret at the circumstance which must prove an invincible bar to it.—Donna Anna has just informed me that she has vowed to assume a religious habit, and therefore cannot marry any body.

Da ANNA. It is true I said so.

D. CÆSAR. Is this possible? Does Donna Anna feign vows to afford herself a pretext for refusing her hand to me?

D. FFLIX. Read the Prince's letter, however, Don Cæsar; you cannot but be gratified to find how highly he speaks of you.

Enter the PRINCE *and* Don ARIAS.

PRINCE. Do not waste time in reading my letter, Cæsar; since here am I present to confirm whatever I have said of you.

D. FELIX. At your feet I thank you, Sir, for your condescension in thus honouring my house.

PRINCE. Don Cæsar, it is thus I reward your faithful services. Give your hand to Donna Anna. I come purposely to be present at your nuptials.

D. FELIX. O Sister! what can I say?

Da ANNA. Be not troubled, Brother; for in a case of such urgency as the present, it is easy to obtain a dispensation from a vow.

D. CÆSAR. On my knees, loveliest Donna Anna—
(*kneels.*)

Da. ANNA. Rise, Don Cæsar!—(*aside to him.*) My vow will not be broken; for it extended no farther than that I would marry no other man but you.

LAZARO. And so, Sir, I see you married at last! I thank the fates on your behalf; and yet, if I may speak so much of my mind, I would rather it were you than I.

PRINCE. I am now about to set out for Flanders, where the mighty Philip requires my services at Maestricht. That I may provide for the safety of my state during my absence, I appoint Don Felix to the government; and further to mark the regard I bear him, I give him my Sister in marriage.

D. FELIX. I embrace your Highness's knees, in testimony of my grateful sense of the transcendent honours you confer upon me.

LAZARO. Elvira!

ELVIRA. Well!

LAZARO. I'm off; for now all the world is in this marrying mood, if I stay a moment longer, I'm afraid I shall be noosed myself.

D. ARIAS. Let every man beware how he entrusts a secret even to the most prudent and faithful of his friends; for those who intend the

best are liable to error; and he, who cannot conceal a thing himself, has little right to complain if another divulges it.

D. CÆSAR. And with this moral we humbly take our leave of the audience; entreating their pardon for all the faults, which, in the course of this evening, we may have committed in their presence.

ONE FOOL MAKES MANY.

FROM

UN BOBO HACE CIENTO,

BY

DON ANTONIO DE SOLIS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Don LEWIS.

Don DIEGO.

Don COSMO MENDIETA.

MARTIN, *Don* LEWIS's Servant.

JUANCHO, *Don* COSMO's Servant.

Donna ANNA, Sister of *Don* DIEGO.

Donna ISABELLA, Sister of *Don* COSMO.

JUANA, *Donna* ANNA's Maid.

INES, *Donna* ISABELLA's Maid.

Scene, Madrid.

ONE FOOL MAKES MANY.

ACT I.

The Street.

Enter Don LEWIS and MARTIN.

D. LEWIS. I tell you, Juana was with her. I could not be mistaken, notwithstanding her veil.

MARTIN. Juana! you are jesting.

D. LEWIS. No! on the contrary, I tell you very seriously that I expect you to assist me in my pursuit; and that I have been impatient for your return, that I might set you to work in my service.

MARTIN. You are so seldom in earnest, that I never know when to believe what you say. Hang me if I think any man ever served for such wages as I do! wherever I have gone, I have al-

ways passed for a wit ; but now, unluckily for me, I have got a master, who is a greater wit than myself ; and when I have made a very good joke, and expect for certain that he will give me at least a coat for my reward, he pays me in my own coin, with a jest still better than mine was. But truly I begin to be weary of such unsubstantial payments.

D. LEWIS. I tell you again that I saw Juana with that beautiful lady, of whom I am so desperately enamoured ; and as I know she used to be an acquaintance of yours, I think you may easily find out from her who my unknown charmer may be.

MARTIN. Juana and I were very good friends once upon a time. I don't know where she is now, nor whether she has still any kindness for me ; only I heard she had got into some new place ; and should that happen to be with this same enchanted princess, the affair is in as hopeful a way as you can desire.

D. LEWIS. She told me she should go about this hour to St. Joachin's church ; so here have I posted myself, to await the approach of my divine enslaver.

MARTIN. I have no patience to hear you talk so. Have you not always protested to me that you did not care a rush for Love and all his allurements ? And now to see you caught by a pair of sparkling eyes, just for all the world as any other man might

be! what credit do you suppose you gain by contradicting yourself in such a manner? Either act according to your professions, or profess according to your actions.

D. LEWIS. Look you, Martin; I have never denied the existence of Love, nor pretended any general exemption from the power of beauty. I only laugh at those foolish fellows, who always think it incumbent upon them to be languishing, because it is the fashion; who affect a passion, without feeling it; and value themselves on the tenderness of their hearts, when it would better become them to lament the softness of their heads. But even while I ridicule the absurdity of such lovers as these, I freely confess that I have not always been totally unacquainted with the emotions to which they pretend; and that I have more than once found a little sigh or two stealing across my breast, without well knowing how it came there. However, much more than that will be requisite to convince me, even now, that there is any real love in my case. I must try first whether my passion has any stability; for if it does not last me a long time, I shall never consider it as more than a fancy.

MARTIN. Other men fall in love, because they cannot help it; but you talk so learnedly on the

subject, that I believe you do it out of a set purpose.

D. LEWIS. Certainly I do.

MARTIN. But, since I had not the luck to be with you when you met with this adventure, don't you intend to give me some account of it?

D. LEWIS. You shall hear the whole story.

MARTIN. I shall be glad to know at whose cost Mrs. Juana is living at this present time.

D. LEWIS. And I shall be glad to have an opportunity of talking of her beautiful mistress.

MARTIN. Now then for your tale.

D. LEWIS. It is a very extraordinary one.

MARTIN. So much the better.

D. LEWIS. I strolled one morning into the Park, for want of something better to do with myself; and having wandered up and down for some time, looking at all the ladies who were walking there, at last I met with one—such an one, Martin, as you must see some time or another, for it passes my wit to describe her. She was positively the handsomest woman my eyes ever beheld; and I was so much struck with her beauty, that I could not forbear accosting her. She answered me, and I engaged her in a long conversation; and in my life I never met with a creature who possessed so much wit, accompanied with such elegance of

manners. I would have followed her, but she forbade me; softening the prohibition, however, with a promise that I should see her again in the same place. After she had left me, her charms ran very much in my mind; however, I neither hung my head, nor lost my sleep, like the true lovers of antient times. The next day she met me again, and so she did the day after; yet I could not possibly discover who she was, for she told me repeatedly that I should lose her for ever if I found it out. But yesterday, Martin, being the fourth day of my faithful passion,—great minds may ever be known by their constancy in love,—she broke her appointment; and I walked by myself, in a cursed bad humour, till late in the evening; when, as it was growing dusk, I took a fancy to call upon my old friend Don Diego, and make him the confidant of my amour: but just as I was going to knock at his door, a female voice called to me from a window in the next house. I obeyed the summons very readily, my thoughts being too full of one lady, to allow me to recollect that there were any others in the world. To my infinite disappointment, however, this proved to be Donna Isabella, she, who has for some time past amused herself with giving me to understand she is in love with me; while I have done nothing to merit so

great an honour, except by having too much modesty ever to aspire to it.

MARTIN: I thought she lived in the quarter of Atocha.

D. LEWIS: So she did; but she has lately, it seems, removed to a lower apartment of the house from which she spoke to me. She accosted me with many of those novel and witty phrases, with which forsaken damsels reproach the ingratitude of false-hearted lovers; such as, "Who would have thought it? Is this the return I have deserved? But all men are alike deceitful!" At last, for the sake of a little variety, she began to insinuate to me that she was jealous of Don Diego's sister, upon whose account she supposed it must be that I visited so often at his house. It was all to no purpose to assure her that I had never seen nor spoken with the gentleman in my whole life; and our quarrel was rising very high, when up came a lady in a veil, pulled me gently by the cloak, and whispered to me that she was my Park acquaintance. I instantly followed her, thinking no more of Donna Isabella. It was by that time quite dark; and my conductress stopped, as soon as she had turned the first corner, and addressed me with some expressions of jealousy in her turn; however I soon

satisfied her, and had obtained from her a promise that she would meet me to-day, at four o'clock, in this very spot where I now am waiting for her, when our conference was interrupted by two men, muffled up in long cloaks, who watched the lady so attentively, that I felt myself obliged to ask them what they meant by it. They answered me by drawing their swords; mine was presently out to receive them; and a desperate battle I suppose we should have had, if some men had not come up to part us. My two antagonists then slunk away as if unwilling to be known; the lady was gone, and I found myself left alone in the middle of the street. Such, Martin, was my adventure; which you cannot chuse but allow to be as strange as I promised you should find it; whether you consider the fair incognita, who triumphs over my liberty; or the other damsel, who pesters me with her love and her jealousy; or the two bravoës, who thought to begin their acquaintance with me by running me through the body; or, lastly, myself; who support all my fortunes with so even a mind, that, if the lady whom I love keeps her appointment, I shall be glad; if she keeps it not, I shall be very well contented; if she whom I detest continues to persecute me, I shall laugh at her; if in her indignation she gives me up, I shall think myself the more her debtor: if my two fight-

R

ing friends return, they shall find me ready to encounter them; if they stay away and are quiet, I shall not go out of my road to seek them. For in the whole course of our lives, Martin, there is no one thing which can amuse us so little as dying; and therefore I have no thought of killing myself with care an hour before my time.

MARTIN. I must certainly allow, Sir, that this is a very odd story; but whatever wisdom you may display in all these fine sayings, I can't say you shew quite so much in your actions.

D. LEWIS. How so?

MARTIN. Why look you, Sir; is not Donna Isabella very much in love with you?

D. LEWIS. So it should appear.

MARTIN. Do not you owe her many obligations?

D. LEWIS. I neither wish to deny nor to requite them.

MARTIN. Is not she very handsome?

D. LEWIS. So so.

MARTIN. If you will not allow her any other beauty, can you deny her that of having three thousand ducats a year? An admirable cosmetic in these days, and such an one as might clear up the complexion of the black gentleman himself.

D. LEWIS. I allow all this to be as you have stated it

MARTIN. Then how can you pretend to any discretion, while you despise a woman endowed with such admirable qualities, and spend your time, like a blockhead, in pursuit of another, of whom the best account you can give is, that you saw her yesterday ?

D. LEWIS. You know it would not be possible for me to act otherwise with regard to Donna Isabella, since she is courted by my friend Don Diego.

MARTIN. Very conscientious, truly! Yet I do not quite perceive under what obligation you lie to give her up to him, when you stood so high in her favour, before ever he had set eyes upon her.

D. LEWIS. True; but he, falling in love with her, without knowing that I possessed any share of her good graces, chose me for his confidant; and I, being already in the mind to break off with her, said nothing to discourage him from paying his addresses to her. Besides, let Donna Isabella have what attractions she will, I would not for the world connect myself with such a fellow as her brother.

MARTIN. I confess Don Cosmo is a most superlative blockhead; a Biscayner, newly transplanted from his native soil; one, whose argu-

ments are in his sword, when you wish to be quiet, and in his heels, when you are in a humour to quarrel: a very great man in his own conceit, because he is his father's son and heir; insomuch that even the reverend fear in which he stands of every man who can fight him, can scarcely restrain him from giving himself the airs which he considers as suitable to his illustrious family.

D. LEWIS. Then prythee tell me, whether, so long as Donna Isabella shall possess a brother so insupportable, any consideration upon earth ought to induce me to marry her?

MARTIN. I confess I should not recommend him to you for a friend; yet I don't see but he might do well enough for a brother-in-law.

D. LEWIS. Hold!—I think I see yonder Don Diego, escorting two ladies; and they turn this way.

MARTIN. What if it should be your enchanted damsel of the Park, coming hither in quest of you?

D. LEWIS. Very likely it may be; I told her she would find me near the fields of St. Joachin.

Enter Donna ISABELLA and INES veiled, and Don DIEGO.

D. DIEGO. Don Lewis!

D. LEWIS. Don Diego!

D. DIEGO. I wish to speak with you. These ladies—

D. LEWIS. Speak low! (*They discourse apart.*)

INES (*aside to Donna ISABELLA*). Would any body but yourself, Madam, have ever thought of trusting so much to a veil, as to employ Don Diego, of all the men in the world, to find Don Lewis for you, and to take the trouble of coming so far, on purpose to deliver you up to his rival?

Da. ISABELLA (*aside to INES*). It is impossible he can find me out, I have disguised my voice so carefully in all the questions I have been asking him about his friend; and I am dying, Ines, to discover who the lady was who interrupted my conference with him last night.

D. DIEGO (*aside to Don LEWIS*). Since they made such very particular enquiries about you, I thought the best thing I could do was to bring them to you.

D. LEWIS (*aside to Don DIEGO*). It must certainly be the lady whom I told you I met in the Park.

D. DIEGO (*aside to Don LEWIS*). Shall I wait till you have had some conversation with her?

D. LEWIS (*aside to Don DIEGO*). You will much oblige me.

D. DIEGO (aside to Don LEWIS). I will retire then to that corner.—Ah, what would I give that Isabella would favour me, as far as this unknown lady does my friend! (*retires.*)

MARTIN (aside). The maid, of course, must be Juana.

D. LEWIS. Most divine lady! the object of adoration to all who behold you, yet for whom all your adorers sigh in vain—

Da. ISABELLA (aside). Can this be addressed to me?

D. LEWIS. I was beginning to fear I should have been disappointed of this happiness; but since at last I am so fortunate as to behold you, let me entreat you to remove that envious veil, which conceals the rich treasure of your beauties.

MARTIN. Mrs. Juana!

INES (aside). Juana! To be sure he takes me for somebody else. But I'll know the bottom of it.

D. LEWIS. Since the day when I first beheld you in the Park—

Da. ISABELLA (aside). In the Park! Was there ever anything so provoking! He means all these fine speeches for some other lady.

D. LEWIS. Since that fatal day, my heart has been subjected to your charms.

Da. ISABELLA (aside) I will discover myself.

Let us see what excuse he can make for his falsehood now. (*about to unveil.*)

INES (*aside to Donna ISABELLA*). Madam! your brother—

Da. ISABELLA (*aside to INES*). How? What?

INES (*aside to Donna ISABELLA*). Is coming this way.

Da. ISABELLA (*aside to INES*). Follow me instantly, without looking back.

INES (*aside to Donna ISABELLA*). Make haste! for if it does but occur to him that it will be a folly to come after us, you may be sure he will not easily give up the pursuit.

D. LEWIS. Whither away in such a hurry, Madam?

Da. ISABELLA (*to INES*). Tell him to stay where he is. [*Exit.*]

D. LEWIS. What! gone without a word?

INES. You must stay here, Don Lewis; for it is of the greatest consequence that—But he is just coming!—Good bye! good bye! [*Exit.*]

D. LEWIS. Is that all?

MARTIN. They have taken a pretty leave of us.

D. LEWIS. Don Diego, what can be the meaning of this?

D. DIEGO. I know not what to think. I see

Don Cosmo coming this way : it appears as if they had entertained some fears of him.

D. LEWIS. I will presently find it out. Do you remain here and amuse him, while I follow the ladies.

D. DIEGO. Stay ; don't you know that he and I are but on indifferent terms, on account of my attentions to his sister Isabella ? His jealousy of her is one of his principal absurdities.

D. LEWIS. Then let us both go.

D. DIEGO. I will attend you.

D. COSMO (*within*). Pray, Don Lewis, stay a minute. I would speak one word with you.

D. LEWIS. This only was wanting to provoke me.

MARTIN. He is stopping to look after the ladies.

D. LEWIS. My dear friend, Don Diego, I know not whether I may make so free with you, but will you try to detain her, till I get away from this fool ? And if you can, do persuade her to wait for me at your house ; you know it is just in her way ; and your own apartment is at such a distance from the rest of your family, that none of them need know anything about it.

D. DIEGO. To serve you, I will endeavour

to do this; though I should not lend my apartment to every body.

D. LEWIS. I am sensible how great an obligation I shall owe you.

D. DIEGO. Well then, in case I succeed, here is the key of my door. I have another in my pocket with which I can admit myself. (*Gives a key*). Only do not expect me to stay at home to receive you, for I have hopes of an opportunity of meeting my unkind mistress. One of her servants has informed me that she means to take the air this evening.

D. LEWIS. I thank you. Adieu!

[*Exit Don DIEGO.*]

Enter Don COSMO MENDIETA, ridiculously drest, and JUANCHO.

D. COSMO. Don Lewis, what secrets were you talking about with Don Diego?

D. LEWIS. (*aside.*) A civil question! O that such a fellow as this should be ranked among gentlemen!

D. COSMO. Don Lewis, you must give me leave to tell you that it is very ill manners to whisper.

D. LEWIS. I shall certainly improve in politeness by the lessons of so able an instructor.

D. COSMO. And if I see you and Don Diego behaving another time in such a manner, I shall know what I have to do.

D. LEWIS. And pray, Sir, what shall you have to do?

D. COSMO. Run you both through the body.

D. LEWIS. How! both of us?

D. COSMO. Aye! and if there were fifty more of you, I would serve you all the same.

D. LEWIS. The devil you would! (*aside.*) Was there ever so insufferable a blockhead?

D. COSMO (*aside to JUANCHO*). Juancho, how did that pass?

JUANCHO (*aside to Don Cosmo*). It passed in peace; and you may thank your stars for sending you no worse luck.

D. COSMO (*aside to JUANCHO*). I say it passed very well. I make everybody afraid of me.—But, Don Lewis, we will leave this subject, for I want to talk to you of something more important. I have had a quarrel; and I am going to tell you the story of it, that I may hear how you think I have acquitted myself.

D. LEWIS (*aside*). What! must I endure this too?

MARTIN (*aside*). We may prepare to hear an amusing tale.

D. COSMO. Don Lewis, as I was a saying,

I am in love.—I say, Sir,—you comprehend me?

D. LEWIS (aside). 'Sdcath! am I to be the confidant of his amours?

D. COSMO. I say, Sir, I am in love; and I'm very glad of it.

D. LEWIS. And do you tell this secret to all your acquaintances?

D. COSMO. Suppose I do, Sir; what have you to say to that?

D. LEWIS. For my part, my good friend, when I fall in love, I say nothing about it to anybody but my confessor. (*aside.*)—I will make him tell me who his mistress is.—Pray, is the lady very handsome?

D. COSMO. You shall judge: I am going to describe her to you from top to toe. You are to know, then, that Phillis—not that Phillis is her name, but I think it proper to dissemble, for the sake of her reputation.—Phillis, then, is so surprising and marvellous a beauty, that she seems, as it were, quite, some how, quite another thing. She is very much in love with me: that indeed is a matter of course; but she is in a very dangerous situation. She's none of your beauties easily to be come at, Don Lewis.

D. LEWIS. Your description is laconic.

D. COSMO. A man can always describe eloquently what he feels. You need not pay me any more compliments, Don Lewis.

D. LEWIS. I shall desist. She must be a very great beauty indeed.

D. COSMO. I have only given you a slight sketch of her. This lady then, Sir, at first sight so completely captivated me, that I felt myself impelled to commit the barbarism of declaring my passion to her with my own lips.

D. LEWIS. A pretty gallantry !

D. COSMO. An extraordinary one in my mind. Yet I have given her still a stronger proof of my love

D. LEWIS. What proof can be stronger than so sudden a declaration ?

D. COSMO. What do you think of drawing my sword for her sake ?

D. LEWIS. How ! have you really drawn your sword ?

D. COSMO. Yes, on my conscience ; and what is more, when I had nothing to gain by my fighting.

D. LEWIS. O ! a duel is certainly the greatest compliment of all.

D. COSMO. You shall hear how it happened. I was coming, just as the bell was ringing for vespers, down the street in which this divine lady

lives; and I saw her come out of her own house with her veil on.—You comprehend me?

D. LEWIS. I comprehend you very perfectly.

D. COSMO. I turned about to follow her; and just as she came up to my house—But I don't believe you understand me.

D. LEWIS. I do not lose a word.

D. COSMO. There was a man standing there; and I suppose she had some acquaintance with the man; for she pulled him by the arm, and without any more ado, led him to the next turning.

D. LEWIS (aside). Heavens! what do I hear? This blockhead was certainly my antagonist last night. And now I think of it, it was at his approach that my incognita was so much troubled just now, and fled away in such a hurry. Is this fellow then my rival? Could one have believed that so handsome a woman could have so bad a taste?

D. COSMO. Don Lewis, you don't attend to me.—I, seeing this Mr. What-d'ye-call-him in the case, goes up to him, and with my sword drawn.—Upon the faith of a gentleman, I should have given some account of him, if things had not turned out quite a different way.

D. LEWIS. Did you find out who he was?

D. COSMO. No, not I, for he was all covered

up with his cloak. However, I could perceive that he was a very dastardly fellow.

D. LEWIS (aside). He has a good right to say that, when I defended myself against two of them at once.—You think, then, that he was a coward.

D. COSMO. To such a degree, my good friend, that I am almost ashamed to tell you what he did

D. LEWIS. Did he attack you at any disadvantage?

D. COSMO. Look you; there was nobody with me but Juancho here.—

D. LEWIS. And who was with the other man?

D. COSMO. O! the other man was alone.

D. LEWIS. Then, pray, what cowardice did he discover?

D. COSMO. Is it possible that a man can be a scholar, and ask such a question? Why only consider; was not my heart in the possession of the lady who stood by? And is it not very clear, that, while I was without a heart, he might have knocked me down, if he had known but ever so little of the use of his sword? Zounds, Sir, if he had been a fellow of any spirit, when he took me at such a disadvantage as that, he might have killed me as dead as a herring.

D. LEWIS. You reason most justly. (*Aside.*) This is the most ridiculous absurdity of all.

D. COSMO. Pray, Don Lewis, what are you laughing at?

D. LEWIS. I am only admiring the extraordinary subtlety of your genius.

D. COSMO. You look to me, Sir, as if you were making a jest of something I had said; but you would do well to chuse some other subject for your mirth; for I would have you to know that no man, let him be great or small, ever dared to laugh at me, from the king downwards. And more than that, Sir, my name is Mendieta, of the elder branch, and descending in the right line from—(*Don LEWIS frowns.*) But I believe the best thing I can do is to go away and leave you.

[*Going.*]

D. LEWIS. Stay, Sir! why are you going in this hurry?

D. COSMO. Because I feel myself in a passion; and I don't wish to be provoked to cut your throat

D. LEWIS. But I must have satisfaction for the accusation you have thought proper to bring against me.

D. COSMO. The devil take me, Sir, if I satisfy any body.

[*Exeunt Don COSMO and JUANCHO.*]

MARTIN. A happy riddance !

D. LEWIS. Have you heard our conversation ?

MARTIN. Aye, Sir ; and I wish you much joy.

D. LEWIS. Of what, blockhead ?

MARTIN. Of the pretty piece of goods you picked up in the Park.

D. LEWIS. If she is gone to Don Diego's house, I shall soon learn the whole truth.

MARTIN. So it seems she is this fool's mistress ; his fair Phillis.

D. LEWIS. I confess I am v'ery sorry for it.

MARTIN. And now you have nothing to do but to go and chuse under what willow tree you will be buried.

D. LEWIS. What ! do you suppose I am to die of such a misfortune ? No, no, Martin ; I am in love, so far as I find any amusement in it, and not a jot farther.

MARTIN. Time will shew.

D. LEWIS. Do you go that way, and take care that the blockhead does not follow me. I will turn down this street ; and you may easily overtake me before I reach Don Diego's house.

MARTIN. Aye, we shall make fine work of it. [Exeunt.]

Don DIEGO's House.

*Enter Don DIEGO, with Donna ISABELLA and
INES, veiled.*

D. DIEGO. This, Madam, is my apartment. (*Aside.*) I never saw any thing so mysterious as her behaviour; she will give me no answer but by signs. However I had not occasion to waste many words in persuading her to come hither.— Would you chuse that I should shut the door? (*Donna ISABELLA nods.*) Very well, Madam, it shall be shut: and so I wish you good morning. (*Aside.*) Now will I go and try if I can meet with Isabella.—Madam, Don Lewis will be here directly; and I have given him another key of this apartment. (*Aside.*)— I never saw a woman demean herself so strangely. I cannot think she is a lady of so much distinction as Don Lewis supposes her; yet he surely knows too much of the world to be easily taken in. [*Exit.*]

INES. A pretty situation we are in here, Madam; waiting for one lover, in the apartment of another.

Da. ISABELLA. Do not frighten me, Ines, by telling me what I have done: I am but too sensible of my rashness. But could I refuse to follow

Don Diego hither, when otherwise I must either have discovered to him who I was, by entering my brother's house in his sight, or have wandered, I knew not whither, in the streets, unable perhaps to disengage myself from him during the remainder of the day? My reputation, happily, is still safe, whatever my feelings may have suffered; and since the discourse which Don Lewis addressed to me this morning, while he mistook me for some other, has afforded me the fullest and most indisputable proof of his perfidy, I have determined that I will no longer submit to such treatment; I will avail myself of this opportunity to break with him for ever, and I will try to receive with less coldness the addresses of Don Diego, whose attachment to me is, I am persuaded, much more ardent and sincere than ever Don Lewis's was.

INES. But do you know, Madam, what has come into my head? that you must certainly be wrong in supposing that your rival is Donna Anna; for, if she were, it is hardly possible that Don Lewis could have had the confidence to make assignments here, in her brother's house.

Da. ISABELLA. Are you so little acquainted with his assurance as to believe that certain? Besides, Donna Anna's apartment is in a distant part of the house, and might as well be under a different roof.

INES. I dare say this door, which is locked, leads to the rooms which are occupied by that terrestrial goddess. (*Noise within.*)—Mercy upon us! there is surely somebody going to open it!

Da. ISABELLA. Ah me! what will become of me?

INES. We cannot possibly escape, for all the doors are fastened.

Da. ISABELLA. Quick! cover yourself closely!

INES. We had better retire into that alcove, till we see who it is.

Da. ISABELLA. You are in the right.—

[*They retire.*]

Enter Donna ANNA and JUANA.

JUANA. I assure you Martin told me so.

Da. ANNA. Though I was just putting on my veil to make a visit, I cannot go, till I have found out the truth of it; for I know not how to believe your story; it seems so far remote from possibility.

JUANA. I must tell it you again then, Madam; for I declare to you that nothing can be more certain than that I met Martin, as I was going in search of Don Lewis, to make him your excuses for not keeping your assignation with him to-day; and my old friend Martin assured me that I should find

my mistress in Don Diego's apartment, where she was gone to meet his master. I thought, when he told me such a story, that to be sure he had found you out, and only said it to frighten me; but, so far from that, I found at last that the person whom he had taken for my mistress was a woman in a veil, whom that false swain of yours had picked up in the street, and, with your brother's permission, had appointed, with another miss, her companion, to meet him in this very house. Here's a pretty sort of a lover for you! But it's no wonder; the men are all alike, and their fine professions are nothing but vapour.

Da. ISABELLA (looking out). It is Donna Anna.

INES (looking out). If Don Lewis should come just now, we shall have made a fine job of it.

Da. ISABELLA. I wish he may come; for then I shall see what terms they are upon together.

INES. I wish I could hear what they say a little more distinctly.

Da. ANNA. It is a very rare thing for me to visit my brother's apartment; and I am sensible it does not greatly become me, either to disquiet myself on such an account as this, or to stay to be a witness of Don Lewis's strange conduct: yet I cannot re-

solve to go away, without seeing the end of this adventure. Don Lewis cannot think any harm of me, from finding me in my brother's chamber; and though I have hitherto so carefully concealed from him who I am, I care not now if he discover me; since I have resolved at all events to let him know that my eyes are opened to his character.—But I hear somebody at the door.—Stand out of the way; let him have free entrance.

JUANA. It is certainly he.—Now let us see how well you can manage the affair.

Enter Don LEWIS and MARTIN.

MARTIN (*locking the door*). Juana swore to me by all the saints that her mistress had not set foot out of doors all day.

D. LEWIS. I begin now to suspect that it may have been somebody else; for had it been she—(*seeing Donna ANNA*). But by Jove it is she!

MARTIN. On my troth, the booby has a very good taste.

Da. ANNA (*aside to JUANA*). He does not seem much confused at seeing me. Could one have thought, Juana, that any man would have had so much assurance?

Da. ISABELLA (*looking out*). Do you observe him, Ines?

D. LEWIS (aside). The thought of so unworthy a rival troubles me strangely. However I will accost her.—Madam—

Da. ANNA. Pray, Don Lewis, what brings you here?

D. LEWIS. I did not expect that question from you. (*Aside.*) Let me try to recover my spirits a little!—Can you guess what it is, which at this moment so greatly troubles me, that I feel more pain than pleasure in thus meeting you?

Da. ANNA. What it is? A discreet question truly! A late discovery, I suppose, that you are a mortal man, and must one day die.

Da. ISABELLA (looking out). O it is very plain! I see they are acquainted. I will endeavour to hear every word he says to her.

D. LEWIS. The discovery, Madam, which most disquiets me, is that the divinity, whom it has been my ambition to adore, is lost to me; since so many competitors are admitted to her altars.

Da. ANNA. Your trouble seems to have been great enough to take away your senses. Will you be so good as to speak in such language as it may be possible for me to understand?

D. LEWIS. I wish I were able to give you if it were but the rough sketch of my present feelings.

Da. ANNA. And if you could, I should learn

but little. You had better give me the finished picture.

D. LEWIS Will you promise to attend to me then ?

Da. ANNA. I cannot promise, but I'll try.

D. LEWIS. It is indeed more necessary for me, than it would be for any other man, to make you a set speech on such an occasion ! since such a novice am I in love, that my breath has never yet learned the knack of issuing in the shape of a sigh, nor could the most tender sentiment force a tear down my cheek. And yet I protest to you, Madam, however the want of those vulgar and ordinary signs of love may discredit me in your opinion, I have never, since I first beheld you, known a moment's peace ; and at present I am even bursting with despite at having learnt that you possess another more favoured lover in Don Cosmo de Mendieta. Perhaps, however, I ought to rejoice rather than grieve at a circumstance, which of all others will prove the most effectual remedy for the passion with which you were beginning to inspire me ; for I believe the wounds of love may be best cured by simples. Only do me the favour to tell me plainly whether the fact is so or not ; that, if it be, I may take my leave at once, and neither trouble you nor myself any further.

Da. ANNA. A pretty time you have chosen for

discourses like these, while I am lost in wonder at seeing you in this house, and expecting you to explain to me what brought you hither!

JUANA (*aside*). I don't know what to make of his great composure. He does not seem at all apprehensive of the arrival of the other ladies.

Da. ISABELLA (*looking out*). I shall lose my senses! It is all clear enough now. My patience will hold out no longer.

MARTIN (*aside*). I wonder what is the matter with Juana, that she does not come and talk to me.

JUANA (*aside*). Martin is dying to have some chat with me, but his proud stomach wont let him speak first. And truly it may choak him for me, for I'll be hanged if I begin.

MARTIN (*aside*). I see I must break the ice myself.—My Queen!

JUANA. What would your worship please to want?

MARTIN. Only a little friendly conversation. Let us go and talk in that alcove, and leave our master and mistress to themselves for awhile.

JUANA. With all my heart. (*As they are about to enter the alcove, they perceive Donna ISABELLA and INES.*) Bless me! who have we here?

Da. ANNA. What is the matter?

JUANA. Only that these ladies have taken possession of the post before us. (*Donna ISABELLA and INES come forward closely veiled.*)

Da. ISABELLA (*aside to INES*). Since we are discovered, Ines, I have no way but this.

INES (*aside to Donna ISABELLA*). You had better put a bold face upon it.

Da. ISABELLA. Don Lewis, please to unlock that door.

D. LEWIS (*much astonished*). But how— who can it be?

Da. ISABELLA. I think, Sir, I do you a favour in not discovering myself. (*Aside.*) I choak with rage!—And I beg that another time you will take care how you bring me into similar situations.

Da. ANNA (*to JUANA*). Juana, these are the very women Martin told you of.

JUANA (*to Donna ANNA*). Will you believe me then at last?

D. LEWIS. I bring you?—stay a moment!— I bring you?

Da. ANNA. Poor gentleman! so this was the cause of his trouble!

D. LEWIS. Madam, I protest to you, by all that is sacred, that this is some trick.

Da. ISABELLA. Will you be so good, Sir, as to open the door?

D. LEWIS. Not till I know who you are. If

you will not discover yourself, on my life—(*about to take off her veil.*)

Da. ISABELLA. Hold! It is I!—(*lifts up her veil.*) I chuse rather to declare myself, than to be insulted.

D. LEWIS. You, Madam!

MARTIN. A pleasant addition to the company!

D. LEWIS. I am at a loss in what manner—

Da. ANNA. This is an unexpected discovery indeed!—Can it be you, then, Donna Isabella, who have entered my house in this manner?

Da. ISABELLA. Donna Anna, although the apparent indiscretion—But there is somebody at the door.—

D. LEWIS. It is probably Don Diego.

Da. ANNA. My brother! Mercy upon me!

D. LEWIS. How! is Don Diego your brother?

Da. ANNA. Did not you find out that before?

Enter Don DIEGO.

D. DIEGO. I have not been able to meet with Donna Isabella; so I am come back, to see whether Don Lewis and his veiled ladies—But what do I behold? My sister and Donna Isabella with Don Lewis?—What am I to think of this?

D. COSMO (*within*). Is Don Diego at home?

MARTIN. So! here we have a new visitor.

Da. ISABELLA. Ah me! my brother! [*Don LEWIS stands by Donna ANNA, and Don DIEGO by Donna ISABELLA.*]

Enter Don COSMO.

D. COSMO. Hey day! What have we here? Don Diego and Don Lewis with my sister and my mistress?—Don Diego and my sister?—that's bad!—Don Lewis and my mistress?—that's worse!

MARTIN (*aside*). Everybody seems to be struck dumb.

D. DIEGO. I am astonished, and confounded!—Don Lewis, what can all this mean? Where is the lady whom you came hither to meet? and how happens it that I find you with persons of so different a description?

D. LEWIS (*aside*). I know not what answer to return.

D. COSMO. Aye, Sir! And if it is you who are to explain this affair, let me tell you that I must have an explanation too, since I see my sister is of the party.

D. ANNA (*aside*). How completely they are all embarrassed! But since nobody can speak, suppose

I try whether my ingenuity cannot find a way to solve this difficulty. Let me see! I have it!—You have no reason to be surprized at this gentleman's confusion: I flatter myself that my reproaches have made him sufficiently ashamed of himself.

D. DIEGO. Your reproaches, Donna Anna? How has he offended you?

Da. ANNA. Nay indeed, brother, the fault was yours.

D. DIEGO. Mine, Sister?

Da. ANNA. And I am particularly concerned that Donna Isabella should have been witness to such a scene.

D. DIEGO. I do not understand you.

Da. ANNA. She came this afternoon to make me a visit; and while a little collation which I had ordered for her was getting ready, we had a mind to amuse ourselves by seeing the carriages, which were passing by to Leganitos. So, as I knew you were not at home, Brother, I brought her into this room, because it has a better view of the street than any other in the house: but I had scarcely opened the door, when two veiled ladies rushed out against us, and ran into the street, as if scared by our entrance, and while Donna Isabella and I were standing, thunderstruck by such an adventure, Don Lewis came in, locked the door, and then turned round, I suppose, to accost the ladies; but he looked

very blank when he saw us in their stead ; and then I, being much provoked, could not refrain from letting him know what I thought of such intrusions. However, I must say, brother, I have much more reason to be angry with you, who could consent to admit such company into your house, while you had a sister under your protection, whom you ought to treat with more respect. Let me beg, therefore, that you will set matters right, while I conduct Donna Isabella back to my own apartment.

MARTIN (*aside to JUANA.*) There's a come off for you ! Why your mistress has completely satisfied both the brothers.

JUANA (*aside to MARTIN.*) I must confess she tells a lie with a very good grace.

D. DIEGO. I own, Sister, you have much reason to be displeased.—Don Lewis, I know not what we can say for ourselves.—She is certainly in the right.

D. COSMO. I say she is not in the right.

D. DIEGO. You only say that, Sir, for the pleasure of contradiction. As a gentleman, you cannot but feel that she is.

D. COSMO. My dear Don Diego, I assure you I do not feel any such thing ; for I hate to see men ordered and scolded about by their sisters, as little boys may be by their grandmothers ; and besides, I don't want to have Donna Anna spoiled, and taught to give herself airs, by your treating her

with such submission. (*Aside.*) --How clear-sighted I am! I knew it was impossible that Donna Anna could have come here to meet any man but myself.

Da. ANNA. Don Cosmo, I shall be happy to see you with your sister.

D. COSMO (*aside*). Aye! she is dying for me. That is very plain.

D. DIEGO. Don Lewis, you and I had better retire.

D. LEWIS. I attend you, Don Diego.—(*Aside.*) I cannot bear to see her so civil to that fool!

Da. ANNA (*aside*). How much it goes against me to invite this odious woman!

Da. ISABELLA (*aside*). What a torment, to be obliged to accept the civilities of a rival!

D. LEWIS (*aside*). I believe by this adventure I have lost them both.

D. COSMO (*aside*). How devilishly fond Donna Anna is of me! [Exeunt.]

ACT II.

Don Cosmo's garden.—Night.

Enter Don DIEGO and MARTIN, climbing over the wall.

D. DIEGO. Come on !

MARTIN. Are we near the ground ?

D. DIEGO. What ! are you afraid ?

MARTIN. O ! by no means, Sir. I only wanted to know whether I might venture yet to jump.

D. DIEGO. Speak lower, and be more cautious ; and set your feet where I set mine.

MARTIN. I can tell you, I would rather lower my voice than my person, from such a height as this. It may do well enough for you, who are in love, and consequently blind to all danger ; but for me, whose eyes are open—Mercy upon me !

D. DIEGO. If you are frightened, either go back, or hold your tongue.

MARTIN. Nay, that's worse still ; I would rather crack my scull, than shut my mouth.—

(*They reach the ground.*) But won't you at least tell me, Sir, what end you propose to yourself in climbing in this manner from your own garden into Don Cosmo's ?

D. DIEGO. He uses every precaution to deprive me of access to his sister ; and I am willing to take this advantage of our living next door to each other, to try if I cannot thus obtain an opportunity of conversing with her.

MARTIN. But what is it you want me for ?

D. DIEGO. Come on, and tread softly.

MARTIN. O ! you need not caution me ; the very sole of my shoe knows how to keep a secret.

D. DIEGO. You know how coldly Donna Isabella receives my addresses, and the affair of yesterday appears to have increased her prepossession against me. I am therefore at present particularly desirous of an interview with her ; and having left Don Cosmo deeply engaged at play, I called at Don Lewis's, with the intention of asking him to assist me in this attempt ; but not finding him at home, I have brought you with me in his stead ; being well assured that your talents and fidelity render you very worthy of the confidence I place in you, and that your master is too much my friend, to be displeased at my employing you in a service of such importance.

MARTIN. Yes ; my master will be very much

obliged to you if you will break my neck.—But am I to go with you to Donna Isabella?

D. DIEGO. No, Martin; I want you to stay here, and keep watch.

MARTIN. Well! since, as you say, my master is your friend, leave me alone, and I'll do what I can for you.

D. DIEGO. I know how implicitly I may rely on you.—Here, opposite the porch, will be the best place for you to take your stand. Be not impatient of the length of my stay

MARTIN. I should have patience enough, if I had a little less fear.

D. DIEGO. Now Love! if ever thou didst triumph over fortune, exert thy power but this once on my behalf, and be propitious to my vows!

[*Exit into the house.*]

MARTIN. So!—A pleasant walk I shall have by myself up and down the garden at this time of night!—What shall I do to divert myself?—Suppose I make a soliloquy—A very proper occupation for a hero when he is alone—Now for it then.—Alas! alas! alas!—That's a good beginning for a languishing lover; but I think a little jealousy would be more amusing.—Let me see!—Aye, very true! It was but yesterday that I saw Don Cosmo nod at Juana, and Juana nodded at him again.—What if it should be she who listened to the vows of that

great ass, and all the while Donna Anna bore the blame? Then I saw him whispering to the jade.—He might have been giving her a message, to be sure; but they needed not to have been so close for that; and besides, many a man, while he is waiting till he can find the mistress in a good humour, will console himself with the maid.—But hark! I hear steps!—unless indeed it is my fear which represents such a sound to my imagination.—I will stand out of the way, and see who is coming.—Let him be who he may, he has cut short the thread of my soliloquy. [Retires.]

*Enter Don Cosmo, with a ladder, and Ju-
ANCHO.*

D. Cosmo. I have slipped away from the gaming house, Juancho, on purpose to try my success in a visit to Donna Anna. I know Juana is in my interests, for I gave her a handful of money only yesterday; so I have brought this ladder to set up against her mistress's window; and I am sure the wench will be there to receive me. As for Don Diego, I am not at all afraid of him, for he always goes to bed with the cocks and hens.

MARTIN (*aside*). Why it is Don Cosmo himself, and he hanged to him! and now he is

coming this way, talking to Juancho. If he should have seen Don Diego!—

D. COSMO. Now take the ladder round, and set it up.

JUANCHO. I am going to set it up.

D. COSMO. Stay!—First listen to me for a moment.

JUANCHO. I do listen.

D. COSMO. Mind you fasten it very firmly; for though Donna Anna is a pretty woman, I don't want to break my bones for her sake.

JUANCHO. Must I set it up against the wall?

D. COSMO. No, you fool; against Donna Anna's balcony, to be sure; and you shall go up first; and then, if it gives way, you'll have the fall, and not I. [*Exit JUANCHO with the ladder, by the garden door.*—I have a great mind to go back to my chamber for a little while, and consider what I shall say to Donna Anna. A man ought neither to speak nor to die without due preparation. [*Exit into the house.*]

MARTIN (*coming forward*). One of them is gone out by the garden porch, and the other—But here he comes again!—What shall I do?—He has seen me by the moonlight.

Re-enter Don Cosmo.

D. COSMO. Here! Juancho! hold! come back! (*seizes Martin.*)

MARTIN (*aside*). I won't speak.

D. COSMO. It is very lucky, Juancho, that I have caught you again; for I have bethought myself that it will make the affair the surer, if you carry these ten doubloons more to Juana, to engage her to do what I asked her. (*Gives him a purse.*) This it is for a man to have always his wits about him! [*Exit into the house.*]

MARTIN. Carry these ten doubloons more to Juana, to engage her to do what I asked her!-- Can I have any proof more certain of my wrongs? Juana!--Does Don Cosmo send ten doubloons to Juana? And am I to be his messenger? To bear the vile price of my own infamy? Shall I forfeit my honour, and carry her a purse?—No! Honour would impel me to toss this base gold higher than the moon,—but that I have too much respect for his Majesty's arms, to allot them any situation less dignified than my own pocket.—But I hear footsteps again.—They won't let me finish my soliloquy, take what pains I will.

*Enter hastily from the house Donna ISABELLA and
INES, and Don DIEGO.*

Da. ISABELLA. Where is he ?

INES. He is gone towards your apartment.

Da. ISABELLA. If he should have heard us !

INES. I am much afraid he did, he was marching with such long strides.

Da. ISABELLA. What shall I do ?—Leave me, Don Diego ; for Heaven's sake, fly instantly. I assure you I take this rashness of yours so ill, that if my brother were any other kind of man than he is, I should have recourse to him for protection against your intrusion.—Be gone !

D. DIEGO. Lovely Isabella—

Da. ISABELLA. Consider my situation !

D. DIEGO. Can I consider it, without staying to protect you ?

Da. ISABELLA. My only danger consists in your being found here.

D. DIEGO. Yet since—

Da. ISABELLA. I cannot listen to you.

D. DIEGO. My obedience—

Da. ISABELLA. I will not hear another word.

D. DIEGO. Assure me at least that you are not offended with me.

Da. **ISABELLA.** I assure you of anything you please ; only be gone !

D. DIEGO. Then shall I depart contented.—
Martin !

MARTIN. Here I am, Sir; are you going?

D. DIEGO. Follow me.

MARTIN. Sir, you see Juancho has left open this gate into the street ; had we not better go out that way, than have to climb over the wall again ?

D. DIEGO. You advise well ; and I will go back with you to your master's house, for I want to speak with him.

MARTIN. Make haste then ; for it is as dangerous a thing to deal with a foolish brother, as with an impertinent husband.

[*Exeunt Don DIEGO and MARTIN, by the garden door.*]

Da. **ISABELLA.** Are they gone ?

INES. Yes, Madam.

Da. **ISABELLA.** I am dying with fear.

INES. If your brother has but caught a sight of them, I would not give a fig for either of our lives.

Da. **ISABELLA.** Let us make haste in again, before—But what do I see ? Yonder comes my

brother, breathless with fury, his sword drawn, with disordered steps—

INES. I'll shut my eyes, that I may not see myself cut in pieces.—And yet I can't help looking either.—As I live, madam, here he comes, with a candle in one hand, and a naked sword in the other.—

D. COSMO (*within*). Where art thou, rash intruder, that I may slay thee upon the spot?

Da. ISABELLA. Do we wait for any farther proofs of our danger?—Ines, what will become of us?

INES. Since we dare not enter the house, let us hide ourselves in the porch—He may not look for us there.—Mercy! how my heart is beating!

Da. ISABELLA. I know not what to do.—I can resolve on nothing.—But he is already here.—lead quickly!

INES. I am all in a tremble!

Da. ISABELLA. My senses fail me with terror! [*Exeunt into the porch by the garden gate.*]

*Enter from the house Don Cosmo, with a candle,
and a sword drawn.*

D. Cosmo. Now it will do!—I have not only composed the harangue in which I will make love to Donna Anna, but I have been practising how I will attack any impertinent fellow, who may chance to interrupt me while I am in her chamber; and after having fought him so successfully through half the rooms in my own house, I'll warrant you I shall know how to deal with him, if he comes against me in his own proper person. I have been swearing at him too; for I always swear when I fight.—I hope my sister did not hear me; it would have frightened her out of her wits to have seen what a passion I was in. But I dare say, poor soul! she has been in bed and asleep for an hour or two.—Now, sword, return to thy scabbard! Full well does it know that this is the first time I ever returned thee to it, untinged with blood!

JUANCHO (*within*). Walk off, you impudent hussies!

D. Cosmo. Juancho, what is the matter?

Enter JUANCHO, from the porch.

JUANCHO. I found two women there, standing in the porch.

D. COSMO. Women! Of what condition?

JUANCHO. Of a very bad condition, I believe, for all they had silk gowns on.

D. COSMO. Poor things! I suppose they were watching for a sight of me. I have very often such visitors, who come to complain of my cruelty.—But you need not have been so rough with them, Juancho.—Are they gone?

JUANCHO. O yes; for I had not shut the garden door after me; and when they heard you coming up, to see what I was making such a noise about, they took to their heels and ran out into the street, as if the devil was after them.

D. COSMO. I am not at all surprized at such an adventure. There are a great many ladies, who would give their ears to be able to make some impression on my heart; and especially when they know that I am of the blood of the Mendietas, which my father bequeathed to me by his last will and testament.—But I want to know whether you have seen Juana? What says she to the ladder?

JUANCHO. She says that it will do very well,

and that she will be sure to have everything ready for you.

D. COSMO. To see the effect now of a few doubloons! (*Aside.*)—A faithful fellow this!—my own countryman.—My life to a ducat he won't blab.—I believe Juana is a good strong wench.—

JUANCHO. O, very strong.

D. COSMO. That point is of some consequence, as we must trust to her to fasten the ladder at top. I say she ought to be strong.

JUANCHO. Never fear as to that matter, Sir.

D. COSMO. All my family are remarkable for their aversion to falls. We are of a finer contexture than men of vulgar birth; and the bones of a Mendietta are as brittle as glass.—But now come; It is time we attempt this escalade. I shall lock up all my doors however first; for I must not forget I have a sister in my house; and sisters must be kept more strictly than Sundays. [*Exeunt.*]

Donna ANNA's apartment.

Enter Donna ANNA and JUANA with a candle.

Da. ANNA. Place that light there, Juana ; and then go down, and open the door for Don Lewis.

JUANA. Don Lewis! Bless me, Madam, is Don Lewis coming here to night ?

Da. ANNA. Yes ; for my brother never comes home so early as this ; and were it otherwise, my mind is too much agitated to permit me to consider any danger to which I might expose myself. Don Lewis came this evening under my window ; and in spite of the indignation with which his conduct ought to have inspired me, I could not so far command myself, as to refuse to hear him ; and at last I even promised to admit him, if he returned at this hour to visit me ; for he assured me that he should be able to explain to me in the most satisfactory manner, the scene which passed in my brother's apartment.—If he should !—But at all events do not attempt to represent to me the impropriety of the step I am taking : I am already but too sensible of it ; and I would, if possible, shut my eyes against the consequences.

JUANA (aside). If she knew that but a few

moments since, sinner as I am, I had fastened a ladder against the balcony yonder ! I cannot think what has detained Don Cosmo so long ; but he must be here in a minute or two.—A pretty scrape I have brought myself into !

Da. ANNA. Why don't you go ?

JUANA. I am going, Madam. (*Aside.*)—It is impossible to help it. [*Exit.*]

Da. ANNA. Is it come to this ? I, who always disdained the power of love, am I now so far under the dominion of that passion, as voluntarily to expose myself to the risks which may attend such a visit as I now expect ? And have I so far forgotten all my pride, as to do this for the sake of a man, whom I have every reason to believe devoted to another ? Let me yet recollect myself ! let me resume—
—Alas it is all in vain ! I could resist the allurements of love, but the pangs of jealousy I have not fortitude to suffer.—If it were possible he should justify himself—

Enter Don LEWIS and JUANA.

JUANA. Walk in, Sir ; she is here. (*Aside.*)—Now if I can possibly slip unobserved into the balcony, in time to remove the ladder, and prevent mischief—

D. LEWIS (aside). There is something devilishly awkward in this interview.

Da. ANNA. Don Lewis, you will probably think it a strange indecorum in a woman of my rank to receive you at such an hour as this ; but I have been induced to do it, that we may have an opportunity of mutually explaining to each other those circumstances, which afford so much apparent reason for complaint.

D. LEWIS. Alas, Madam, I fear that the complaint which I have to urge is less likely to obtain from you a satisfactory answer, than a patient hearing ; I fear—

Da. ANNA. We have not time at present, Don Lewis, for unnecessary words ; less rhetoric and more feeling might become you better.

D. LEWIS. You do me wrong, Madam, if you doubt the sincerity of my feelings. I wish your own conduct stood no more in need than mine does of an eloquent defence ; since you then might quickly remove those torments, which you have implanted in my mind by the favour you have shewn to a man, who, of all his sex, is the most unworthy of it. How is it possible, Donna Anna, that a woman of your sense and rank can have given occasion to that fool to boast that you listen—But I forget myself ; I have no right to question your conduct.—If you can justify it to yourself—

JUANA(*aside*). Now they are both upon the high ropes, I may make my escape. [Going.]

Da. ANNA. Where are you going, Juana?

JUANA. Only to look if the window of the balcony is shut, Madam.

Da. ANNA. It is no matter. I desire that you will stay here.

JUANA (aside). So! that wont do!

Da. ANNA. Your behaviour, Don Lewis, is really very extraordinary. The jealousy which you pretend is so extremely ridiculous, that it were unworthy of me to take any notice of it; but, after what passed in my brother's apartment between you and Donna Isabella, it probably appears to you more easy to accuse my conduct, than to justify your own; and if such be the case, I must entreat you not to imagine that any of the protestations you formerly made me have laid you under the slightest obligation to continue your dissimulation with me. You had better reserve your sighs and vows for the lady Isabella. She, I dare say, will believe them all; and one so desperately in love with you as she is may possibly die if you desert her. But for me, I can assure you I am in no sort of danger; I shall live out my destined number of days, whether you think proper to be kind or cruel; and therefore, since it appears that we are so very indifferent to each other, I think the sooner we part the better.

D. LEWIS. Is it possible, Donna Anna, that

you can have the heart to speak to me thus? Are you ready on so slight an occasion,—(*Three knocks are heard in the balcony.*) Ha! What do I hear? A signal made in your balcony?

Da. ANNA. Juana, what can it be?

D. LEWIS. Aye, you do right to give the hint to her. What, Juana! do not you comprehend that your mistress expects you to say that it is a lover of yours who is in the balcony, and that it was to you the signal was made?

JUANA. Really, Sir, I know nothing at all about it. (*Aside.*)—This is certainly Don Cosmo; but I am determined to deny it to the last.

Da. ANNA. Don Lewis—

D. LEWIS. No more Don Lewises, Donna Anna! The truth is much too evident; and you must excuse me if I have not resolution to stay to assist you to entertain your new visitor.—Good night, good night to you!

Da. ANNA. Hold! I entreat you to stay! This must be cleared up to you.

D. LEWIS. To me! For what purpose?—Let me go, Madam.

Da. ANNA. You shall not go.

D. LEWIS (*ironically*). If you are afraid your character may suffer if I am seen to go out at the door, you may let me descend from the balcony.

Da. ANNA. Don Lewis, I swear to you by all

that is dear to me, I know not what that noise could mean; and it is cruel—(*Great noise in the balcony.*)—But what is this?

D. LEWIS. What, Madam, does this confound you?

JUANA (*aside*). I am frightened out of my senses.

Da. ANNA. Who can it be?—Heaven preserve me!

D. LEWIS. I will know presently who it is.
(*Going to the door of the balcony.*)

Da. ANNA. Hold! where would you go?

D. LEWIS. I will have satisfaction for my own sake, Madam, if not for yours.

JUANA (*aside*). We shall all be finely off now!

D. LEWIS. Now we shall see who it is.
(*Throws open the door of the balcony, from which*)

Enter MARTIN.

MARTIN. You here, Sir!—Was there ever anything so unfortunate?

D. LEWIS. Martin!—What can this mean?

MARTIN. Devilishly unlucky, to be sure.

D. LEWIS. How came you into the balcony?

MARTIN. Quick! Hide yourself!

D. LEWIS. Hide myself! From whom?

MARTIN. From Don Diego.

Da. ANNA. From my brother! Why where is he?

MARTIN. In the street, raving with fury.

D. LEWIS. And what has incensed him?

MARTIN. The sight of the ladder, set up against the balcony.

Da. ANNA. The what?

MARTIN. The ladder.

Da. ANNA. Then who—I tremble all over!—
Who could dare—

D. LEWIS. What! Still will you persist? Do you suppose it possible, Donna Anna, that this can deceive me any longer?

Da. ANNA. Don Lewis—

D. LEWIS. You need say no more to me, Madam; I have done with you. Go on, Martin; tell me every circumstance, and then I shall know what I have to do.

MARTIN. Why, Sir, I had been following Don Diego, half the night, upon some business of his own; after which he wanted to speak with you; but not finding you at home, he returned to his own house, where he descried by the moonlight, a ladder fastened up to Donna Anna's balcony, and the street door wide open. He was like a mad-

man at the sight, and was going to rush into the house ; when it occurred to him, that if he went in at the door, his enemy might escape by the ladder : if he ascended the ladder, the other might go out by the door. He therefore sent me up the ladder that I might spring the game, and he stays below himself, to guard both passages.—Consider therefore, both of you, what you will do ; for there he stands in the street.

Da. ANNA. What will become of me ?

D. LEWIS. This is a most perplexing situation.

JUANA (*aside*). I wish the ladder had been at the devil, before I had touched it.

MARTIN. But, Sir, you must resolve upon something.

D. LEWIS. Donna Anna, notwithstanding the strong reasons which I have to believe you false to my love, I do not forget what conduct, as a gentleman, it becomes me to pursue. You may retire to your own chamber, while I stand aside here ; and whatever may be the issue of this affair, I will protect you from all danger : for, if my interest in you has ceased, I have not lost my regard for my own honour.

Da. ANNA. Don Lewis, Heaven is my witness that I have never wronged you.

D. LEWIS. Well, well, do not waste the time in protestations.

Da. ANNA. I go then; and from this chamber I shall see what passes.—Adieu!

D. LEWIS. And I go take my post in this room opposite.

MARTIN. And I will down again to Don Diego, and amuse him as long as I can. [*Exit.*]

D. LEWIS (*ironically*). You have well requited my love, Madam!

Da. ANNA. You will soon be undeceived.

D. LEWIS. Am I not sufficiently undeceived already?

JUANA. Make haste, for I hear steps without.

Da. ANNA. Adieu!

D. LEWIS. Adieu!

[*They retire on opposite sides.*]

Enter Donna ISABELLA and INES, veiled.

INES. There's nobody here.

Da. ISABELLA. Then go on, Ines, and enquire for Don Diego; for since it was his rashness which brought me into this danger, his sense of honour will oblige him to protect me, while mine forbids me to have recourse to any other person in my present alarming situation.

INES. I am very glad I thought of applying to my cousin for these veils, in our way hither. I am not half so much afraid now; for a woman who can hide her face may escape from any perplexity.

Enter Don Cosmo.

D. COSMO. So! here am I at last!

INES (*aside to Donna ISABELLA*). Mercy upon us!—if here is not your brother!

Da. ISABELLA (*to INES*). Who?

INES (*to Donna ISABELLA*). It is he!

Da. ISABELLA (*to INES*). Cover yourself closely.—Who could have foreseen any thing so unlucky?

D. COSMO. I was just looking about for the ladder, when I espyed the house door standing wide open; so I thought it better to walk strait in upon the ground, than to venture my neck, by climbing up into the air.

D. LEWIS (*looking out*). Who can these two veiled women be? and Don Cosmo!

Da. ANNA (*looking out*). Whence can all this company have come?

D. LEWIS (*looking out*). I can scarcely credit my senses!

D. COSMO. I am determined to conduct myself with great civility.—Now then I advance.—Heyday! What women have we here with veils on? But why need I ask?—To be sure they must be the very people I seek. Donna Anna, I suppose, had grown tired of waiting for me, and so she was going out to look for me.—Bless my heart! how quick I am at finding out things! I always considered my own genius as a very extraordinary one.—Now then I will accost her.—

Da. ISABELLA (aside). Was ever woman so unhappily situated?

D. COSMO. I wish I could see a little corner of her face however.

Enter Don DIEGO and MARTIN.

D. DIEGO. You were so long in returning to me, Martin, that my patience was exhausted; so I broke the ladder in pieces, and was coming towards the door, when I saw two women enter it. I waited a moment, and then I saw a man come round the house, and go in after them. What could this all mean?

MARTIN. I met the women, as I was crossing the hall; but I stepped on one side, and they did not see me.

D. DIEGO. Stay! If I do not mistake, that man is Don Cosmo.

MARTIN. That it is. See how he walks round and round those two ladies.

D. DIEGO. And they seem desirous to shun him. Wait a little, and listen.

Da. ANNA (*looking out*). Here is my brother come at last.—Heaven protect me! O that they would but come a little nearer this way, and leave room for Don Lewis to slip out!

D. LEWIS (*looking out*). O! now I see Don Diego. He seems occupied in watching those other people.

D. DIEGO (*aside*). I am determined I will know what all these intruders have to do in my house.

D. COSMO. Why need I care if she is veiled? But what do I see? Don Diego here? Nay then it is very lucky I have been practising my quarrel.

Da. ISABELLA (*aside*). Where will this end?

D. DIEGO. Don Cosmo, what is the meaning of this? Is it thus you enter my house?

D. COSMO (*aside*). Now for it!—Don Diego it is none of your business to ask me such questions; for I never parley in the field of battle. I am resolved I will protect your sister to the last extremity.—Stand behind me, Donna Anna, and don't be afraid of him, (*Draws his sword, while Donna*

ISABELLA goes behind him, and, unseen by him, discovers her face to Don DIEGO.)

D. DIEGO. My Sister!—(*aside.*) But what do I behold? It is Donna Isabella!—This is the most extraordinary event!

D. COSMO (*aside*). By St. Antony, I believe he's afraid of me.—If by good luck he should be a coward!—Well Sir, do you intend to stand all night shilly shally?

MARTIN (*aside*). This fool is enough to make us all crazy.

D. LEWIS (*looking out*). I know less than ever what to think of it.

D. COSMO. If you don't chuse to fight me, I desire you will let me know so much; for I am weary of holding my sword-idle.

D. DIEGO (*aside*). I know not what to do. I cannot bear that he should think I put up with an injury, even though I know that he has done me none. I must give him some answer which may serve for all.

D. COSMO (*aside*). A most valiant brother-in-law I am like to have!

D. DIEGO. Don Cosmo, you are at present under a very great mistake. That lady, whose veil so closely hides her from your view, is not my sister, as you imagine, nor is she a person whom I can by any means resign to you; wherefore, if you

attempt to see her face, this sword shall prevent it.
(Draws and places himself before Donna ISABELLA)

D. COSMO (aside). Well! to be sure this fellow has a mind I should split my sides with laughing! A cunning dog! He pretends that she is not his sister, to excuse himself from fighting for her; but fight he shall, that I am determined, now that I see he has no stomach to it. Don Diego, plain speaking is a jewel in all cases.—Your sister, though you won't allow that it is she who stands here listening to us, is my intended; and as I had a mind to talk the matter over with her this evening, I had a ladder fastened up to her balcony.—

D. LEWIS (looking out). What do I hear? The ladder then belonged to this fool!—Ah traitress!

Da. ANNA (looking out). Can my pride submit to a mortification like this?

D. COSMO. And so, as I was saying, when I saw the door standing wide open, I liked to come in that way better. But now, Sir, I must tell you, that the seeing you so wonderfully peaceable in this affair has almost made me sick of such a brother-in-law; for I am a man of mighty nice honour: and therefore, Sir, d'ye mark me? since I don't chuse to disparage my family by undermatching myself, if you won't cut my throat, the devil take me if I marry your sister. *[Exit.]*

D. DIEGO (*about to follow him*). Hold!

Da. ISABELLA. Stay, Don Diego! Would you sacrifice me?

D. DIEGO. Can any human patience bear this? You then, Donna Isabella—But how can all this have happened? You in my house at this hour?

Da. ISABELLA. My unhappy fortune, Don Diego, has obliged me to throw myself upon your honour for protection; nor can you refuse it to me, since it is through you that I am exposed to the most frightful dangers.

D. DIEGO. Have I brought you into any danger?

Da. ISABELLA. Yes; for after your departure, when I would have returned to my apartment, terrified as you know I already was, my brother rushed out of the house with his sword drawn, pale with fury, and uttering the most alarming threats; upon which Ines and I concealed ourselves in the porch by the garden gate, whence we were presently afterwards obliged to fly into the street. It was then, that, finding myself totally destitute of any other resource, I collected sufficient resolution to come hither, to tell you the situation to which your too rash love had reduced me; but I had scarcely entered, when my brother also

arrived ; and of what has since past you have been a witness.

D. DIEGO. You have no reason to afflict yourself, or to give way to this despondency. I am engaged to protect you, lovely Isabella, by the most inviolable motives ; and therefore, till this affair can be properly settled, you shall remain lodged in my sister's apartment.

Da. ANNA (looking out). This was the only vexation left for me to suffer.

Da. ISABELLA. Pardon me, Don Diego : the first point I must insist on is, that Donna Anna may not see me, nor be made acquainted with my adventure.

D. DIEGO. Why not ?

Da. ISABELLA. An affair like this ought to be concealed from everybody.

D. DIEGO. But my sister ought to give you—

Da. ISABELLA. Not on any account, Don Diego.

Da. ANNA (looking out). I am obliged to her however for the refusal.

Da. ISABELLA (aside). My enemy shall not have this triumph over me.

D. DIEGO. If the hour were earlier, I would conduct you to a convent, where you might certainly be placed with the most propriety, till I could

be made happy by receiving your hand. But, at this time of night it is impossible; nor can I think of any other expedient, than that of applying to Don Lewis for the use of his apartment. He is the only friend in whom I could place such a confidence; and I am certain that he would pay you the utmost respect, and that under his roof you would be secure from every insult.

Da. ISABELLA. I am the guardian of my own honour, Sir; but my fortunes are henceforth united with yours; and if you think the measure you propose to me a proper one, I can have no reason to object to it.—Only it must be on the condition that your friend shall not know who I am.

D. DIEGO. You may safely rely upon the caution with which my love shall inspire me.—*(Aside.)* This blockhead's ladder, however, troubles me strangely; and though my sister's good conduct and discretion—But I shall have time enough afterwards to enquire into that affair; the present business is of the most immediate importance.—Come then, Madam!

Da. ISABELLA. I attend you.

D. DIEGO. Martin, do you follow me.

[*Exeunt Don DIEGO, Donna ISABELLA, and
INES.*]

MARTIN. So! at last my master may get off;

I thought they would have kept him here all night. However, enough has passed in his hearing to furnish food for his jealousy. My fear is that this same fool will make fools of us all round ; for I do believe he will rob me of my Juana ; and such an unlucky varlet am I, that, in the midst of all my troubles, I cannot even obtain from the cruel stars a spare quarter of an hour to finish my soliloquy.

[*Exit.*]

Don LEWIS and Donna ANNA coming forward.

D. LEWIS. I will depart without seeing her.

Da. ANNA. Don Lewis, whither are you going? (*Aside.*) I am overwhelmed with this last disgrace!

D. LEWIS. Good night, Donna Anna.

Da. ANNA. Hear me!

D. LEWIS. You have an uncommon share, Madam, either of confidence or resolution, since you are desirous of exposing yourself to the reproaches of the man whom you have wronged.

Da. ANNA. My patience is too much insulted. Is it possible you can mortify me so far as to

take in this serious light the absurd action of an idiot?

D. LEWIS. I wish, Madam, I were a little easier of belief, that your eloquence might meet with the success it deserved; but really I am not so—

Da. ANNA. You had better go no farther, Sir; for I much fear lest I should be provoked to answer you with a warmth of which I might afterwards repent.—The rashness of this madman may be chastised, by—

D. LEWIS. By whom, Madam?

Da. ANNA. By my brother, who has witnessed it, or by myself, who alone am very capable of finding a remedy for all.

D. LEWIS. A remedy!—Is your reputation then, Madam, of such a nature that you deem after-remedies sufficient for its conservation?

Da. ANNA. Do you suppose, Sir, that I was apprized of this fool's attempt beforehand?

D. LEWIS. Let me go!—Do not oblige me to say any more upon this subject.

Da. ANNA. And if I had expected this idiot, should I have invited you? To what purpose should I have invited you? Would that have been the expedient to which I should have recourse for the concealment of my crime?

D. LEWIS. And would this idiot have pro-

sumed to visit you thus, if your former conduct had not afforded him encouragement for such infamous attempts?

Da. ANNA. You would do well, Don Lewis, to consider to whom it is that you are speaking.

D. LEWIS. Would you have me consider it and retain my senses?—Good night, Donna Anna.

Da. ANNA. I have forgotten too far what I owe to myself in detaining you so long.

D. LEWIS. And what then have I done in listening to you?

Da. ANNA. I refer my justification to time. You will hereafter know how much you have wronged me.

D. LEWIS. To time? It is well, Madam!—Do you suppose then that my jealousy is to inspire me with patience?

D. ANNA. Your impatience at present, Sir, is easy to be accounted for. You have heard that your mistress is lodged in your apartment.

D. LEWIS. Ridiculous! But it is a sign that your excuses fail you, when you have recourse to such absurdities as these.—Away! leave me.

Da. ANNA. Leave you! Mighty well, Sir! I do leave you; and I leave you so entirely, that you never shall see me more.

D. LEWIS. I see you! May ruin fall on me if ever I attempt it!

Da. ANNA. And on me, if ever I consent to it!

D. LEWIS. What! Have you sworn?

Da. ANNA. Did not you swear first?

D. LEWIS (aside). Courage my heart! Fail me not till this be over!

Da. ANNA (aside). How could I have the resolution to determine so precipitately?

D. LEWIS (aside). I see her again!

Da. ANNA (aside). I seek to detain him any longer!—But consider, Sir—

D. LEWIS. Have you any commands, Madam?

Da. ANNA. O no! I would only remind you of the oath you have taken.

D. LEWIS. You do well.—Adieu!—But bear me, Madam!

Da. ANNA. What would you say!

D. LEWIS. If I called you back, it was only to remind you that I never swear in vain.

Da. ANNA (aside). Is this his love? I am ready to expire!

D. LEWIS (aside). Is this her affection? I shall lose my senses!

D. ANNA (aside). O my proud heart! canst thou bear this without breaking? [Exit.]

D. LEWIS. Where is my boasted insensibility, while I endure a pang like this? [Exit.]

ACT III

The street.

Enter Don Cosmo and JUANCHO.

D. COSMO. Can it be possible ?

JUANCHO. O yes, it is all very certain. I was told of it by one of the neighbours who saw it.

D. COSMO. What! saw Don Diego enter my house last night ?

JUANCHO. Yes, forsooth ; it was Don Diego without any matter of question ; and they even say it is he that has run away with my young mistress..

D. COSMO. Don Diego presume to run away with my sister ?

JUANCHO. To be sure it was very audacious in him.

D. COSMO. Don Diego ?

JUANCHO. Aye, truly ! Don Diego.

D. COSMO. You astonish me infinitely ; I should never have supposed he had had spirit enough.

JUANCHO. I should not tell it you if I did not know it for certain.

D. Cosmo. Don't I look very red?

JUANCHO. Not that I see.

D. Cosmo. Nor yellow?

JUANCHO. Not at all.

D. Cosmo. I believe you lye, sirrah!—Then I must be pale.

JUANCHO. I don't perceive that you are.

D. Cosmo. Nor dark green?

JUANCHO. By no means.

D. Cosmo. Then in what shape does my fury make its appearance? Is it possible that you don't see flames, darting from my eyes?

JUANCHO. No, indeed; you look just for all the world the same as you did before I told you the news. I don't see that your anger has made the least change in any feature of your face.

D. Cosmo. Doubtless because it has too much occupation in my heart.—I think I will blow up the fire of my indignation a little more.—Is it possible that such a thing as this can have happened? Don Diego run away with my sister! upon my word I am not at all pleased with Don Diego.

JUANCHO. Not pleased! I don't believe you can be much displeased, if you talk about it with such indifference as that.

D. Cosmo. Blockhead! If I say that I am not pleased, is not that tantamount to a declaration that I will annihilate whatever does not please me?

Do you suppose I don't intend to cut Don Diego's throat? Go away directly to the next sexton, and bid him dig a grave for Don Diego; nay, for all the Diegos the sun shines upon between the Poles; for, without any farther to do, for the sake of this one malefactor, I am going to set out this very moment, and murder more than four thousand Don Diegos, without reckoning women and children.

JUANCHO. Aye, now you take up the matter as you ought to do.

D. COSMO. What! is there any change in my complexion now?—But I don't believe you can perceive it; because all the colours of the rainbow succeed one another in my face so rapidly, that no single shade can stay there long enough to make much shew.—Juancho, you are my countryman, and of course you know as well as any body what belongs to an affair of honour; whereupon I appoint you my privy counsellor in this business.—Now, then—let us suppose that I spy Don Diego coming down the street.—I place myself in a proper posture to receive him—thus— He thinks to dissemble with me; but I know better than to be taken in; so I walk me up to him thus—d'ye mark me?—with a very valiant air, and look at him fiercely, thus— He pulls off his hat to me; and with that I tell him that he lyes.—

JUANCHO. What! if he says nothing?

D. Cosmo. To be sure.

JUANCHO. That would be too outrageous.

D. Cosmo. It is always my nature to give up a plan, when I see my friends don't approve it.—Well then! suppose I see him coming;—what if I draw my sword, and make a lunge at him, and say, “Traitor resign my sister, or thy life!”

JUANCHO. You would not do that, to be sure!

D. Cosmo. Aye, but I would though; and so incontinently run him through the body, without giving him a moment's time to look about him.

JUANCHO. O! that would not be at all the thing!

D. Cosmo. I think it would be a very good thing now, to finish the battle, before he had so much as thought of beginning it.

JUANCHO. I am surprized you should not know better what are the forms upon these occasions. You ought to walk up to him with all the composure imaginable; and say to him very civilly, “Sir, I expect you to meet me in such a place, at such an hour, with such and such weapons.”

D. Cosmo. I don't like that way at all. How do you imagine I am to be composed and in a fury all at the same time? Why such a suppression of choler as you talk of might throw me into a dan-

gerous fever.—However, if it must be so, patience ! I shall have time enough to kill him afterwards. Therefore do you wait here, while I go to yonder shop; and write a challenge, which you shall carry to him.

JUANCHO. You had better deliver it by word of mouth.

D. COSMO. No, I can't so well trust myself to do that; for if he should seem very contrite, perhaps he might move me to pity. I can be much more bloody-minded upon paper.

JUANCHO. Well, but I should not much like if the paper should make him bloody-minded too, and he should make so free as to run the bearer of it through the body, to bring his hand into practice for the writer.

D. COSMO. Why, you dog, you would not desire to be better off than your master? Come hither; would it be proper, think you, that I should expose myself to the danger of his making me some impertinent answer, as he might do, if I went to challenge him in person, which might provoke me to break through all rules, and kill him on the spot? No, no; do as I bid you, and pluck up a goodspirit, as you see me do; and if he does run you through the body, never mind it, for you know that you have me for your friend. [Exit.]

JUANCHO. O that I should be debased by

serving such an ass!—I am sure the good opinion that fools have of themselves in this world is a very enviable thing; they are just as well satisfied with venting their own idle conceits, as wise men could be with uttering the gravest sentences.

Enter JUANA, with a letter in her hand.

JUANA. Here have I been racing about the streets for these two hours in search of Don Lewis, to give him this letter from my mistress.—But I see Juancho—My letter may go into my sleeve then for the present; for I believe I have a chance of more money in this other business, than ever will be paid me for the postage of it.—(*Hides the letter*)—Juancho!

JUANCHO. Ah Juana! Good morning to you.

JUANA. Where is your master?

JUANCHO. Yonder he goes, looking like a soul in purgatory.—Well my girl! what news do you bring us now?

JUANA. The news is that our house is turned upside down; that Don Diego has been out all night, and is not yet come home; that my mistress is in a desperate taking about the ladder that was found at her window; and that I deny all knowledge of the matter with so good a grace, that I can hardly help believing my own tale.

JUANCHO. That is the very perfection of lying.

JUANA (*aside*). Ha! I see Don Lewis walking down that street. He seems in a great hurry. I must run after him with my mistress's letter.— Good bye to you!

JUANCHO. Where are you going?

JUANA. I am coming back again directly.

JUANCHO. You must not go yet, for my master will be here this moment.

JUANA. I can't stay just now.

JUANCHO. I protest I won't let you go.
(*Holding her.*)

JUANA. Here's fine work! I shall not be hindered by you, saucebox! (*struggling.*)

JUANCHO. Won't you hear what I have to say to you?

JUANA (*disengaging herself from him, and dropping the letter*). I'll not hear another word from such a clown. [*Exit.*]

JUANCHO. Was there ever such a gipsy?—I cannot think what she could have spied on a sudden, that she was in this haste to be gone,—But she has dropped a paper here.—(*Picks up the letter.*) I wish I could read it.—To be sure though it must be a letter of her mistress's;—and I dare say she was carrying it to my master; for the first thing she said was to ask me where he was.—Oddsheart!

what a lucky fellow am I! Letters of this sort are always well paid for; and now I shall come in for the reward, and not that jade there.

Enter Don Cosmo with a letter.

D. Cosmo. Well, my little Juancho! here is the challenge. I have called him as many hard names as my paper will hold; so now he must fight me, if he be a man: and if he be none—he may let it alone.

JUANCHO. We'll talk about that presently; but first, please to tell me what I shall have if I give you—But I wont say how glad you will be to see it—

D. Cosmo. Glad to see it! Tell me this very moment what it is you are going to give me.

JUANCHO. No, forsooth; not till I know what it is you are going to give me.

D. Cosmo. That depends upon the value of what I receive from you.

JUANCHO. What think you of a letter?

D. Cosmo. I'll bet a ducat it is from Donna Anna.

JUANCHO. You would bet more, methinks, if you were in a humour to give much.

D. Cosmo. Here! will this content you?

(Gives money and receives the letter) How transported I am with this happiness !

JUANCHO. So you may well say.

D. COSMO. Where did you get the letter ?

JUANCHO. From Juana.

D. COSMO. Charming paper ! Ere I peruse thy contents, let my lips—But stay ! here comes Don Lewis.—Now then, my lad, I'll pay you a second time for the pleasure you have given me.

JUANCHO. How so ?

D. COSMO. You're a fool. Listen a while, and you shall see.

Enter Don LEWIS and MARTIN.

D. LEWIS *(to MARTIN)*. I cannot find Don Diego.

MARTIN *(to Don LEWIS)*. His servants tell me he has been out since day-break.

D. LEWIS *(to MARTIN)*. He wanted to persuade me, last night, to take a bed at his house, that his lady might have mine to herself ; but I chose rather to go to sleep at an inn. I was unwilling to give him unnecessary trouble ;—I believe too I wished to fly from Donna Anna.

D. COSMO. Don Lewis, you are very happily met.

D. LEWIS. Don Cosmo ! (*Aside.*)—What ! have I not things enough to plague me, unless this fool be added to the number ?

D. COSMO. Don Lewis, my good friend, a word with you.

D. LEWIS. What have you to say to me ?

D. COSMO. Sir, I have been injured ; and I know very well who it is that has done me the injury. Don Diego is the man ; and so here I have been writing him a challenge ; and as you are the friend of both parties, I expect that you will deliver it to him, in his very beard. (*Offers DONNA ANNA'S letter.*)

D. LEWIS (*aside*). He chuses his messenger well.—Don Cosmo, since you are pleased to assign me so extraordinary a commission, I will certainly deliver your letter ; (*takes the letter*)—But, when Don Diego shall meet you in the field, you must not be surprized if you see me with him as his second.

D. COSMO. Are you in jest ? Why you would not come two against one ?

D. LEWIS. You may bring a second likewise, if you chuse.

D. COSMO. I'll find out some devilish fierce fellow, then, who will see that I am not ill used.—Good morning to you, Sir ; we shall meet again to-morrow, provided we are all alive. Come, my

little Juancho ! Now have not I paid you a second time for the letter, by excusing you from so dangerous an errand ?

[*Exeunt Don Cosmo and JUANCHO.*]

D. LEWIS. I never met with so superlative an ass.

MARTIN. He is rather silly, to be sure ; yet you, of all men, need not undervalue his genius, when you find that he has had wit enough to steal away your mistress from you.

D. LEWIS. Don't talk of that ; I do not wish to be reminded of it.—It makes me half mad to think of the ladder.

MARTIN. And so it does me, not to be able to meet with Juana. Methinks she and I between us might finish rarely my last night's soliloquy.

Enter Don DIEGO.

D. DIEGO. My friend Don Lewis !

D. LEWIS. Don Diego !

D. DIEGO. I have been waiting at the end of the street till that fool should leave you. What did he want with you ? What was he talking about so long ?—His sister's situation fills me with anxiety : however I have obtained a license for her admission into a convent, where she may remain in safety till all these matters can be settled.

D. LEWIS. I have a famous story to tell you about Don Cosmo; do you know, he intends to fight you?

D. DIEGO. Why, has he found out that I was concerned in the flight of Donna Isabella?

D. LEWIS. Really I cannot tell; but he has just given me a challenge to deliver to you, and a pretty composition it must be. Let us have a laugh at it, before we fall to cutting throats.

D. DIEGO. I meant to have called on him for an explanation of his intrusion into my house last night; and I only delayed it, till I should have placed his sister in the convent: but since he is thus before hand with me, pray let me see his letter. (*Don LEWIS gives the letter.*)

MARTIN. You must take care, gentlemen, you do not split your sides over such a piece of eloquence.

D. DIEGO. You must let me first look it over by myself, that I may afterwards be able to do it proper justice in reading it to you.—(*Aside.*) But what do I see? My sister's hand!—My senses fail me!

D. LEWIS (*aside to MARTIN*). Come hither, Martin; do not you observe that Don Diego seems very strangely agitated by this letter?

MARTIN (*aside to Don LEWIS*). His face is grown a mile longer since he opened it.

D. LEWIS (*aside to MARTIN*). And how oddly he looks round at me!

D. DIEGO (*aside*). It is impossible!—My sister write thus to Don Lewis!—I will read it again; for I know not how to believe my eyes.

MARTIN (*aside to Don LEWIS*). See! he is beginning again, at the very top of the paper.

D. DIEGO (*aside, reading*). “Don Lewis, if
 “I remember rightly, you made last night a silly
 “vow that you would never attempt again to see
 “me; and in the apprehension that you may be
 “rash enough to break it, under some such insipid
 “excuse as that he cannot be said to see me who
 “blindly pursues me, I shall go this evening dis-
 “guised to Leganitos, on purpose to avoid you;
 “and I send you this notice, that you may know
 “which road you ought to take, to keep out of my
 “way. You will do well, likewise, to engage my
 “brother to follow you at a distance, under pre-
 “tence that you are involved in some affair, in
 “which you may have occasion to call on him for
 “assistance; since otherwise he may discover my
 “absence from home; which would be very in-
 “convenient to me, and might be no less so to
 “yourself, if you should be less careful to shun me
 “than I expect.—Farewell!”—Heavens and earth!
 This blow, which fortune has reserved for me, is one
 of those which wound the soul in its tenderest part.

My sister correspond thus clandestinely with Don Lewis ! Don Lewis, the friend of my heart, with my sister !—He has given me this letter, mistaking it for Don Cosmo's.—What shall I do ?—An injury like this might justify the wildest excesses to which my anger could transport me.—But were it the fittest way to re-establish my honour, to render public the stain it had received ?—No ! rather let silence cover the feelings of my breast, till I shall have learnt from my sister herself the extent of the wrongs I have sustained !—I will go instantly to seek her ; and I will restrain my fury, till her full avowal shall have authorized the vengeance I shall take.—Don Lewis, I have an affair of importance, which requires my instant attendance.—Adieu !

D. LEWIS. Do you think that I shall part with you thus ?—Why I told that ass, when he gave me the challenge, that he might provide himself with a second, since I intended to be yours ; and now would you leave me here, and go alone to meet him ?

D. DIEGO. Let it satisfy you to be assured that I am not at present going to meet Don Cosmo ; and that, if a duel shall prove the necessary consequence of this letter, I give you my word of honour to call on you.

D. LEWIS. I cannot suffer you to leave me.

D. DIEGO. Nor would I leave you, if I could avoid it.

D. LEWIS. I will follow you, whether you permit me or not.

D. DIEGO. You dispute this matter with me in vain.

D. LEWIS. Am I not your friend?

D. DIEGO. I will answer that question, as soon as I shall have cleared up a doubt, which at present forbids me to indulge a too implicit confidence. [*Exit.*]

D. LEWIS. Heyday! What can this mean?

MARTIN. I don't understand a word of the matter. I think it means nothing good, however.

D. LEWIS. What can Don Cosmo have written, thus to irritate him?

MARTIN. The zany must certainly have wonderful skill in penning a challenge, if he can make it so desperately provoking.

D. LEWIS. I will follow him at a distance.—
But 'sdeath! here comes Don Cosmo again!

MARTIN. And he is beckoning to you most impetuously to stay to speak with him.

Enter Don Cosmo.

D. Cosmo. No! I am not mistaken!—My good friend Don Lewis!

D. Lewis. What do you want with me now, Sir?

D. Cosmo. You see me in the greatest consternation!—Just now,—did you ever hear of any thing so unlucky?—when I thought, Don Lewis, that I had given you a challenge to carry to my enemy, instead of that I gave you a billet-doux from a lady, which I had that very moment received. Here is the letter I wanted to send; let me have the other back again.

D. Lewis. You had better have made this discovery a little sooner; the letter is already in Don Diego's possession.

D. Cosmo. What is it you tell me?—Was there ever such a misfortune?

D. Lewis. What is there so terrible in it?

D. Cosmo. Death, and the devil!

D. Lewis. Why, Don Cosmo!

D. Cosmo. The sky has fallen upon my head.

D. Lewis. What do you mean?

D. Cosmo. Zounds, Sir, what would you have me mean? Why the letter was from his own Sister.

D. LEWIS. His sister !

D. COSMO. Aye, that's the very thing.

D. LEWIS. Are you sure it was his sister ?

D. COSMO. As sure as you stand there.

D. LEWIS. That wrote to you ?

D. COSMO. Is there any thing so wonderful in that ?

D. LEWIS. His sister ?

D. COSMO. Do you suppose it was the moon, then ?

D. LEWIS. I confess that this surpasses my expectation.

D. COSMO. Well, but let me go, Don Lewis, to save her from the drubbing this is likely to bring upon her.—I suppose upon this Don Diego will be wanting to make me marry her ; but I'll be hanged if he shall fob me off with any woman for a wife, after he has beaten her black and blue. [*Exit.*]

D. LEWIS. Have you heard this, Martin ?

MARTIN. This is worse and worse.

D. LEWIS. I am petrified !—What he has told me must certainly be true. The letter is Donna Anna's, beyond all doubt ; for Don Diego's agitation, his refusal to discover to me the cause of his trouble, and his haste to escape from me, are all indications—But do I talk of indications ?—Rather let me say irrefragable proofs, that this ungrateful woman loves Don Cosmo, and carries on

a correspondence with him.—Who could have thought it? who could have believed that a woman so beautiful, of so excellent an understanding, so high a spirit, would have made so bad a choice?

MARTIN. So bad an one, do you call it? Not so bad, perhaps, as you suppose. I remember, when I was a little tiny boy, I used to hear my mother say that a husband could not be too great a fool; for then his wife might play what tricks she pleased, and he be never the wiser.

D. LEWIS. Leave me! I am out of my senses, and disposed for any desperate attempt.—No, come with me, and let us seek Don Diego.

MARTIN. Just as you chuse.—I am sure this fool has turned the heads of us all. I believe in my conscience that this one Biscayner would be enough to drive common sense out of ten Castiles.

[*Exeunt.*]

Don LEWIS's house.

Enter Donna ISABELLA, and INES with her mistress's veil.

Da. ISABELLA. Put on my veil this instant, Ines; make haste.

Y

INES. Where are you going, then ?

Da. ISABELLA. Ask me no questions ; I will have it so.

INES. Do you consider how much you have at stake ?

Da. ISABELLA, Cease these vain remonstrances, Ines ; it is no longer time for them ; and if you had any sense, you would know that counsels were always thrown away upon those, whose state of mind would only permit them to listen to their passions. In my confusion last night, I made no objection to Don Diego's proposal to bring me hither ; but farther reflection has convinced me how improper it is that I should remain in Don Lewis's apartments after all which has formerly passed ; and therefore, since Don Diego stays away from me so long, I have determined to seek another asylum—I may find some female friend—

INES. And will you not allow me to represent to you that when Don Diego returns—

Da. ISABELLA. You shall go to him to explain my conduct.

INES. And in the mean time—

Da. ISABELLA. How provoking you are ! Fetch your veil, and don't talk to me any more.—

[Exit INES.]

D. COSMO (*without*). May I come in ?

Da. ISABELLA. Heavens! my brother's voice
(*covers herself with her veil.*)

Enter Don Cosmo.

D. COSMO. If nobody will answer me—But whom have we here?—A lucky encounter!—Pray, Madam, can you tell me whether I may speak with Don Lewis?—But why do you hide your face so? You need not take such pains to conceal yourself from me; for upon my honour, Madam, I am a man that you may trust.—What! is not your veil close enough yet?

Da. ISABELLA (*aside*). Heaven protect me!

D. COSMO. Your being in Don Lewis's apartment is sufficient to oblige me to treat you with the greatest respect. He and I live together like two brothers.—I must needs say, however, that if you are a pretty girl, you are the first who ever concealed her beauty so carefully; but, since you won't shew me your face, I don't suppose it can be much worth seeing.—But won't you at least tell me, Madam, whether my good friend Don Lewis is at home or not?

Da. ISABELLA (*aside*). What can I do? If I speak, I betray myself at once.

D. COSMO. You are deaf, it's my belief.]

Enter INES veiled,

INES. Madam, my veil—

D. COSMO. Here comes another.

INES. Mercy upon me! (*draws her veil closer.*)

Da. ISABELLA (*aside*). How shall I escape this danger?

D. COSMO. What! does this one pull down her veil too?—Surely I have heard her voice somewhere before.—Woman, who art thou? Nay, dost thou fly me? I swear then thou shalt not escape me.

INES. (*aside*). I die with terror! (*runs out.*)

D. COSMO. I shall be after you,—Excuse me, Madam, if I leave you by yourself for a little while. I shall come back to you presently.

[*Exit, pursuing INES.*]

Da. ISABELLA. I am in a dreadful situation! What can I do?—If he discovers Ines, I am lost.—I know not to what expedient I can have recourse,

Enter Donna ANNA and JUANA, veiled.

Da. ANNA. Have not I contrived it admirably?

JUANA. Indeed you have sent him upon a fine wild goose chase.

Da. ANNA. I may be sure that my letter has led him out into the fields to seek me, and that he has made my brother follow him; and now, while they are both out of the way, I have only to profit by the opportunity of gaining a little private discourse with Isabella: For, before I go any farther with this quarrelsome lover of mine, I am determined to know for certain how the case stands between him and that same lady, of whom I have at least as much cause to be jealous, as he has of Don Cosmo.

JUANA (*aside*). If she could know that I had lost her letter, and that I never overtook Don Lewis!—But I make it a rule never to tell tales of myself.

Da. ISABELLA (*aside*). I am so much troubled, that I scarcely know whether I am awake or in a dream.

Da. ANNA. O! here she is. Come, Juana; I am going to speak to her.—Donna Isabella—

(*raising her veil*):

Da. ISABELLA. How, Donna Anna! You here?

Da. ANNA. I do not wonder that you are surprized to see me.—

Da. ISABELLA (*aside*). He will certainly kill me, if he overtakes Ines.

Da. ANNA. But do not let my visit distress you.—

Da. ISABELLA (*aside*). Merciful Heavens! what will become of me?

Da. ANNA. Without any long preface—

Da. ISABELLA (*aside*). My terror increases every instant.

Da. ANNA. Permit me to have a little conversation with you.—But Juana, do you go to the door and watch.

JUANA. You may depend upon my vigilance.

[*Erit.*]

Da. ANNA. Although you may esteem my present action indiscreet, and although, in women of our rank, love is certainly a very insufficient excuse—But you seem agitated!—

Da. ISABELLA. No wonder if I am, for I am exposed to the most terrible calamities.

Da. ANNA. If you are troubled at finding that your situation is known to me, you may comfort yourself by the reflection that my own conduct leaves me no right to reproach yours.

Da. ISABELLA. Alas, my dear friend! it is not that which troubles me!

Da. ANNA. What is it then?

Da. ISABELLA. The most imminent danger that imagination can represent to you.

Da. ANNA. Heavens! what can have happened?

Da. ISABELLA. Ah me! he is just coming! I must try to hide myself.

Da. ANNA. Whither are you going? Stay!

Da. ISABELLA. Since you also are a woman, you cannot unmoved behold me perish! therefore—But I must fly! Do what you think best.

Da. ANNA. Stay only to explain yourself.

Da. ISABELLA. I cannot!

Da. ANNA. Will you not tell me what you would have me do for you?

Da. ISABELLA. Circumstances will shew you.
[*Erit.*]

Enter Don Cosmo.

D. Cosmo. Deuce take that woman! She has shut herself up in the very farthest room in the whole house: and faith! my feet itch to kick the door down. But what do I see? Donna Anna?—Bless me! Madam, was it you that would not speak to me just now?

Da. ANNA (aside). What does this mean?—How provoking! I am covered with confusion!

D. Cosmo. Why would not you let me have a

peep at that pretty face of yours before?— But by the bye, Madam, pray how came you into this house?

Da. ANNA (aside). What shall I do? His sister had reason enough to be frightened!

D. COSMO. Might not you as well give me some sort of answer?

Da. ANNA (aside). He must have found Isabella here in her veil, and now he takes me for the same person.

D. COSMO. I suppose you have had some persecution from your brother about the letter you wrote me. You had better tell me the whole story. What, had he any thoughts of murdering you for my sake, that you made this elopement?

Da. ANNA. I write you a letter, Sir! I do not understand you.

D. COSMO (aside). It will be my best way now, to tell her a piece of my mind at once, that she mayn't take it into her head to make such expeditions as this in future.—Come hither, Donna Anna; I desire you will tell me whether you think it becoming for a woman, who aspires to be my wife, to come wandering about to bachelors' houses? I promise you that, in my mind, your proceeding in this manner is a very bad manner of proceeding.—What would all my great grandfathers and grandmothers say, if I were to chuse them a

street-walker for their daughter in law? They would come, more than four thousand Mendietas of them, (Heaven rest their precious souls! for I hoe they are all in Paradise,) and throw themselves in a body at the King's feet, to entreat him to save them from such a disgrace.

Da. ANNA (aside). As if it were not enough to be disappointed in my schemes, I must have this fool to make me mad!—But Donna Isabella must have escaped by this time; I need not stay here any longer.

D. COSMO. What! are you going away? Why I have not half finished my lecture. I'm resolved you shall stay, to hear it out—In the first place then—

Da. ANNA. What do you mean, Sir? Are you in your senses? Do you know to whom it is that you are speaking? Or have you a mind to shew me that your impertinence is equal to your folly?

D. COSMO. Here's fine treatment truly! Why you could not use me worse, if you caught me in the chamber of some other lady.

Da. ANNA. Away!

D. COSMO. I shan't be long in finishing my discourse to you.

Da. ANNA. Was there ever so insufferable a fool?

D. COSMO. I believe the devil is in you, that

you won't hear what I have to say, when it would be all for your own good.

Da. ANNA. You don't consider that it is almost night; and that I must make haste home, before my brother can—

Enter JUANA.

JUANA. O Madam!

D. COSMO. Whom have we here?

JUANA. Quick! Make haste! Don Lewis is coming, and he is so near already that you cannot get out without meeting him.

Da. ANNA. Alas! Alas! What can be done now?

JUANA. Let us hide ourselves quickly within there.

Da. ANNA. You are right.—Make haste in!
[*Exit JUANA.*]

D. COSMO. What is all this about? I insist upon it, Madam, that you do not hide yourself.
(*Holds her back.*)

Da. ANNA. Why not?

D. COSMO. Because I don't think it decent.

Da. ANNA. Consider—

D. COSMO. I say you shall do no such thing.

I never hid myself in all my life ; and what is not fitting for me, cannot be fitting for my mistress.

Da. ANNA. Juana!—

D. COSMO. There is no Juana here.

Da. ANNA. Only reflect that it is—

D. COSMO. It may be as it will.

Da. ANNA. Let me go!

D. COSMO. I swear you shall stay here!

(Donna ANNA closes her veil.)

Enter Don LEWIS.

D. LEWIS. I cannot find Don Diego anywhere. Surely he must have returned hither, to conduct his mistress to her convent.—But what do I see? Don Cosmo here?—The devil he is!—And there is his sister Isabella.—How unlucky is this!—*(coming forward.)* Don Cosmo, hold! What are you doing?

D. COSMO. I am hindering this woman from going to hide herself.

D. LEWIS. But when you meet a veiled lady in my house—

D. COSMO. And what need I care whose house it is, when it was to meet me that she came into it!

Da. ANNA (aside). This is the most provoking thing that has happened yet !

D. LEWIS (aside). I perceive he does not know who she is.

D. COSMO (aside to Don LEWIS). She was obliged to come here for shelter, on account of some certain untoward accidents which befel her ; but I am very angry with her. I wish you would do me a good office ; go up to her, and accost her, as if you knew nothing at all of the matter, and tell her roundly that I am in the right, and that it is her duty to mind what I say to her. Do now ; and I will stand here at a distance, and wait till you give me a nod.

D. LEWIS (aside). This will afford me an excellent opportunity to consult with Donna Isabella how we may get rid of this brother of hers.— Don Cosmo, since you desire me, I will say all I can to persuade her.

D. COSMO. Aye, I always knew that you were my friend. Be sure now you give her a good dressing ; and make haste about it. (*Walks aside.*)

Da. ANNA (aside). What can they be consulting about ?

D. LEWIS. Lovely Donna Isabella—

Da. ANNA (aside). He does not know me !—
So far, so well.

D. LEWIS. I am infinitely grieved, Madam,

at the disasters which have befallen you ; but since what has passed cannot now be retrieved, the most essential thing at present is to contrive some means of extricating you from the unpleasant situation in which you are placed.

Da. ANNA (aside). Now if he should make love to me, mistaking me for my rival, my vexations would be complete !

D. LEWIS. You may be surprized that I speak to you in behalf of Don Diego, when I had myself a prior interest in your affections ; but friendship and honour forbid me to hesitate to resign to him your hand, of which he is much more worthy than I am.— This, however, is not a time for such discussions. Your brother does not appear to know you ; consider what I can say to engage him to quit you.—Are you silent ? Won't you answer me ? What does this mean, Madam ?

Da. ANNA (aside). Now do I forgive Fortune all the tricks she has played me, since I owe to her this deliverance from my jealous fears !

D. COSMO (coming up to them). What ! is she obstinate still ? Come away, Don Lewis, and leave her to herself. If her ladyship chuses to give herself airs, much good may it do her.

D. LEWIS. We had better both retire ; for it would be unpolite to press her any further.

D. COSMO. No, she shall ask my pardon first,

I promise her.—I don't believe you know who she is all this while:—why it is Donna Anna.

D. LEWIS. Who, do you say?

D. COSMO. Donna Anna.

D. LEWIS. Who?

D. COSMO. Why can't you hear me? I say that this is Donna Anna.—Don't you believe me?

D. LEWIS. It is impossible.

D. COSMO. Nay then, *Don Lewis*, I swear you shall see with your own eyes that I tell you nothing more than the truth. I'll make her shew you her face, if it puts her in ever such a passion.

D. LEWIS. Hold! (*catches his arm.*)

D. COSMO. Let go my arm!

Da. ANNA (*aside*). What will become of me now?

D. COSMO. I tell you I will make her pull her veil off.

D. LEWIS. You must not.

Enter JUANA.

JUANA. Madam! Madam! Your brother!—

Da. ANNA. Ah me!

JUANA. Nay, it must out—*Don Diego!*—I saw him from the balcony.

D. COSMO. There! do you see now? Is this Donna Anna, or is this not Donna Anna?

D. LEWIS. Is not there witchcraft in this?—It is she!—Amazement!

D. COSMO. Aha! The maid's coming in was as good as pulling off her veil.

Da. ANNA. I shall die with vexation!—(*to Don LEWIS.*) Don Lewis, you see me in the utmost distress; (*unveiling herself.*)—And Heaven knows that it was for your sake.—Don Lewis, I call upon your honour to protect an unhappy woman, who, to obtain a satisfaction of her jealous doubts—But here he comes! Haste, Juana!

[*Exeunt Donna ANNA and JUANA.*]

D. COSMO. What was it she said to you?

D. LEWIS. Leave me alone! I know nothing about it. (*Aside.*)—This only was wanting to provoke me: that she should call on me for protection—that she should pretend it was for my sake she had thrown herself away!—Ah woman, woman! woman all over!

Enter Don DIEGO and MARTIN.

D. DIEGO. Did your master say that he should return to his own apartment, to seek me there?

MARTIN. Yes; but it is growing late now.

D. DIEGO. I have thrown away this whole evening in keeping watch at Leganitos, and have found nobody at last.—But is not that Don Lewis? and with him Don Cosmo?

D. COSMO (*aside*). Now if he will not give me back my sister upon the spot, I shall consider his as lawful prize.

D. DIEGO (*aside*). I had better settle this business at once.—It shall be so.—Martin, go and wait without. [Exit MARTIN.]

D. COSMO. Don't think to hold me, Don Lewis!

D. LEWIS. Consider what it is you risk!

D. COSMO. I know how to deal with him. Now mark me, and you shall see how I will discuss this matter in an allegory.—Don Diego, such is the nature of the human understanding, that it finds no surer method of obtaining knowledge, than by asking questions. Whereupon, I am going to put a question to you.—There was once upon a time a man, and he had a sister; and this said sister, she had a brother; and so this sister fell in love with another brother, and he had another sister; and one day what should she do, but take it into her head to run away with him? So then, after that, the brother, from whom the sister had been stolen, stole the sister of the thief. Now will you be pleased to tell us whether it would be

best, in such a case, that each man should have his own again, or that each should keep what belonged to his neighbour ?

D. DIEGO. Don Cosmo, we will leave these digressions to another opportunity ; and, instead of wasting words at present, let us come at once to the point. I have found you two gentlemen together ; I will therefore talk with you both on the subject which occasions me the greatest uneasiness.—But first, Don Cosmo, I must tell you that your sister is already my wife. The manner in which she became mine might perhaps, in some degree, be reprehensible ; but that she is such cannot displease you, when you consider my rank and fortune. Thus your complaint against me falls to the ground.—To proceed then to another affair.—I cannot suppose that Don Lewis is ignorant of a circumstance, to which his servant was witness ; wherefore, Sir, in his presence, I require you to tell me whether the ladder, which was placed last night against my house, had been placed there by you ?

D. COSMO (*aside*). A good question that !—Do you suppose there is any doubt to be made about it ?

D. DIEGO. Then what was your intention, in so rashly presuming to scale my window ?

D. COSMO. To brother it with your sister, to be sure, as you did with mine.

D. DIEGO. You are so incapable of comprehending the impropriety of the kind of language which you chuse to adopt, that I think it superfluous to remind you to whom you are speaking, and on how delicate a subject.

D. COSMO. Well then, go on with your interrogatories.

D. DIEGO. By whom were you assisted in your attempt?

D. COSMO. Why who the devil should have assisted me, but Love, a waiting maid, and a purse of doubloons?

D. DIEGO. Did my sister know any thing of it?

D. COSMO. Whu!

D. DIEGO. What do you say?

D. COSMO. Let me alone.

D. DIEGO. Speak!

D. COSMO. You ask too many questions.

D. DIEGO. I insist upon being satisfied on this point.

D. COSMO. The thing is plain enough, without my telling you. If your sister had known of it, do you think I should have taken the trouble to go in at the window, when I might have got her to open the door for me? No, indeed! She is so devilish proud and cross-grained, that I had enough to do to pluck up courage to visit her at all; and when I



was in the house I felt frightened out of my wits, to think how she would scold when she saw me there.

D. DIEGO. Don Lewis, though I was myself very certain that this was the real state of the case, I was willing that you should hear it from the mouth of Don Cosmo—

D. LEWIS. Could you suppose then, my friend, that I—that when your honour—that I should entertain any doubt—

D. DIEGO. Nothing of that nature was my meaning.—Listen to me.—I am your friend ; and therefore, before I proceed to what I think it incumbent on me to say, I have been desirous that such an explanation should take place as might justify the proposal I am about to make to you, and convince you that your honour is dearer to me, than I fear mine has been to you. It is very well known to you, Don Lewis, that my sister has much the advantage of you in point of fortune ; and is not in any other respect your inferior. This very day she must become your wife ; and I am sorry you have so conducted matters, that an offer, which ought to have appeared to you the highest mark of my friendship, should now, from my lips, sound rather like a reproach.

D. LEWIS. Don Diego—(*aside.*) Heavens ! What a perplexity ! I cannot speak to him !

D. COSMO (aside). I believe it will be best for me to leave them to themselves. We shall see what this fellow will say to the offer, and then—

D. DIEGO. What answer do you give me?

D. LEWIS. Do not wonder, Don Diego—

D. DIEGO. Can I do otherwise than wonder that you thus hesitate to reply? A hesitation, Sir, on a subject like this, can be received in no other way than sword in hand. Thus then—(*lays his hand upon his sword.*)

D. LEWIS. Forbear! If once you draw it forth, it will be too late for further parley. Your sister is engaged! What then do you require from me?

D. DIEGO. Engaged! To whom?

D. COSMO. Why to me, to be sure; and so you need not fall to cutting of throats for what belongs to another man, and is no bread and butter of yours.

D. DIEGO. What does this mean?

D. LEWIS. And now, Don Diego, let me tell you that I think I am not without some grounds of complaint against you; since, when I myself, through a mistake, so lately put into your hands a letter which your sister had written to Don Cosmo, you can propose that I should marry a woman, who favours—

D. DIEGO. Hold! While you are losing your

temper, I have recovered mine. This, Don Lewis, is the letter which you put into my hands. Read it, and judge what foundation I have given you for these reproaches.

D. LEWIS. Heavens! What am I to understand by this?

D. DIEGO. Take it; for so great is my consideration for you, that I wish your feelings to be satisfied, even at the expence of my own. (*Gives the letter.*) Now, Sir, to whom is that letter addressed? I presume, from the contents, that it is not the first time you have seen my sister's hand. Does it move you? Whom do you now believe to be the object of her favour?

D. COSMO. Aye, Sir; now you have got the letter, you may see with your own eyes how far the lady carries her partiality for me. That was the very indetical piece of paper which I gave to Don Lewis in place of a challenge, which I meant he should carry to a certain friend of mine.

D. LEWIS. Can this be real? Or is it not rather some dream? some illusion? But how could such a letter as this fall into the hands of Don Cosmo?

D. DIEGO. Are you satisfied now, Don Lewis?—Come, come, I know you are, by this time sensible that your conduct towards me has not been altogether such, as from our long tried friend-

ship I might have expected ; but on that subject let us speak no more. It better becomes men of our condition to repair errors like this, than to seek excuses for them.

D. LEWIS. And yet, Don Diego, it might be some palliation of my conduct, to tell you that I had loved Donna Anna, before I knew she was your sister ; and that afterwards, the blindness of a passion, which I had indulged with the most honourable views—

D. DIEGO. Enough, Don Lewis ! Any further excuse would be superfluous. I demand nothing more of you than the remedy of what has passed.

D. LEWIS. Since then I am so fully satisfied with regard to the ladder, and to this note, and since I am convinced it is your own wish that I should on every point be equally sincere, let me desire you will ask Don Cosmo whether I myself, but a few moments before your entrance, did not surprize him in a private conference with your sister.

D. DIEGO. With my sister ?

D. COSMO. He tells you nothing more than the plain truth ; and you may take my word for it, if you won't his.

D. DIEGO. But how, or where ?

*Enter Donna ANNA, Donna ISABELLA, JUANA,
and INES.*

Da. ANNA. I will answer that question ; for I have been listening to the whole of your discourse, and it is time that I should now appear to compleat my own justification.—Donna Isabella, you cannot refuse now to take my part, and to assist me in vindicating my honour.

Enter MARTIN, and JUANCHO.

MARTIN. What's to do here, Juancho ? I believe the devil has broken loose.

JUANCHO. Why sure enough, here we are, all met together.

D. DIEGO. Donna Anna in this house ?

D. LEWIS. Yes ; you may now perceive, Don Diego, whether or not I deceived you.

D. COSMO. O ho, Madam sister of mine ! You are found too, are you ?

Da. ANNA. Is it possible, Don Lewis—Suffer me, brother, to speak in my own defence, and if I fail of establishing my innocence, you will not

have occasion to seek any other weapon to destroy me, than the confusion which will overwhelm me. Is it then possible, Don Lewis, that you can be so far prejudiced against me, as to imagine that I came to your apartment with any purpose of seeking Don Cosmo ? Especially since you are not ignorant that I knew I should find his sister here.

Da. ISABELLA. You cannot be so blind to common sense as to believe such an absurdity. It was to visit me that Donna Anna came hither, and she had not been with me five minutes, when my brother entered, and I fled in terror.

Da. ANNA. And if you will give that letter a second reading, you will perceive that it was written for the express purpose of sending both you and my brother out of the way, while I should make this visit.—Thus far may suffice to satisfy Don Lewis.—To you, Don Diego, I am sensible that my conduct requires a further justification. Yet if you condemn my love, let me at least declare to you that it was yourself, who, by your continual praises of Don Lewis, first interested my heart in his favour. While he was yet a stranger to me, I esteemed him as your friend ; and the high opinion, which I had learned from you to entertain of him, at last impelled me to embrace an opportunity which accidentally occurred, of forming an acquaintance with him. If I have since exceeded the bounds which

strict discretion ought to have prescribed, my errors are known to you, and you will determine what remedy may be the fittest to apply.

D. LEWIS. Charming woman! Yet tell me but one thing more;—by what means could this letter fall into the hands of Don Cosmo?

JUANA. That question may not be so easily answered; for, to own the truth, I dropped the letter in the street; but I never told my mistress of it, for fear I should be chidden.

JUANCHO. Well! If you dropped it in the street, in the street I found it, and carried it to my master; because I knew he would pay me for it handsomely.

D. COSMO. Ah rascal!—But you need not grin and look so plaguily well pleased at having made a fool of me; for if I did give you money for another man's letter, I'll stop it out of your wages, you scoundrel, and be hanged to you.

D. LEWIS. Let me entreat you, Don Cosmo, not to say any more upon the subject; for it is your folly which has made fools of us all.

MARTIN. Aye, we may have seen plainly enough the truth of the proverb, that "One fool makes many."

D. DIEGO. And now, Don Lewis, have you any farther scruples? Or does the affair require a more private discussion?

D. LEWIS. No, Don Diégo; I cannot possibly now have any wish remaining, but that your sister will deign to accept the hand, which Love and Friendship unite in impelling me to offer her.

Da. ANNA. You have really been so provoking, that I could almost find in my heart to refuse it, out of spite.—But I think I won't punish you quite so severely. (*Gives him her hand.*)

D. DIEGO. And now, Donna Isabella, permit me to claim your hand.

D. COSMO. Well, you may all say what you like; but I don't believe that the world will take me for the greatest fool of this company, when they see that I am the only one who escapes without a wife.

MARTIN. Nay, that's more than you can boast of; for here am I, who retain my liberty as well as yourself.—And so I think the best use I can make of it will be to go and finish my soliloquy,

THE END.

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